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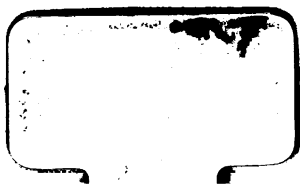
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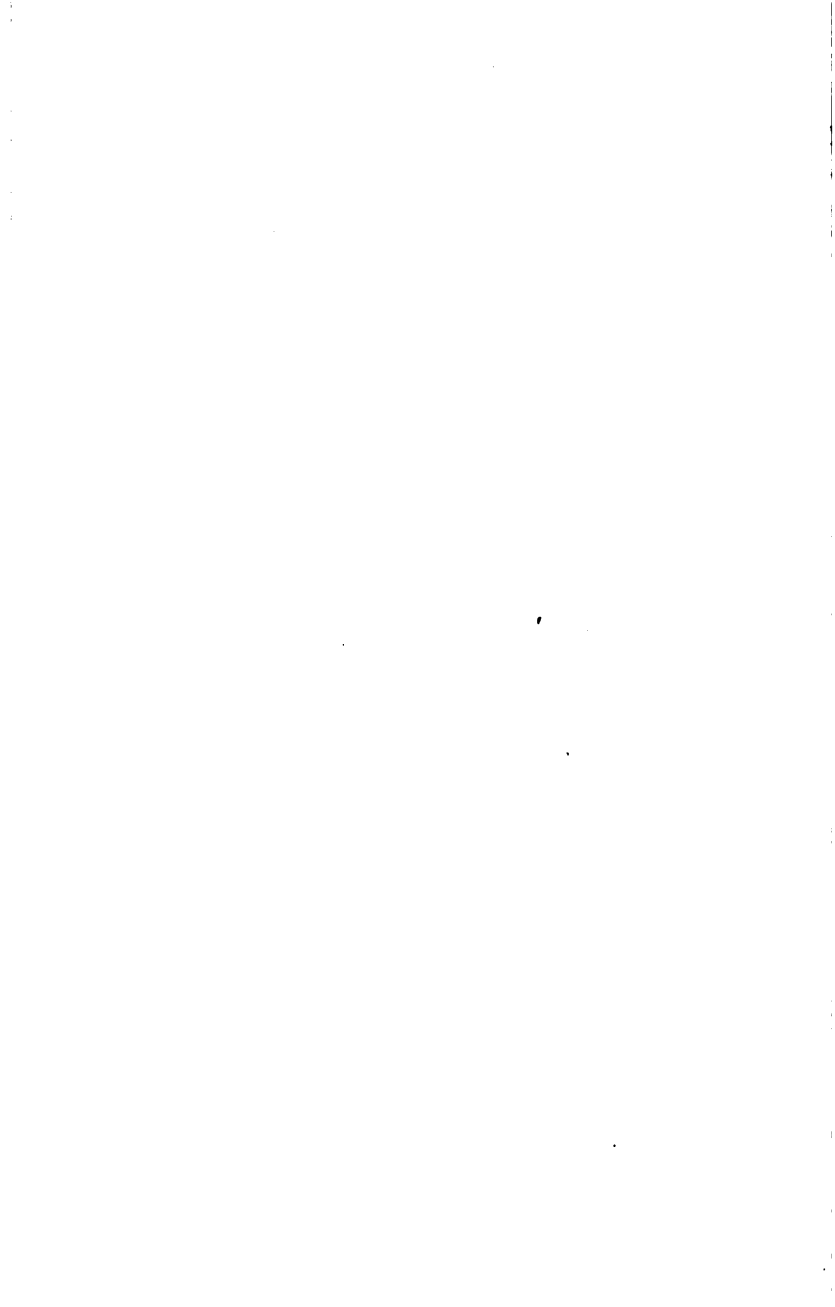
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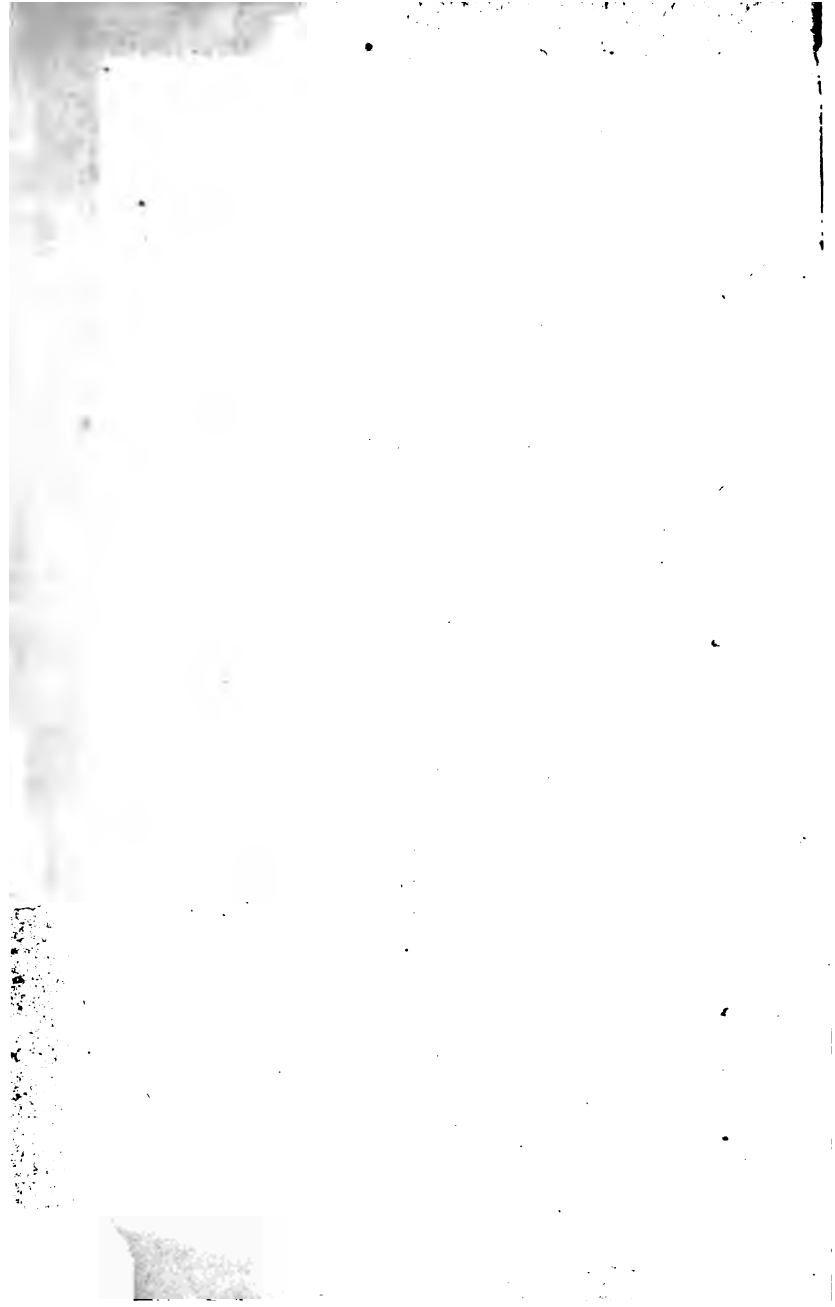
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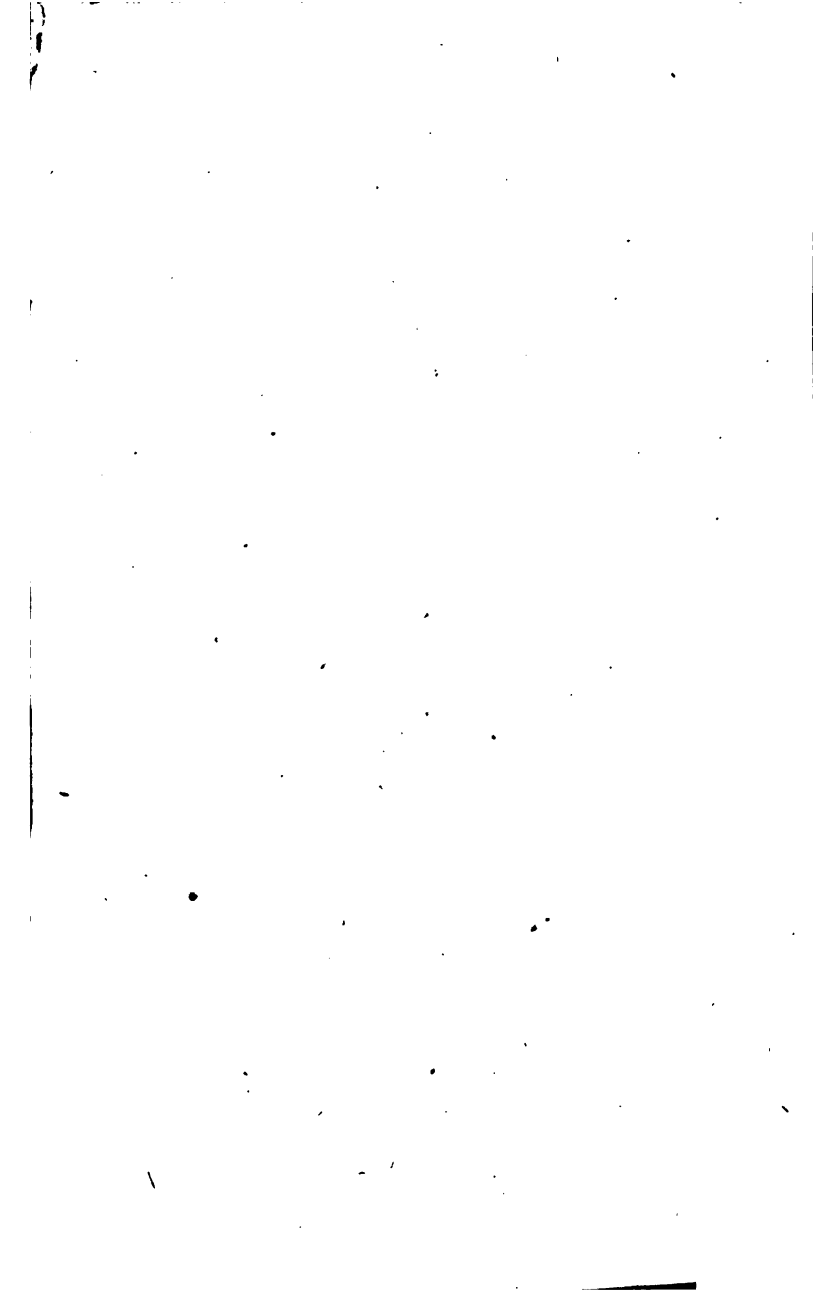
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MOSES MENDEZ Esq^r

*From an Original Painting in the possession
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A
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OF THE
Most esteemed PIECES of POETRY,
That have appeared for several YEARS.
WITH
VARIETY OF ORIGINALS,
By the Late MOSES MENDEZ, Esq;
And other Contributors to DODSLEY'S COLLECTION.
To which this is intended as a SUPPLEMENT.



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THE Editor's chief intention in making the following Collection was to bring into one point of view the best pieces which have appeared since the conclusion of Doddsley's collection ; and he will venture to affirm, that whatever be the merit of that entertaining miscellany, this does not fall short any ways of it, as some of the volumes in that are made up from the publications of a few years ; whereas this contains whatever has been most applauded in a course of twenty. But he has not confined himself to that period only, but inserted many pieces, in his opinion, of great merit, which the inattention of the public, or the obscurity of the publication, had long suffered to remain unnoticed. To these are added many originals by writers of acknowledged merit ; among which those of Mr. Mendez, author of the Chaplet, and several admired poems in Doddsley's Miscellany, make no mean figure. Mr. Mendez was reckoned among the most agreeable poets of his time, and, perhaps, he was the only one that was ever worth one hundred thousand pounds.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHILIP H. KATZ

PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL SCIENCE

AND

OF THE DIVISION OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCES

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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* * Notwithstanding the Care of the Editor, the Song of Winifrida (inserted in Doddsley's Collection) has crept in here ; but as it takes up only a single Page, it was thought unnecessary to cancel it.





A N E L E G Y,
On the DEATH of a LADY.

Written in 1760.

By WILLIAM MASON, M.A.

THE midnight clock has toll'd ; and hark, the bell
Of Death beats slow ! heard ye the note profound ?
It pauses now ; and now, with rising knell,
Flings to the hollow gale its fullen sound.
Yes * * * is dead. Attend the strain,
Daughters of Albion ! Ye that, light as air,
So oft have tript in her fantastic train,
With hearts as gay, and faces half as fair :

For she was fair beyond your brightest bloom :
 (This Envy owns, since now her bloom is fled)
 Fair as the Forms that, wove in Fancy's loom,
 Float in light vision round the Poet's head.
 Whene'er with soft serenity she smil'd,
 Or caught the orient blush of quick surprize,
 How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
 The liquid lustre darted from her eyes ?
 Each look, each motion wak'd a new-born grace,
 That o'er her form its transient glory cast :
 Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,
 Chas'd by a charm, still lovelier than the last.
 That bell again ! It tells us what she is :
 On what she was no more the strain prolong :
 Luxuriant Fancy pause : an hour like this
 Demands the tribute of a serious Song.
 MARIA claims it from that sable bier,
 Where cold and wan the slumberer rests her head ;
 In still small whispers to reflection's ear,
 She breathes the solemn dictates of the Dead.
 O catch the awful notes, and lift them loud ;
 Proclaim the theme, by Sage, by Fool rever'd ;
 Hear it, ye Young, ye Vain, ye Great, ye Proud !
 'Tis Nature speaks, and Nature will be heard.
 Yes, ye shall hear, and tremble as you hear,
 While, high with health, your hearts exulting leap :
 Ev'n in the midst of pleasure's mad career,
 The mental Monitor shall wake and weep.

For

For say, than * * * 's propitious star,
 What brighter planet on your births arose ;
 Or gave of Fortune's gifts an ampler share,
 In life to lavish, or by death to lose !
 Early to lose ; while, born on busy wing,
 Ye sip the nectar of each varying bloom :
 Nor fear, while basking in the beams of spring,
 The wintry storm that sweeps you to the tomb :
 Think of her Fate ! revere the heav'nly hand
 That led her hence, though soon, by steps so slow ;
 Long at her couch Death took his patient stand,
 And menac'd oft, and oft withheld the blow :
 To give Reflection time, with lenient art,
 Each fond delusion from her soul to steal ;
 Teach her from Folly peaceably to part,
 And wean her from a world she lov'd so well.
 Say, are ye sure his Mercy shall extend
 To you so long a span ? Alas, ye sigh :
 Make then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
 And learn with equal ease to sleep or die !
 Nor think the Muse, whose sober voice ye hear,
 Contracts with bigot frown her fullen brow ;
 Casts round Religion's orb the mists of fear,
 Or shades with horrors, what with smiles should glew.
 No ; she would warm you with seraphic fire,
 Heirs as ye are of heav'n's eternal day ;
 Would bid you boldly to that heav'n aspire,
 Not sink and slumber in your cells of clay.

Know, ye were form'd to range yon azure field,
 In yon æthereal founts of bliss to lave;
 Force then, secure in Faith's protecting shield,
 The Sting from Death, the Vict'ry from the Grave.
 Is this the bigot's rant? Away ye Vain,
 Your hopes, your fears in doubt, in dulness steep:
 Go sooth your souls in sickness, grief, or pain,
 With the sad solace of eternal sleep.
 Yet will I praise you, triflers as ye are,
 More than those Preachers of your fav'rite creed,
 Who proudly swell the brazen throat of War,
 Who form the Phalanx, bid the battle bleed;
 Nor wish for more: who conquer, but to die.
 Hear, Folly, hear; and triumph in the tale:
 Like you, they reason; not, like you, enjoy
 The breeze of bliss, that fills your silken sail:
 On Pleasure's glitt'ring stream ye gayly steer
 Your little course to cold oblivion's shore:
 They dare the storm, and, through th'inclement year,
 Stem the rough surge, and brave the torrent's roar.

Is

NOTE.

In a book of *French verses*, entitled *Oeuvres du Philosophe de sans Souci*, and lately reprinted at *Berlin* by authority, under the title of *Poësies Diverses*, may be found an epistle to marshal KEITH, written professedly against the immortality of the Soul. By way of specimen of the whole, take the following lines:

De

Is it for Glory? that just Fate denies.

Long must the warrior moulder in his shroud,
E'er from her trump the heav'n-breath'd accents rise,

That lift the Hero from the fighting crowd.

Is it his grasp of Empire to extend?

To curb the fury of insulting foes?

Ambition, cease: the idle contest end:

'Tis but a Kingdom thou canst win or lose.

And why must murder'd myriads lose their all,

(If Life be all) why desolation lour,

With famish'd frown, on this affrighted ball,

That thou may'st flame the meteor of an hour?

Go wiser ye, that flutter Life away,

Crown with the mantling Juice the goblet high;

Weave the light dance, with festive freedom gay,

And live your moment, since the next ye die.

Yet know, vain Scepticks, know, th'Almighty mind,

Who breath'd on Man a portion of his fire,

Bad his free Soul, by earth nor time confin'd,

To Heav'n, to Immortality aspire.

De l'avenir, cher KEITH, jugeons par le passé ;

Comme avant que je fusse il n'avoit point pensé,

De meme, apres ma mort, quand toutes mes parties

Par le corruption seront aneanties,

Par un meme destin il ne pensera plus ;

Non, rien n'est plus certain, soyons-en convaincu, &c.

It is to this epistle, that the rest of the Elegy alludes.

Nor shall the Pile of Hope, his Mercy rear'd,
By vain Philosophy be e'er destroy'd :
Eternity, by all or wish'd or fear'd,
Shall be by all or suffer'd or enjoy'd,





ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.



ECLOGUE I.

SELIM ; OR, THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

SCENE, A VALLEY NEAR BAGDAT.

TIME, THE MORNING.

YE Perfian maids, attend your poet's lays,
 And hear how shepherds pass their golden days.
 Not all are blest, whom fortune's hand sustains
 With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains :
 Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell ;
 'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.

Thus Selim sung, by sacred Truth inspir'd ;
 Nor praise, but such as Truth bestow'd, desir'd :
 Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
 Informing morals to the shepherd maid ;
 Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
 What groves nor streams bestow, a virtuous mind.

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,
 The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride,
 When wanton gales along the valleys play,
 Breathe on each flower, and bear their sweets away ;
 By Tigris' wandering waves he sat, and sung
 This useful lesson for the fair and young.

Ye Persian dames, he said, to you belong,
 Well may they please, the morals of my song :
 No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
 Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around !
 The morn that lights you, to your loves supplies
 Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes ;
 For you those flowers her fragrant hands bestow,
 And yours the love that kings delight to know.
 Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
 The best kind blessings heaven can grant the fair !
 Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray,
 Boast but the worth Bassora's pearls display ;
 Drawn from the deep we own their surface bright,
 But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light :
 Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast,
 By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.

Self-

Self-flattering sex ! your hearts believe in vain
 That love shall blind, when once he fires the swain ;
 Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
 As spots on ermin beautify the skin :
 Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
 Each softer virtue that adorns the fair ;
 Each tender passion man delights to find,
 The lov'd perfections of a female mind !

Blest were the days, when wisdom held her reign,
 And shepherds sought her on the silent plain ;
 With Truth she wedded in the secret grove,
 Immortal Truth, and daughters blest'd their love.

O haste, fair maids ! ye Virtues come away,
 Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way !
 The balmy shrub, for you shall love our shore,
 By Ind excell'd or Araby no more.

Lost to our fields, for so the fates ordain,
 The dear deserters shall return again.
 Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear,
 To lead the train, sweet modesty appear :
 Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
 And shepherd girls shall own thee for their queen.
 With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
 Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid ;
 But man the most—not more the mountain doe
 Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.
 Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew ;
 A silken veil conceals her from the view.

No wild desires amidst thy train be known,
 But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone :
 Desponding Meekness, with her down-cast eyes,
 And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs ;
 And love the last : by these your hearts approve,
 These are the virtues that must lead to love.
 Thus sung the swain ; and ancient legends say,
 The maids of Bagdat verified the lay :
 Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along,
 The shepherds lov'd, and Selim blest'd his song.





E C L O G U E II.

HASSAN; OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

SCENE, THE DESERT.

TIME, MID-DAY.

IN silent horror o'er the boundless waste
 The driver Hassan with his camels past:
 One cruise of water on his back he bore,
 And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store;
 A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
 To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
 The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
 And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh;
 The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,
 Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
 With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
 Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began:

“ Sad was the hour, and lackless was the day,

“ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!”

Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
 The thirst or pinching hunger that I find!

Bethink

Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall Thirst assuage,
When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage ?
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign ;
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine ?

Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share !
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow :
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,

“ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !”

Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade !
The lilly peace outshines the silver store,
And life is dearer than the golden ore :
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
To every distant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea :
And are we only yet repay'd by thee ?
Ah ! why was ruin so attractive made,
Or why fond man so easily betray'd ?
Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of peace, or pleasure's song ?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
The mountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,

Why

Why think we these less pleasing to behold,
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold ?

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,

“ When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way !”

O cease, my fears !—all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber’d scenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet !—
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet :
And fearful ! oft, when day’s declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger rous’d, he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tygers in his train :
Before them death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,

“ When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way !”

At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep :
Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure !
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find ;
Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,

“ When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way !”

O hapless youth ! for she thy love hath won,
The tender Zara will be most undone !

Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
 When fast she dropt her tears, as thus she said :
 " Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
 " Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain !
 " Yet as thou go'st, may every blast arise
 " Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs !
 " Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'st thou see,
 " No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me."
 O let me safely to the fair return,
 Say with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn ;
 O ! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
 Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears.

He said, and call'd on heaven to bless the day,
 When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.





E C L O G U E III.

ABRA ; OR, THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.

SCENE, A FOREST.

TIME, THE EVENING.

IN Georgia's land, where Tefflis' towers are seen,
 In distant view along the level green,
 While evening dews enrich the glittering glade,
 And the tall forests cast a longer shade,
 What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
 Or scent the breathing maize at setting day ;
 Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
 Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.

Of Abra first began the tender strain,
 Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain :
 At morn she came those willing flocks to lead,
 Where lillies rear them in the watery mead ;
 From early dawn the live-long hours she told,
 'Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.
 Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
 A various wreath of odorous flowers she made :

Gay-motley'd pinks and sweet jonquils she chose,
The violet blue that on the moss-bank grows ;
All-sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there :
The finish'd chaplet well-adorn'd her hair.

Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,
By love conducted from the chace away ;
Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
And sought the vales and echoing groves among :
At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid ;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.

“ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,

“ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !”

The royal lover bore her from the plain ;
Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain :
Oft as she went, she backward turn'd her view,
And bad that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy maid ! to other scenes remove,
To richer scenes of golden power and love !
Go leave the simple pipe, and shepherd's strain ;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas-reign.

“ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,

“ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !”

Yet midst the blaze of courts she fix'd her love
On the cool fountain, or the shady grove ;
Still with the shepherd's innocence her mind
To the sweet vale, and flowery mead inclin'd ;
And oft as spring renew'd the plains with flowers,
Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours,

With

With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
 The breezy mountains, and the forests green.
 Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band !
 Each bore a crook all-rural in her hand :
 Some simple lay, of flocks and herds they sung ;
 With joy the mountain, and the forest rung.

“ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,

“ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !”

And oft the royal lover left the care
 And thorns of state, attendant on the fair ;
 Oft to the shades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
 Or sought the vale where first his heart was fir'd :
 A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore,
 And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.

“ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,

“ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !”

Blest was the life, that royal Abbas led :
 Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
 What if in wealth the noble maid excel ;
 The simple shepherd girl can love as well.
 Let those who rule on Persia's jewell'd throne
 Be fam'd for love, and gentlest love alone ;
 Or wreath, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
 The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
 O happy days ! the maids around her say ;
 O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away !

“ Be every youth, like royal Abbas, mov'd ;

“ And every Georgian maid, like Abra, lov'd !”



E C L O G U E IV.

AGIB AND SECANDER; OR, THE FUGITIVES.

SCENE, A MOUNTAIN IN CIRCASSIA.

TIME, MIDNIGHT.

IN fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd;
 Each swain was blest, for every maid was kind;
 At that still hour, when awful midnight reigns,
 And none, but wretches, haunt the twilight plains;
 What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
 And past in radiance thro' the cloudless sky;
 Sad o'er the dews, two brother nephews fled,
 Where wildering fear and desperate sorrow led:
 Fast as they prest their flight, behind them lay
 Wide ravag'd plains, and vallies stole away.
 Along the mountain's bending sides they ran,
 'Till faint and weak Secander thus began:

SECANDER.

O stay thee, Agib, for my foot deny,
 No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
 Friend of my heart, O turn thee and survey,
 Trace our sad flight thro' all its length of way!

And

And first review that long-extended plain !
 And yon wide groves, already past, with pain !
 Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we tried !
 And last this lofty mountain's weary side !

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet hapless must thou know
 The toils of flight, or some severer woe !
 Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,
 And shrieks and sorrows load the saddening wind :
 In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
 He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
 Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
 Droops its fair honours to the conquering flame :
 Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
 And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

Unhappy land, whose blessings tempt the sword,
 In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord !
 In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
 To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid !
 Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
 Soft dreams of love and pleasure sooth his mind :
 'Midst fair sultanas lost in idle joy,
 No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

AGIB.

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
 Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.

C 2

Sweet

Sweet to the sight is Zabran's flowery plain,
 And once by maids and shepherds lov'd in vain !
 No more the virgins shall delight to rove
 By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove ;
 On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
 Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flowery vale :
 Fair scenes ! but, ah ! no more with peace possess,
 With ease alluring, and with plenty blest.
 No more the shepherd's whitening tents appear,
 Nor the kind products of a bounteous year ;
 No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd !
 But ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
 For ever sam'd for pure and happy loves :
 In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
 Their eye's blue languish, and their golden hair !
 Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send ;
 Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

AGIB.

Ye Georgian swains that piteous learn from far
 Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war ;
 Some weightier arms than crooks and staves prepare,
 To shield your harvests, and defend your fair :
 The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
 Fix'd to destroy, and stedfast to undo.
 Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
 By lust incited, or by malice led,

The

The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way ;
Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inur'd, and nurs'd in scenes of woe.

He said ; when loud along the vale was heard
A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd :
Th' affrighted shepherds thro' the dews of night,
Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.



AN ODE TO FEAR.

BY THE SAME.

THOU, to whom the world unknown
With all its shadowy shapes is shewn ;

Who seest appall'd th' unreal scene,

While Fancy lifts the veil between :

Ah Fear ! ah frantic Fear !

I see, I see thee near.

I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye !

Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly,

For, lo what monsters in thy train appear !

Danger, whose limbs of giant mold

What mortal eye can fix'd behold ?

Who stalks his round, an hideous form,

Howling amidst the midnight storm,

Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep :
And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind :
And those, the fiends, who near allied,
O'er Nature's wounds, and wrecks preside ;
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare :
On whom that ravening Brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait ;
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
And look not madly wild, like thee ?

EPODE.

In earliest Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
The grief-full Muse address her infant tongue ;
The maids and matrons, on her awful voice
Silent and pale in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the Bard * who first invok'd thy name,
Disdain'd in Marathon its power to feel :
For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's steel.

But who is he, whom later garlands grace,
Who left a while o'er Hybla's dew to rove,
With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
Where thou and Furies shar'd the baleful grove ?

* Æschylus.

Wrapt

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil th' incestuous Queen *
 Sigh'd, the sad call her son and husband heard,
 When once alone it broke the silent scene,
 And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart,
 Thy withering power inspir'd each mournful line,
 Tho' gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
 Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine !

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,
 Where wilt thou rest, mad Nymph, at last ?
 Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
 Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell ?
 Or in some hollow'd feat,
 'Gainst which the big waves beat,
 Hear drowning seamen's cries in tempests brought !
 Dark power, with shuddering meek submitted thought,
 Be mine, to read the visions old,
 Which thy awakening bards have told :
 And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
 Hold each strange tale devoutly true ;
 Ne'er be I found, by thee o'er-aw'd,
 In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad,
 When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
 Their pebbled beds permitted leave,

* Jocasta.

C 4

And

And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men !

O thou whose spirit most possessest
The sacred seat of Shakespear's breast !
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions spoke !
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel :
His cypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee ?



T H E P A S S I O N S ,

A N O D E F O R M U S I C .

BY THE SAME.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting ;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
'Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,

From

From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for madness rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret flings,
In one rude clasp he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair——
Low fullen sounds his grief beguil'd,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bad the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still thro' all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.

And

And longer had she sung,—but, with a frown,
 Revenge impatient rose,
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
 And, with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing-trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.
 And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat ;
 And tho' sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity at his side,
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
 While each strain'd ball of fight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
 Sad proof of thy distressful state,
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
 And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,
 Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
 And from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd thro' the mellow horn her pensive soul :
 And dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;
 Thro' glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,

Or

Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
 Round an holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace, and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone !
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known ;
 The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
 Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green ;
 Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
 And Sport leapt up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial,
 He with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand address,
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best,
 They would have thought, who heard the strain,
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
 While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
 Love fram'd with Mirth, a gay fantastic round,
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music, sphere-descended maid,
 Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
 Why, Goddess, why to us denied ?
 Lay'st thou thy antient lyre aside ?
 As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
 You learn'd an all-commanding power,
 Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,
 Can well recall what then it heard.
 Where is thy native simple heart,
 Devote to virtue, fancy, art ?
 Arise, as in that elder time,
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !
 Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
 Fill thy recording Sister's page—
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age,
 Even all at once together found
 Cæcilia's mingled world of sound—
 O bid our vain endeavours cease,
 Revive the just designs of Greece,
 Return in all thy simple state !
 Confirm the tales her sons relate !



EVERY



EVERY MAN
THE
ARCHITECT of his own FORTUNE :
OR THE
ART OF RISING IN THE CHURCH.
A SATYRE.

By Mr. SCOTT, of Trinity-College, Cambridge.

A DIALOGUE betwixt a POET and his FRIEND.

F. **G**OOD friend, forbear—the world will say 'tis spite,
Or disappointment goads you thus to write—
Some lord hath frown'd ; some bishop past dispute
At surly distance spurn'd your eager suit,
Prefer'd a dull vile clod of noble earth,
And left neglected genius, wit, and worth.

P. Regards it me what snarling critics say ?
'Tis honest indignation points the way.
Thanks to my stars my infant sleeps are o'er,
And dreams delusive catch my thoughts no more.

Let

Let clumsy DOGMATUS, with simp'ring face,
 Supply the nurse's, or the footman's place,
 Make coffee, when my lady calls, or whey,
 And fetch, and carry, like a two-leg'd tray ;
 Let blust'ring GNATHO swear with patriot rage,
 To poor, old, tott'ring TIMON bent with age,
 " Had you, my lord, the horse at MINDEN led,
 " 'Sdeath, what destruction would your grace have made ?
 " Like Wantley's dragon you had roar'd, and thunder'd,
 " And eat'n up Frenchmen hundred after hundred ;"
 Thus mean and vile let others live, not I,
 Who scorn to flatter, and who fear to lye.
 What honest man——

F. Stop, or you ne'er can thrive—
 Sure you're the strangest, squeamish wretch alive !
 What, in the name of wonder, friend, have you,
 In life's low vale, with honesty to do ?
 'Tis a dead weight, that will retard you still,
 Oft as you strive to clamber up the hill.
 Strip, and be wise—strip off all bashful pride,
 Throw cumbrous honour, virtue, truth aside,
 Trust up, and girt like VIRRO, mend your pace,
 The first, the nimblest scoundrel in the race.
 Go copy TREBIUS—

P. Copy TREBIUS?—Hum—
 And forfeit peace for all my life to come.
 Should I devote my sister's virgin charms
 To the vile lewdness of a patron's arms,

Too

Too sure my father's injur'd ghost would rise,
Rage on his brow, and horror in his eyes;
Would haunt, would goad me in the social hall;
Or break my rest—the' slumb'ring in a stall.
Oh gracious God, of what thin flimsy gear
Is some men's conscience?—

E. Hold, you're too severe——

Think when temptations ev'ry sense assail,
How strong they prove, and human flesh how frail!
When satan came, by righteous heav'n ordain'd
To tempt the leader of the Christian band,
He drew, he caught him from the barren waste,
And on the temple's tow'ring summit plac'd;
And nowadays, or sage experience lies,
From church preferments great temptations rise.
Spare TARSUS then—e'en you yourself may yield—

P. Not, friend, 'till vanquish'd reason quits the field:
Then I, poor madman, 'midst the mad and vain,
May Judas-like betray my God for gain;
At HELLUO's board, where smokes th' eternal treat,
And all the fat on earth bow down, and eat,
A genuine son of LEVI may adore
The golden calf, as AARON did before.
Then welcome the full levee, where resort
Crouds of all ranks to pay their morning court,
The well-rob'd dean with face so sleek, and fair,
And tatter'd CONRUS pale and wan with care,

Whose

Whose yearly-breeding wife, in mean attire,
 To feed her hungry brats must spin for hire.
 Hail medley dome, where, like the ark we find
 Clean, and unclean, of ev'ry sort and kind !
 Hail medley dome, where three whole hours together,
 (Shiv'ring in cold, and faint in sultry weather)
 We brook, athirst and hungry, all delay,
 And wear in expectation life away !
 But hush ! in comes my lord—important, big,
 Squints thro' his glass, and bustling shakes his wig,
 Whose saucy curls, confin'd in triple tye,
 With constant work his busy hands supply.
 He stops, bows, stares—and whispers out aloud
 “ What spark is yon, that jostles thro' the croud ? ”
 Sir William's heir—“ enough—my dear, good friend,
 “ Sir William liv'd—I think—at Ponder's end ;
 “ Yes—yes—Sir William liv'd ”—Then on he goes,
 And whispering this grand secret crams his nose
 Into your wig, and squeezing every hand,
 “ 'Tis mine to serve you, Sir—Your's to command ”—
 Thus kindly breathing many a promise fair,
 He feeds two rows of gaping fools with air,
 Unmeaning gabbles set rotines of speech,
 As papists pray, or prelates us'd to preach,
 Makes himself o'er in trust, to keep his ground,
 And FAIRLY GULLS HIS CREDITORS ALL ROUND.
 With warm delight his words poor CODRUS hears,
 Sweet as the fancy'd music of the spheres ;
 Then trudges jocund home thro' mire and clay,
 While pleasing thoughts beguile the long long way ;

A snug warm living skims before his eyes,
 His tythe pig gruntles, and his grey goose flies;
 His lonely shatter'd cot, all patcht with mud,
 And hem'd around by many a fragrant flood,
 Chang'd to a neat, and modern house he sees,
 Built on high ground, and shelter'd well with trees;
 Spacious in front the chequer'd lawns extend,
 With useful ponds, and gardens at the end,
 Where art and nature kindly join to bring
 The fruits of Autumn, and the flowers of Spring.
 No more a sun-burnt bob the preacher wears,
 Or coat of serge, where ev'ry thread appears:
 Behold him deckt in spruce and trim array,
 With cassock short; and vest of raven-grey;
 In powder'd pomp the spacious grizzle flows,
 And the broad beaver trembles o'er his nose.
 Ah dear delusions tempt his thoughts no more,
 Leave him untortur'd by desire, though poor!
 What can advance, in these degenerate days,
 When gold, or int'rest all preferment sways,
 A wretch unblest by Fortune, and by birth?
 Alas, not TERRICK's parts, or TALBOT's worth!
 Else long, long since had honest BUTLER shone
 High in the church religion's spotless sun;
 Had beam'd around his friendly light to cheer
 The lonely, wayworn, wandering traveller;
 Chac'd errour's black and baleful shades away,
 And pour'd thro' every mind resistless day.
 Alas, the change! far in a lowly vale,
 'Midst straggling huts, where some few peasants dwell,

He lives in virtue rich, in fortune poor,
 And treads the path his master trod before.
 Oh great, good man, to cheer without request
 The drooping heart, and sooth the troubled breast;
 With cords of love the wayward sheep to hold,
 And draw the lost, and wandering to the fold;
 To spend so little, yet have some to spare;
 To feed the hungry, and to cloath the bare;
 To visit beds of sickness in the night,
 When rains descend, and rolling thunders fright,
 There death deprive of all his terrors soul,
 And sing soft requiems to the parting soul!
 Blush, blush for shame!—Your heads, ye Pastors, hide,
 Ye pamper'd sons of luxury and pride,
 Who leave to prowling wolves your helpless care,
 And truck preferments at the public fair;
 In whose fat corps the soul sapinely lies,
 Snug at her ease, and wondrous loth to rise!

F. Friend, friend, you're warm—why this is downright spleen,

You stout the fat, because yourself are lean:
 Yet laugh to see behind the silver mace
 Black-brow'd CORNUTUS with his starveling face,
 A wretch so worn with penury and pride,
 His very bones stand staring thro' his hide.
 Why chuse the church, if petulant and vain
 You proudly shun the paths that lead to gain,
 Yet rack'd with envy, when your brethren rise,
 Revile the prudent arts that you despise?

Better

Better some dirty, vile, mechanic trade,
 Cobler, or smith—a fortune might be made ;
 The cross-leg'd wretch, who stitches up the gown,
 Is of more worth than half the clerks in town :
 And laughs with purse-proud insolence to see
 The needy curate's full-sleev'd dignity.—

P. Why chuse the church ? A father's prudent voice
 Determin'd, friend, and dignify'd the choice :
 To thee, religion, thro' the tranquil road,
 Himself with honour and with virtue trod,
 He led me on—and know, no slave to gain,
 Undow'r'd I took thee, and undow'r'd retain.
 What ? Durst the blind philosopher of yore
 Chuse thy half-sister Virtue, vile and poor,
 Chuse her begirt with all the ghastly train
 Of ills, contempt, and ridicule, and pain ?
 And shall not I, O dear celestial dame,
 Love thee with all my soul's devoutest flame ?
 Shall I not gaze, and doat upon thy charms,
 And fly to catch the heav'n within thy arms ?
 O my fair mistress, lovelier to be seen
 Than the chaste lily, opening on the green ;
 Sweet as the blushing rose in SHARON's vale,
 And soft as IDUMEA's balmy gale !
 Of thee enamour'd martyr'd heroes stood
 Firm to their faith, and constant ev'n to blood ;
 No views of fame; no fears of sad disgrace,
 Had pow'r to tear them from thy lov'd embrace,

Wrapt up in thee, tho' harlots stalkt abroad,
 And persecution shook her iron rod !
 Peace to their souls !—But tell me, gentle maid,
 Oh tell me are thy beauties all decay'd ?
 Hath time's foul canker ev'ry grace devour'd ?
 Thy virgin charms hath ignorance deflow'r'd ?
 That thus thou wander'st helpless and forlorn,
 Of knaves the hatred, and of fools the scorn !

F. Still knave, and fool ?—For God's sake, Sir, refrain!
 This petulance of pride will prove your bane.
 What! you're averse to dash thro' thick and thin?
 Try cleaner ways—'tis done, if you begin.
 Go with soft flattery, studious to oblige,
 Some dull, and self-admiring lord besiege,
 And like the dove, to MECCA's prophet dear,
 Pick a good living from your patron's ear :
 GULLION succeeded thus, and so may you—
 But railing, railing !—Friend, it ne'er can do.

P. Good heav'n forbid that I a plain blunt man,
 Who cannot fawn, and loath the wretch who can,
 Should brook a trencher-chaplain at the board,
 The loud horse-laugh, and raillery of my lord ;
 Slave to his jokes, his passion, and his pride,
 A dull tame fool for lacquies to deride,
 Who snort around to hear the wretch abuse
 My person, morals, family, and muse !
 Shall I such base Egyptian bondage bear,
 And eat my heart thro' sorrow, grief, and care ?

For

For twice sev'n tedious years wait, watch, ride, run,
 Nor dare to live, or speak, or think my own ?
 Observe with awe that fickle vane his mind,
 That shifts, and changes with the changeful wind ?
 Read ev'ry look, each twinkling of his eye,
 And thence divine the doubtful augury ?
 NO PHARAOH no !—Here in this calm retreat,
 Where ev'ry muse, and virtue fix their seat,
 Here let me shun each lordling proud and vain,
 And scorn the world ere scorn'd by it again !
 Ye happier few, that in this stately dome
 Where still the soul of NEWTON deigns to roam,
 Inspires each youthful candidate for fame,
 His noonday vision, and his midnight dream ;
 Ye happier few, by regal bounty fed,
 Here eat in privacy and peace your bread ;
 Nor tempt the world, that monster-bearing deep,
 Where hush'd in grim repose the tempests sleep,
 Where rocks, and sands, dread ministers of fate,
 To whelm the pilot's hopes in ambush wait.

On a huge hill, that braves the neighbouring sky,
 Washt by the fable gulph of infamy,
 Preferment's temple stands ; the base how wide,
 How steep the top, how cragg'd ev'ry side !
 Compact of ice the dazzling mountain glows,
 Like rocks of crystal, or Lapponian snows,
 While all around the storm-clad whirlwind rides,
 Dread thunder breaks, and livid lightning glides,
 Hither by hope enliven'd crouds repair,
 Thick as the noontide swarms that float in air ;

Dean jostles dean, each suffragan his brother,
 And half the jealous mob keeps down the other.
 Ah little knows the wretch, that hath not try'd,
 What hell it is this shouldring throug to bide,
 Where garish art, and falsehood win the day,
 And simple single truth is spurn'd away :
 Where round, and round, with painful steps and slow,
 Whoe'er would scale the sudden height must go ;
 Catch ev'ry twig, each brake and op'ning trace,
 Pull down his friend, nay father from his place,
 And raise himself by others foul disgrace. }
 Yet some there are, gay Folly's flutt'ring train,
 That free from care and toil the summit gain,
 Sublimely soar on fortune's partial wind,
 And leave the sons of Science far behind.
 Thus straws and feathers easily can fly,
 And the light scale is sure to mount on high ;
 Thin air-blown bubbles with each breath are born,
 And wind will raise the chaff, that leaves the corn,
 Others again with crouds contentious strive,
 And thro' mere dint of oppposition thrive ;
 Stiff in opinion, active, restless wights,
 They rise against the wind like paper kites :
 'Twas thus proud RAMUS to the mitre flew,
 Opposing, and oppos'd——

F. And thus must you——

If opposition, faction, broils prevail,
 Take courage, friend, for sure you ne'er can fail.

Misguided youth, is satire thus your turn !
 Hasten while the baleful flames of party burn,
 In hist'ry read go join the grand dispute,
 And give one hireling more to PITT, or BURKE.
 Oh would you paint his lordship's jerkin o'er
 With imps, and fiends (like base inquisitor)
 Then boldly hang him out to public view,
 The scorn and laughter of the gaping crew,
 How G * * A's sons would ———

P. What ?

P. Exult for joy,
 And lift your grateful praises to the sky.

P. Her sons exult ? your men of parts and skill
 Change like their dress, their principles at will,
 Where Mammon calls with haste obsequious run,
 And bow like Persians to the rising sun.
 Too long alas o'er Britain's bleeding land
 Hath fell corruption wav'd her iron hand,
 Too long possess'd a monarch's patient ear,
 While all the sons of freedom shrank with fear.
 Is there then one, whose breast religion warms,
 And virtue decks with all her brightest charms ;
 Whose fiery glance the loathsome den pervades,
 Where vice, and foul corruption sculk in shades ;
 True to his king, and to the public just,
 No dupe to passion, and no slave to lust ;
 Whom all the good revere, the vile abuse,
 A friend to learning, and the gentle muse ;

Scotchman, or Teague—be this his patriot view,
 I'll praise him, love him, friend, and so shall you,
 Curse be the lines (tho' ev'ry THESPIAN maid
 Come uninvoked, and lend her timely aid,
 View them, like THETIS, with a mother's eye,
 And dip them o'er in dew's of CASTALY)
 Curse be the lines, that pow'rful vice adorn,
 Or treat fair virtue, and her friends with scorn:
 Let 'em cloath candles, wrap up cheese, line trunks;
 Or flutt'ring on a rail, 'midst rogues and punks,
 Ne'er meet the mild judicious critic's praise,
 But die, like those that FANNY sings or says:
 FANNY, dull wight, to whom the ghost appears
 Of murder'd HORACE, pale and wan with tears;
 FANNY, dull wight, a Mammon-serving slave,
 Half politician, atheist, parson, knave,
 That drunk each night, and liquor'd ev'ry chink,
 Dyes his red face in port, and his black soul in ink,
 No fly fanatic, no enthusiast wild,
 No party tool, beguiling and beguil'd,
 No slave to pride, no canting pimp to pow'r,
 Nor rigid churchman, nor dissenter sour,
 No fawning flatterer to the base and vain,
 No timist vile, or worshipper of gain;
 When gay not dissolute, grave not severe,
 Tho' learn'd no pedant, civil tho' sincere;
 Nor mean nor haughty, be one preacher's praise
 That—if he rise, he rise by manly ways:
 Yes, he abhors each sordid selfish view,
 And dreads the paths your men of art pursue;

Who trust some wand'ring meteor's dubious ray,
And fly like owls from truth's meridian day.

F. Alas, Alas ! I plainly, friend, foresee
In points like these we never shall agree.
Too sure debar'd from all the joys of life,
From heav'n's best gifts, a living, and a wife,
Chain'd to a college you must waste your days,
(Wrapt up in monkish indolence, and ease,)
In one dull round of sleeping, eating, drinking,
A foe to care, but more a foe to thinking.
There when ten lustrums are supinely spent
In ENVIOUS SLOTH, AND MORISH DISCONTENT ;
When not one friend, one comfort more remains ;
But slowly creeps the cold blood thro' your veins,
And palsy'd hands, and tott'ring knees betray
An helpless state of nature in decay ;
While froward youth derides your squalid age,
And longs to shove you trembling off the stage ;
Then then you'll blame your conduct—but too late,
And curse your enemies, and friends, and fate.

P. Better be worn with age, with ills oppress'd,
Distress'd in fame, in fortune too distress'd ;
Better unknown, and unlamented die,
With no kind friend to close the parting eye,
(So all is calm, and undisturb'd within)
Than feel, and fear the biting pangs of sin.
For oh what odds, the curtain once withdrawn,
Betwixt a saint in rags, and rev'rend knave in lawn ?



TO PLEASURE.

A N O D E.

BY THE SAME.

I. 1.

HENCE from my sight, unfeeling sage,
 Hente, to thy lonely hermitage !—
 There far remov'd from joy, and pain,
 Supinely humber life away ;
 Aft o'er dull yesterday again,
 And be thy morrow like to-day.
 Rest to thy bones !— While to the gale
 Happier I spread my festive wing,
 And like the wand'ring bee exhale
 Fresh odours from life's honey'd spring ;
 From bloom to bloom in pleasing rapture stray,
 Where mirth invites, and pleasure points the way.

I. 2.

Hail heav'n-born virgin fair, and free,
 Of language mild, of aspect gay,
 Whose voice the sullen family
 Of care and discontent obey !

By

By thee inspir'd the simplest scenes,
 The russet cots, the lowly glens,
 Mountains, on whose craggy brow
 Nature's lawless tenants feed,
 Bushy dells, and streams, that flow
 Thro' the violet-purple mead,
 Delight ; thy breath exalts the rich perfumes,
 That brooding o'er embalm the bean-flow'r field,
 Beyond Sabea sweets, and all the gums
 The spicy deserts of Arabia yield.

I. 3.

When the Attic bird complains
 From the still, attentive grove,
 Or the linnét breathes his strains,
 Taught by nature, and by love ;
 Do thou approve the dulcet airs,
 And Harmony's soft, filken chain,
 In willing bondage leads our cares,
 And binds the giant-sense of pain :
 Untun'd by thee, how coarse the long-drawn note,
 Spun from the lab'ring eunuch's tortur'd throat !
 Harsh are the sounds, tho' PARINELLI sings,
 Harsh are the sounds, tho' HANDEL wakes the strings :
 Untouch'd by thee, see senseless FLORIO sits,
 And stares, and gapes, and nods, and yawns by fits.

II. 1.

Oh Pleasure come !—and far, far hence
 Expel that nun, Indifference !

Where'er

Where'er she waves her Ebon wand,
 Drencht in the dull Lethæan deep,
 Behold the marble passions stand
 Absorb'd in everlasting sleep !
 Then from the waste, and barren mind
 The muse's fairy-phantoms fly,
 They fly, nor leave a wreck behind
 Of heav'n-descended poetry :
 Love's thrilling tumults then are felt no more,
 Quencht is the gen'rous heat, the rapt'rous throbs are o'er !

II. 2.

'Twas thou, O nymph, that led'st along
 The fair Dione's wanton choir,
 While to thy blithest, softest song,
 Ten thousand Cupids strung the lyre :
 Aloft in air the cherubs play'd
 What time, in Cypria's myrtle-shade,
 Young Adonis slumb'ring lay
 On a bed of blushing flow'rs,
 Call'd to life by early May,
 And the rosy-bosom'd hours :
 The queen of love beheld her darling boy,
 In am'rous mood she nestled to his side,
 And thus, to melt his frozen breast to joy,
 Her wanton art she gayly-smiling try'd.

II. 3.

From the musk-rose, wet with dew,
 And the lily's op'ning bell,
 From fresh eglantine she drew
 Sweets of aromatic smell ;

Part of that honey next she took,
Which Cupid too advent'rous stole,
When stung his throbbing hand he shook,
And felt the anguish to his soul :
His mother laught to hear the elf complain,
Yet still she pity'd, and reliev'd his pain ;
She dress'd the wound with balm of sov'reign might,
And bath'd him in the well of dear delight :
Ah who would fear to be so bath'd in bliss,
More agonizing smart, and deeper wounds than this ?—

III. 1.

Her magic zone she next unbound,
And wav'd it in the air around :
Then cull'd from ever-frolic smiles,
That live in Beauty's dimpled cheek,
Such sweetness as the heart beguiles,
And turns the mighty strong to weak :
To these ambrosial dew she join'd,
And o'er the flame of warm desire,
Fan'd by soft sighs, love's gentlest wind,
Dissolv'd, and made the charm entire ;
O'er her moist lips, that blush'd with heav'nly red,
The graces' friendly hand the blest ingredients spread.

III. 2.

Adonis wak'd—he saw the fair,
And felt unusual tumults rise ;
His bosom heav'd with am'rous care,
And humid languor veil'd his eyes !
Driv'n by some strong impulsive pow'r
He fought the most sequester'd bow'r,

Where diffus'd on Venus' breast,
 First he felt extatic bliss,
 First her balmy lips he prest,
 And devour'd the new-made kiss :
 But, O my muse, thy tatt'ling tongue restrain,
 Her sacred rites what mortal dares to tell ?
 She crowns the silent, leads the blabbing swain
 To doubts, desires, and fears, the fev'rish lover's hell.

III. 3.

Change then, sweetest nymph of nine,
 Change the song, and fraught with pleasures
 String anew thy silver twine,
 To the softest, Lydian measures !
 My Cynthia calls, whose natal hour
 Th' assistant graces saw, and smil'd ;
 Then deign'd his Cyprian charms to pour
 With lavish bounty o'er the child :
 Sithence where'er the firen moves along,
 In pleasing wonder chain'd is ev'ry tongue,
 Love's soft suffusion dims the aching eyes,
 Love's subtlest flame thro' ev'ry art'ry flies :
 Our trembling limbs th' unequal pulse betray,
 We gaze in transport lost—then faint, and die away.





ALBIN and the DAUGHTER of MEY.

An old tale, translated from the Irish.

By the late Mr. JEROM STONE.

WHence come these dismal sounds that fill our ears !
 Why do the groves such lamentations send !
 Why sit the virgins on the hill of tears,
 While heavy sighs their tender bosoms rend !
 They weep for ALBIN with the flowing hair,
 Who perish'd by the cruelty of MEY ;
 A blameless hero, blooming, young, and fair ;
 Because he scorn'd her passion to obey.
 See on yon western hill the heap of stones,
 Which mourning friends have raised o'er his bones !

O woman ! bloody, bloody was thy deed ;
 The blackness of thy crime exceeds belief ;
 The story makes each heart but thine to bleed,
 And fills both men and maids with keenest grief !
 Behold thy daughter, beauteous as the sky,
 When early morn transcends yon eastern hills,
 She lov'd the youth who by thy guile did die,
 And now our ears with lamentations fills :

'Tis

'Tis she, who sad, and grov'ling on the ground,
Weeps o'er his grave, and makes the woods resound.

A thousand graces did the maid adorn :

Her looks were charming and her heart was kind ;
Her eyes were like the windows of the morn,
And Wisdom's habitation was her mind.

A hundred heroes try'd her love to gain :

She pity'd them, yet did their suits deny :
Young ALBIN only courted not in vain,

ALBIN alone was lovely in her eye :
Love fill'd their bosoms with a mutual flame ;
Their birth was equal, and their age the same.

Her mother MEY, a woman void of truth,

In practice of deceit and guile grown old,
Conceiv'd a guilty passion for the youth,

And in his ear the shameful story told :

But o'er his mind she never could prevail ;

For in his life no wickedness was found ;
With shame and rage he heard the horrid tale,

And shook with indignation at the sound :
He fled to shun her ; while with burning wrath
The monster, in revenge, decreed his death.

Amidst Lochmey, at distance from the shore,

On a green island, grew a stately tree,
With precious fruit each season cover'd o'er,
Delightful to the taste, and fair to see :

This

This fruit, more sweet than virgin honey found,
 Serv'd both alike for physic and for food ;
 It cur'd diseases, heal'd the bleeding wound,
 And hunger's rage for three long days withstood.
 But precious things are purchas'd still with pain,
 And thousands try'd to pluck it, but in vain.

For at the root of this delightful tree,
 A venomous and awful dragon lay,
 With watchful eyes, all horrible to see,
 Who drove th' affrighted passengers away.
 Worse than the viper's sting its teeth did wound,
 The wretch who felt it soon behov'd to die ;
 Nor could physician ever yet be found
 Who might a certain antidote apply :
 Ev'n they whose skill had sav'd a mighty host,
 Against its bite no remedy could boast.

Revengeful MEX, her fury to appease,
 And him destroy who durst her passion slight,
 Feign'd to be stricken with a dire disease,
 And call'd the hapless ALBIN to her sight :
 " Arise, young hero ! skill'd in feats of war,
 On yonder lake your dauntless courage prove ;
 To pull me of the fruit, now bravely dare,
 And save the mother of the maid you love.
 I die without its influence divine ;
 Nor will I taste it from a hand but thine."

With downcast-look the lovely youth reply'd,

“ Though yet my feats of valour have been few,
My might in this adventure shall be try'd;

I go to pull the healing fruit for you.”

With stately steps approaching to the deep,

The hardy hero swims the liquid tide;

With joy he finds the dragon fast asleep,

Then pulls the fruit, and comes in safety back;

Then with a chearful countenance, and gay,

He gives the present to the hands of May.

“ Well have you done, to bring me of this fruit;

But greater signs of prowess must you give:

Go pull the tree entirely by the root,

And bring it hither, or I cease to live.”

Though hard the task, like lightning fast he flew,

And nimbly glided o'er the yielding tide;

Then to the tree with manly steps he drew,

And pull'd, and tugg'd it hard, from side to side:

Its bursting roots his strength could not withstand;

He tears it up, and bears it in his hand.

But long, alas! ere he could reach the shore,

Or fix his footsteps on the solid sand,

The monster follow'd with a hideous roar,

And like a fury grasp'd him by the hand.

Then, gracious God! what dreadful struggling rose!

He grasps the dragon by th' iavenom'd jaws,

In vain: for round the bloody current flows,

While its fierce teeth his tender body gnaws.

He

He groans through anguish of the grievous wound,
And cries for help; but, ah! no help was found?

At length the maid, now wond'ring at his stay,
And rack'd with dread of some impending ill,
Swift to the lake, to meet him, bends her way;
And there beheld what might a virgin kill!
She saw her lover struggling on the flood,
The dreadful monster gnawing at his side;
She saw young Alaric fainting, while his blood
With purple tincture dy'd the liquid tide!
Though pale with fear, she plunges in the wave,
And to the hero's hand a dagger gave!

Alas! too late, yet gath'ring all his force,
He drags, at last, his hissing foe to land.
Yet there the battle still grew worse and worse,
And long the conflict lasted on the strand.
At length he happily descri'd a part,
Just where the scaly neck and breast did meet;
Through this he drove a well-directed dart,
And laid the monster breathless at his feet.
The lovers shouted when they saw him dead,
While from his trunk they cut the bleeding head.

But soon the venom of his mortal bite
Within the hero's bosom spreads like flame;
His face grew pale, his strength forsook him quite,
And o'er his trembling limbs a numbness came.

Then fainting on the slimy shore he fell,
 And utter'd, with a heavy, dying groan,
 These tender words, " My lovely maid, farewell !
 Remember ALBIN ; for his life is gone !"
 These sounds, like thunder, all her sense oppress'd,
 And swooning down she fell upon his breast.

At last, the maid awak'ning as from sleep,
 Felt all her soul o'erwhelm'd in deep despair,
 Her eyes star'd wild, she rav'd, she could not weep,
 She beat her bosom, and she tore her hair !
 She look'd now on the ground, now on the skies,
 Now gaz'd around, like one imploring aid :
 But none was near in pity to her cries,
 No comfort came to sooth the hapless maid !
 Then grasping in her palm, that shone like snow,
 The youth's dead hand, she thus express'd her wo.

Burst, burst, my heart ! the lovely youth is dead,
 Who, like the dawn, was wont to bring me joy ;
 Now birds of prey will hover round his head,
 And wild beasts seek his carcase to destroy ;
 While I who lov'd him, and was lov'd again,
 With sighs and lamentable strains must tell,
 How by no hero's valour he was slain,
 But struggling with a beast inglorious fell !
 This makes my tears with double anguish flow,
 This adds affliction to my bitter woe !

Yet fame and dauntless valour he could boast ;
 With matchless strength his manly limbs were bound ;
 That force would have dismay'd a mighty host,
 He show'd, before the dragon could him wound,
 His curling locks, that wanton'd in the breeze,
 Were blacker than the raven's ebon wing ;
 His teeth were whiter than the fragrant trees,
 When blossoms clothe them in the days of spring ;
 A brighter red his glowing cheeks did stain,
 Than blood of tender heifer newly slain.

A purer azure sparkled in his eye,
 Than that of icy shoal in mountain found ;
 Whene'er he spoke, his voice was melody,
 And sweeter far than instrumental sound.
 O he was lovely ! fair as purest snow,
 Whose wreaths the tops of highest mountains crown ;
 His lips were radiant as the heav'nly bow ;
 His skin was softer than the softest down ;
 More sweet his breath than fragrant bloom, or rose,
 Or gale that crosses a flow'ry garden blows.

But when in battle with our foes he join'd,
 And fought the hottest dangers of the fight,
 The stoutest chiefs stood wond'ring far behind,
 And none durst try to rival him in might !
 His ample shield then seem'd a gate of brass,
 His awful sword did like the lightning shine !
 No force of steel could through his armour pass,
 His spear was like a mast, or mountain-pine !

Ev'n kings and heroes trembled at his name,
And conquest smil'd where'er the warrior came!

Great was the strength of his unconquer'd hand,

Great was his swiftness in the rapid race;
None could the valour of his arm withstand,

None could outstrip him in the days of chase.
Yet he was tender, merciful, and kind;

His vanquish'd foes his clemency confess'd;
No cruel purpose labour'd in his mind,

No thought of envy harbour'd in his breast.
He was all gracious, bounteous, and benign,
And in his soul superior to a king!

But now he's gone! and nought remains but woe

For wretched me; with him my joys are fled,
Around his tomb my tears shall ever flow,

The rock my dwelling, and the clay my bed!

Ye maids, and matrons, from your hills descend,

To join my moan, and answer tear for tear;
With me the hero to his grave attend,

And sing the songs of mourning round his bier.
Through his own grove his praise we will proclaim,
And bid the place for ever bear his name.





EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

A B A L L A D.

By DR. GOLDSMITH.

‘ **T**URN, gentle hermit of the dale,
 ‘ And guide my lonely way,
 ‘ To where yon taper cheers the vale,
 ‘ With hospitable ray.

‘ For here, forlorn and lost I tread,
 ‘ With fainting steps and slow;
 ‘ Where wilds immeasurably spread,
 ‘ Seem lengthening as I go.’

‘ Forbear, my son,’ the hermit cries,
 ‘ To tempt the dangerous gloom;
 ‘ For yonder faithless phantom flies
 ‘ To lure thee to thy doom.

‘ Here to the houseless child of want,
 ‘ My door is open still;
 ‘ And tho’ my portion is but scant,
 ‘ I give it with good will.

E 4

Then

‘ Then turn to-night, and freely share
 ‘ Whate’er my cell bestows ;
 ‘ My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
 ‘ My blessing and repose.

‘ No flocks that range the valley free,
 ‘ To slaughter I condemn :
 ‘ Taught by that power that pities me,
 ‘ I learn to pity them:

‘ But from the mountain’s grassy side,
 ‘ A guiltless feast I bring ;
 ‘ A scrip with herbs and fruits supply’d,
 ‘ And water from the spring.

‘ Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
 ‘ All earth-born cares are wrong :
 ‘ Man wants but little here below,
 ‘ Nor wants that little long.’

Soft as the dew from heav’n descends,
 His gentle accents fell :
 The modest stranger lowly bends,
 And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
 The lonely mansion lay,
 A refuge to the neighbouring poor
 And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
 Requir'd a master's care!
 The wicket opening with a latch,
 Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
 To take their evening rest,
 The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
 And cheer'd his penfive guest ;

And spread his vegetable store,
 And gayly prest, and smil'd,
 And skill'd in legendary lore,
 The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
 Its tricks the kitten tries,
 The cricket chirrups in the hearth ;
 The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
 To sooth the stranger's woe ;
 For grief was heavy at his heart,
 And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,
 With answering care oppress'd :
 ' And whence, unhappy youth,' he cry'd,
 ' The sorrows of thy breast ?

From

- ‘ From better habitations spurn’d,
- ‘ Reluctant dost thou rove ;
- ‘ Or grieve for friendship turn’d,
- ‘ Or unregarded love ?

- ‘ Alas ! the joys that fortune brings,
- ‘ Are trifling and decay ;
- ‘ And those who prize the paltry things,
- ‘ More trifling still than they.

- ‘ And what is friendship but a snare,
- ‘ A charm that lulls to sleep ;
- ‘ A shade that follows wealth or fame,
- ‘ But leaves the wretch to weep ?

- ‘ And love is still an emptier sound,
- ‘ The modern fair one’s jest,
- ‘ On earth unseen, or only found
- ‘ To warm the turtle’s nest.

- ‘ For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
- ‘ And spurn the sex,’ he said :
- But, while he spoke, a rising blush
- His love-lorn guest betray’d.

Surpriz’d he sees new beauteous life
 Swift mantling to the view,
 Like colours o’er the morning skies,
 As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
 Alternate spread alarms,
 The lovely stranger stands confess
 A maid in all her charms.

‘ And, ah, forgive a stranger rude,
 ‘ A wretch forlorn,’ she cry’d,
 ‘ Whose feet unhallow’d thus intrude
 ‘ Where heaven and you reside.

‘ But let a maid thy pity share,
 ‘ Whom love has taught to stray :
 ‘ Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
 ‘ Companion of her way.

‘ My father liv’d beside the Tyne,
 ‘ A wealthy lord was he ;
 ‘ And all his wealth was mark’d as mine,
 ‘ He had but only me.

‘ To win me from his tender arms,
 ‘ Unnumber’d suitors came ;
 ‘ Who prais’d me for imputed charms,
 ‘ And felt or feign’d a flame.

‘ Each hour a mercenary crowd
 ‘ With richest proffers strove :
 ‘ Among the rest young Edwin bow’d,
 ‘ But never talk’d of love.

- In humble simplest habit clad,
- No wealth nor power had he ;
- Wisdom and worth were all he had,
- But these were all to me.

- The blossom opening to the day,
- The dews of heaven refin'd,
- Could nought of purity display,
- To emulate his mind,

- The dew, the blossom on the tree,
- With charms inconstant shine ;
- Their charms were his, but woe to me,
- Their constancy was mine.

- For still I try'd each fickle art,
- Importunate and vain ;
- And while his passion touch'd my heart,
- I triumph'd in his pain.

- Till quite dejected with my scorn,
- He left me to my pride ;
- And sought a solitude forlorn,
- In secret where he died.

- But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
- And well my life shall pay,
- I'll seek the solitude he sought,
- And stretch me where he lay,——

• And

- And there forlorn despairing hid,
 • I'll lay me down and die :
- 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
 • And so for him will I.

- Forbid it, heaven !' the hermit cry'd,
 And clasp'd her to his breast :
- The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,
 'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

- Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
 • My charmer, turn to see,
- Thy own, thy long lost Edwin here,
 • Restor'd to love and thee.

- Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
 • And ev'ry care resign :
- And shall we never, never part,
 • My life,—my all that's mine.

- No, never, from this hour to part,
 • We'll live and love so true ;
- The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
 • Shall break thy Edwin's too.'





T H E
CIT'S COUNTRY-BOX, 1757.

By ROBERT LLOYD, A.M.

*Vos sapere & solos aio bene vivere, quorum,
Conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis.* HQR.

TH E wealthy cit, grown old in trade,
Now wishes for the rural shade,
And buckles to his one-horse chair,
Old Dobbin, or the founder'd mare;
While wedg'd in closely by his side,
Sits madam, his unweildly bride,
With Jacky on a stool before 'em,
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,
How all the country seems to smile!
And as they slowly jog together,
The cit commends the road and weather;
While madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for ev'ry house she sees,
Admires its views, its situation,
And thus she opens her oration.

What signify the loads of wealth,
Without that richest jewel, health?

Excuse the fondness of a wife,
 Who doats upon your precious life !
 Such easeless toil, such constant care,
 Is more than human strength can bear.
 One may observe it in your face—
 Indeed, my dear, you break space :
 And nothing can your health repair,
 But exercise, and country air.
 Sir Traffic has a house, you know,
 About a mile from Cheney-Row :
 He's a good man, indeed 'tis true,
 But not so warm, my dear, as you :
 And folks are always apt to sneer—
 One would not be out-done, my dear !

Sir Traffic's name so well apply'd
 Awak'd his brother merchant's pride :
 And Thrifty, who had all his life
 Paid utmost deference to his wife,
 Confess'd her arguments had reason,
 And by th' approaching summer season,
 Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
 And purchases his country box.

Some three or four mile out of town
 (An hour's ride will bring you down,)
 He fixes on his choice abode,
 Not half a furlong from the road :
 And so convenient does it lay,
 The stages pass it ev'ry day :
 And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
 To have an house so near the city !

Take

Take but your places at the Boar
You're set down at the very door.

Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,
White-washing, painting, scrubbing past,
Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
With all the fuss of moving over ;
Lo, a new heap of whims are bred !
And wanton in my lady's head.

Well to be sure, it must be own'd,
It is a charming spot of ground ;
So sweet a distance for a ride,
And all about so countrified !
'Twould come to but a trifling price
To make it quite a paradise ;
I cannot bear those nasty rails,
Those ugly broken mouldy pales :
Suppose, my dear, instead of these,
We build a railing, all Chinese,
Although one hates to be expos'd,
'Tis dismal to be thus inclos'd ;
One hardly any object sees—
I wish you'd fell those odious trees.
Objects continual passing by
Were something to amuse the eye,
But to be pent within the walls—
One might as well be at St. Paul's.
Our house beholders would adore,
Was there a level lawn before,
Nothing its views to incommode,
But quite laid open to the road ;

While

While ev'ry trav'ler in amaze,
Should on our little mansion gaze,
And pointing to the choice retreat,
Cry, that's Sir Thrifty's country seat.

No doubt her arguments prevail,
For madam's TASTE can never fail.

Blest age! when all men may procure
The title of a connoisseur ;
When noble and ignoble herd
Are govern'd by a single word ;
Though, like the royal German dames,
It bears an hundred Christian names ;
As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, Goût,
Whim, Caprice, Je-ne scai-quoi, Virtù :
Which appellations all describe
TASTE, and the modern tasteful tribe.

Now bricklay'rs, carpenters, and joiners,
With Chinese artists, and designers,
Produce their schemes of alteration,
To work this wond'rous reformation.
The useful dome, which secret stood,
Embosom'd in the yew-tree's wood,
The trav'ler with amazement sees
A temple, Gothic, or Chinese,
With many a bell, and tawdry rag on,
And crested with a sprawling dragon ;
A wooden arch is bent astride
A ditch of water, four foot wide,
With angles, curves, and zigzag lines,
From Halfpenny's exact designs.

In front, a level lawn is seen,
 Without a shrub upon the green,
 Where Taste would want its first great law,
 But for the skulking, fly ha-ha,
 By whose miraculous assistance,
 You gain a prospect two fields distance.
 And now from Hyde-Park Corner come
 The gods of Athens, and of Rome.
 Here squabby Cupids take their places,
 With Venus, and the clumsy graces :
 Apollo there, with aim so clever,
 Stretches his leaden bow for ever ;
 And there, without the pow'r to fly,
 Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.

The villa thus completely grac'd,
 All own, that Thrifty has a taste ;
 And madam's female friends, and cousins,
 With common-council-men, by dozens,
 Flock ev'ry Sunday to the feat,
 To stare about them, and to eat.





THE A C T O R.

ADDRESSED TO

BONNELL THORNTON, Esq;

BY THE SAME.

ACTING, dear Thornton, its perfection draws
 From no observance of mechanic laws :
 No settled maxims of a fav'rite stage,
 No rules deliver'd down from age to age,
 Let players nicely mark them as they will,
 Can e'er entail hereditary skill.
 If, 'mongst the humble hearers of the pit,
 Some curious vet'ran critic chance to fit,
 Is he pleas'd more because 'twas acted so
 By Booth and Cibber thirty years ago ?
 The mind recalls an object held more dear,
 And hates the copy, that it comes so near.
 Why lov'd we Wilks's air, Booth's nervous tone ;
 In them 'twas natural, 'twas all their own.
 A Garrick's genius must our wonder raise,
 But gives his mimic no reflected praise.

Thrice happy Genius, whose unrival'd name
 Shall live for ever in the voice of Fame !
 'Tis thine to lead, with more than magic skill,
 The train of captive passions at thy will ;
 To bid the bursting tear spontaneous flow
 In the sweet sense of sympathetic woe :
 Through ev'ry vein I feel a chillness creep,
 When horrors such as thine have murder'd sleep ;
 And at the old man's look and frantic stare
 'Tis Lear alarms me, for I see him there.
 Nor yet confin'd to tragic walks alone,
 The comic muse too claims thee for her own.
 With each delightful requisite to please,
 Taste, spirit, judgment, elegance, and ease,
 Familiar nature forms thy only rule,
 From Ranger's rake to Druggier's vacant fool.
 With powers so pliant, and so various blest,
 That what we see the last, we like the best.
 Not idly pleas'd, at judgment's dear expence,
 But burst outrageous with the laugh of sense :
 Perfection's top, with weary toil and pain,
 'Tis genius only that can hope to gain.
 The play'r's profession (tho' I hate the phrase,
 'Tis so mechanic in these modern days)
 Lies not in trick, or attitude, or start,
 Nature's true knowledge is his only art.
 The strong-felt passion bolts into the face,
 The mind untouch'd, what is it but grimace ?
 To this one standard make your just appeal,
 Here lies the golden secret ; learn to FEEL.

Or

Or fool, or monarch, happy, or distressed,
No actor pleases that is not possess'd.

Once on the stage, in Rome's declining days,
When Christians were the subject of their plays,
E'er persecution dropp'd her iron rod,
And men still wag'd an impious war with God,
An actor flourish'd of no vulgar fame,
Nature's disciple, and Genest his name.
A noble object for his skill he chose,
A martyr dying 'midst insulting foes ;
Resign'd with patience to religion's laws,
Yet braving monarchs in his Saviour's cause.
Fill'd with th' idea of the secret part,
He felt a zeal beyond the reach of art,
While look and voice, and gesture, all express
A kindred ardour in the player's breast ;
Till as the flame thro' all his bosom ran,
He lost the actor, and commenc'd the man :
Profest the faith, his pagan gods denied,
And what he acted then, he after died.

The player's province they but vainly try,
Who want these pow'rs, deportment, voice, and eye.

The critic fight 'tis only grace can please,
No figure charms us if it has not ease.
There are, who think the statue all in all,
Nor like the hero, if he is not tall.
The feeling sense all others want supplies,
I rate no actor's merit from his size.
Superior height requires superior grace,
And what's a giant with a vacant face ?

Theatric monarchs, in their tragic gait,
 Affect to mark the solemn pace of state.
 One foot put forward in position strong,
 The other, like its vassal, dragg'd along.
 So grave each motion, so exact and slow,
 Like wooden monarchs at a puppet-show.
 The mien delights us that has native grace,
 But affectation ill supplies its place.

Unskilful actors, like your mimic apes,
 Will writhe their bodies in a thousand shapes;
 However foreign from the poet's art,
 No tragic hero but admires a start.
 What though unfeeling of the nervous line;
 Who but allows his attitude is fine?
 While a whole minute equipois'd he stands,
 Till praise dismiss him with her echoing hands!
 Resolv'd, though nature hate the tedious pause,
 By perseverance to extort applause.
 When Romeo sorrowing at his Juliet's doom,
 With eager madness bursts the canvas tomb,
 The sudden whirl, stretch'd leg, and lifted flail,
 Which please the vulgar, make the critic laugh.

To paint the passion's force, and mark it well,
 The proper action nature's self will tell:
 No pleasing pow'rs distort, nor e'er express,
 And nicer judgment always seeks excess.
 In sock or buskin, who o'erleaps the bounds,
 Disgusts our reason, and the taste confounds.
 Of all the evils which the stage molest,
 I hate your fool who overacts his jest:

Who

Who murders what the poet finely writ,
 And, like a bungler, haggles all his wit,
 With shrug, and grin, and gesture out of place,
 And writes a foelish comment with his face.
 Old Johnson once, tho' Cibber's perter vein
 But meanly groupes him with a num'rous train,
 With steady face, and sober hum'rous mien,
 Fill'd the strong outlines of the comic scene.
 What was writ down, with decent utt'rance spoke,
 Betray'd no symptom of the conscious joke ;
 The very man in look, in voice, in air,
 And tho' upon the stage, appear'd no play'r.

The word and action should conjointly suit,
 But acting words is labour too minute.
 Grimace will ever lead the judgment wrong ;
 While sober humour marks th' impression strong.
 Her proper traits the fixt attention hit,
 And bring me closer to the poet's wit ;
 With her delighted o'er each scene I go,
 Well-pleas'd, and not ashamed of being so.

But let the generous actor still forbear
 To copy features with a mimic's care !
 'Tis a poor skill, which ev'ry fool can reach,
 A vile stage-custom, honour'd in the breach.
 Worse as more close, the dissingenuous art
 But shews the wanton looseness of the heart.
 When I behold a wretch, of talents mean,
 Drag private foibles on the public scene,
 Forsaking nature's fair and open road
 To mark some whim, some strange peculiar mode,

Fir'd with disgust, I loath his servile plan,
 Despise the mimic, and abhor the man.
 Go to the lame, to hospitals repair,
 And hunt for humour in distortions there !
 Fill up the measure of the motley whim
 With shag, wink, snuffle, and convulsive limb ;
 Then shame at once, to please a trifling age,
 Good sense, good manners, virtue, and the stage !

'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear,
 'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.
 When desperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,
 And whine their sorrows in a fee-faw tone,
 The same soft sounds of unimpassioned woes
 Can only make the yawning hearers doze.

The voice all modes of passion can express,
 That marks the proper word with proper stress,
 But none emphatic can that actor call,
 Who lays an equal emphasis on all.

Some o'er the tongue the labour'd measures roll
 Slow and deliber'ate as the parting toll,
 Point ev'ry stop, mark ev'ry pause so strong,
 Their words, like stage-processions, stalk along.
 All affectation but creates disgust,
 And e'en in speaking we may seem too just.

Nor proper, Thornton, can those sounds appear
 Which bring not numbers to thy nicer ear :
 In vain for them the pleasing measure flows,
 Whose recitation runs it all to prose ;
 Repeating what the poet sets not down,
 The verb disjointing from its friendly noun,

While

While pause, and break, and repetition join
To make a discord in each tuneful line.

Some placid natures fill th' allotted scene
With lifeless drone, insipid and serene ;
While others thunder ev'ry couplet o'er,
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.

More nature oft and finer strokes are shown,
In the low whisper than tempestuous tone.
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixt amaze,
More powerful terror to the mind conveys,
Than he, who swell'n with big impetuous rage,
Bullies the bulky phantom off the stage.

He, who in earnest studies o'er his part,
Will find true nature cling about his heart.
The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl ;
A single look more marks th' internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthen'd oh.
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes !
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions, all the soul is there.

In vain Ophelia gives her flowrets round,
And with her straws fantastic strews the ground,
In vain now sings, now heaves the desp'rate sigh,
If phrenzy fit not in the troubled eye.
In Cibber's look commanding sorrows speak,
And call the tear fast trickling down my cheek.

There is a fault which stirs the critic's rage ;
A want of due attention on the stage.

I have seen actors, and admir'd ones too,
 Whose tongues wound up set forward from their cue ;
 In their own speech who whine, or roar away,
 Yet seem unmov'd at what the rest may say ;
 Whose eyes and thoughts on diff'rent objects roam,
 Until the prompter's voice recal them home.

Divest yourself of hearers, if you can,
 And strive to speak, and be the very man.
 Why should the well-bred actor wish to know
 Who sits above to-night, or who below ?
 So, 'mid th' harmonious tones of grief or rage,
 Italian squallers oft disgrace the stage ;
 When, with a simp'ring leer, and bow profound,
 The squeaking Cyrus greets the boxes round ;
 Or proud Mandane, of imperial race,
 Familiar drops a curt'sie to her grace.

To suit the dress demands the actor's art,
 Yet there are those who over-dress the part.
 To some prescriptive right gives settled things,
 Black wigs to murd'ers, feather'd hats to kings :
 But Michael Cassio might be drunk enough,
 Tho' all his features were not grim'd with snuff.
 Why shou'd Pol Peachum shine in satin cloaths ?
 Why ev'ry devil dance in scarlet hose ?

But in stage-customs what offends me most
 Is the slip-door, and slowly-rising ghost.
 Tell me, nor count the question too severe,
 Why need the dismal powder'd forms appear ?

When chilling horrors shake th' affrighted king,
 And guilt torments him with her scorpion sting ;

When

When keenest feelings at his bosom pull,
 And fancy tells him that the seat is full ;
 Why need the ghost usurp the monarch's place,
 To frighten children with his mealy face ?
 The king alone shou'd form the phantom there,
 And talk and tremble at the vacant chair.

If Belvidera her lov'd loss deplore,
 Why for twin spectres bursts the yawning floor ?
 When with disorder'd starts, and horrid cries,
 She paints the murder'd forms before her eyes,
 And still pursues them with a frantic stare,
 'Tis pregnant madness brings the visions there.
 More instant horror would enforce the scene,
 If all her shudd'ring were at shapes unseen.

Poet and actor thus, with blended skill,
 Mould all our passions to their instant will ;
 'Tis thus, when feeling Garrick treads the stage,
 (The speaking comment of his Shakespear's page)
 Oft as I drink the words with greedy ears,
 I shake with horror, or dissolve with tears.

O, ne'er may folly seize the throne of taste,
 Nor dulness lay the realms of genius waste !
 No bouncing crackers ape the thund'rer's fire,
 No tumbler float upon the bending wire !
 More natural uses to the stage belong,
 Than tumblers, monsters, pantomime, or song,
 For other purpose was that spot design'd :
 To purge the passions, and reform the mind,
 To give to nature all the force of art,
 And while it charms the ear to mend the heart.

Thornton, to thee, I dare with truth commend,
 The decent stage as virtue's natural friend.
 Tho' oft debas'd with scenes profane and loose,
 No reason weighs against it's proper use.
 Tho' the lewd priest his sacred function shame,
 Religion's perfect law is still the same.

Shall they, who trace the passions from their rise,
 Shew scorn her features, her own image vice ?
 Who teach the mind it's proper force to scan,
 And hold the faithful mirror up to man,
 Shall their profession e'er provoke disdain,
 Who stand the foremost in the mortal train,
 Who lend reflection all the grace of art,
 And strike the precept home upon the heart ?

Yet, hapless artist ! tho' thy skill can raise
 The bursting peal of universal praise,
 Tho' at thy beck applause delighted stands,
 And lifts, Briareus' like, her hundred hands,
 Know, fame awards thee but a partial breath !
 Not all thy talents brave the stroke of death.
 Poets to ages yet unborn appeal,
 And latest times th' eternal nature feel.
 Tho' blended here the praise of bard and play'r,
 While more than half becomes the actor's share,
 Relentless death untwists the mingled fame,
 And sinks the player in the poet's name.
 The pliant muscles of the various face,
 The mien that gave each sentence strength and grace,
 The tuneful voice, the eye that spoke the mind,
 Are gone, nor leave a single trace behind.

WILLIAM



WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

By DAVID MALLET, Esq;

I.

'T WAS at the silent, solemn hour,
When night and morning meet ;
In glided MARGARET's grimly ghost,
And stood at WILLIAM's feet.

II.

Her face was like an April-morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud :
And clay-cold was her lilly-hand,
That held her sable shroud :

III.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown :
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

IV.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew ;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

V. But

V.

But love had, like the cancer-worm,
 Consum'd her early prime :
 The rose grew pale, and left her cheek ;
 She dy'd before her time.

VI.

Awake ! she cry'd, thy true love calls,
 Come from her midnight-grave ;
 Now let thy pity hear the maid,
 Thy love refus'd to save.

VII.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
 When injur'd ghosts complain ;
 When yawning graves give up their dead,
 To haunt the faithless swain.

VIII.

Bethink thee, WILLIAM, of thy fault,
 Thy pledge and broken oath :
 And give me back my maiden-vow,
 And give me back my troth.

IX.

Why did you promise love to me,
 And not that promise keep ?
 Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
 Yet leave those eyes to weep ?

X.

How could you say my face was fair,
 And yet that face forsake ?
 How could you win my virgin heart,
 Yet leave that heart to break ?

XI. Why

XI.

Why did you say, my lip my sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid,
Believe the flattering tale!

XII.

That face, alas! no more is fair;
Those lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

XIII.

The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

XIV.

But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence;
A long and late adieu!
Come, see, false man, how low she lies,
Who dy'd for love of you.

XV.

The lark sung loud; the morning smil'd,
With beams of rosy red:
Pale WILLIAM quak'd in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

XVI.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where MARGARET's body lay:
And stretch'd him on the grass-green turf,
That wrap'd her breathless clay.

XVII. And

XVII.

And thrice he call'd on MARGARET's name,
 And thrice he wept full fore :
 Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
 And word spoke never more !

N. B. In a comedy of FLETCHER, called *The Knight of the burning Pestle*, old MERRY THOUGHT enters repeating the following verses :

— When it was grown to dark midnight,
 And all were fast asleep,
 In came MARGARET's grimly ghost,
 And stood at WILLIAM's feet.

This was, probably, the beginning of some ballad, commonly known, at the time when that author wrote; and is all of it, I believe, that is any where to be met with. These lines, naked of ornament and simple as they are, struck my fancy: and, bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure, much talked of formerly, gave birth to the foregoing poem; which was written many years ago.





A F R A G M E N T.

BY THE SAME.

* * *

FAIR more ascends : soft zephyr's wing
 O'er hill and vale renews the spring :
 Where, sown profusely, herb and flower,
 Of balmy smell, of healing power,
 Their souls in fragrant dews exhale,
 And breathe fresh life in every gale.
 Here, spreads a green expanse of plains,
 Where, sweetly-pensive, Silence reigns ;
 And there, at utmost stretch of eye,
 A mountain fades into the sky ;
 While winding round, diffus'd and deep,
 A river rolls with sounding sweep.
 Of human art no traces near,
 I seem alone with Nature here !

Here are thy walks, O sacred HEALTH !
 The monarch's bliss, the beggar's wealth !
 The seasoning of all good below !
 The sovereign friend in joy or woe !
 O thou, most courted, most despis'd,
 And but in absence duly priz'd !

G

Power

Power of the soft and rosy face!
 The vivid pulse, the vernal grace,
 The spirits when they gayest shine,
 Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine!
 O sun of life! whose heavenly ray
 Lights up, and cheers, our various day,
 The turbulence of hopes and fears,
 The storm of fate, the cloud of years,
 Till Nature, with thy parting light,
 Reposes late in Death's calm night:
 Fled from the trophy'd tower of state,
 Abodes of splendid pain, and hate;
 Fled from the couch, where, in sweet sleep,
 Hot Riot would his anguish steep,
 But tosses thro' the midnight shade,
 Of death, of life, alike afraid;
 For ever fled to shady cell,
 Where Temperance, where the muses dwell;
 Thou oft art seen, at early dawn,
 Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn:
 Or on the brow of mountain high,
 In silence feasting ear and eye,
 With song and prospect, which abound
 From birds, and woods and waters round.

But when the sun, with noontide ray,
 Flames forth intolerable day;
 While Heat sits fervent on the plain,
 With Thirst and Languor in his train;
 All nature sickening in the blaze:
 Thou, in the wild and woody maze,

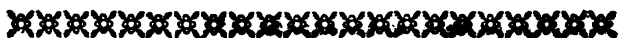
That

That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
 Impendent from the neighbouring steep,
 Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
 Where breathing Calmness has her seat.

There, plung'd amid the shadows brown,
 Imagination lays him down ;
 Attentive, in his airy mood,
 To every murmur of the wood :
 The bee in yonder flowery nook ;
 The chidings of the headlong brook ;
 The green leaf shivering in the gale ;
 The warbling hill, the lowing vale ;
 The distant woodman's echoing stroke ;
 The thunder of the falling oak.
 From thought to thought in vision led,
 He holds high converse with the dead ;
 Sages, or Poets. See they rise !
 And shadowy skim before his eyes.
 Hark ! ORPHEUS strikes the lyre again,
 That soften'd savages to men :
 Lo ! SOCRATES, the sent of heaven,
 To whom it's moral will was given.
 Fathers and friends of human kind,
 They form'd the nations or refin'd,
 With all that mends the head and heart,
 Enlightening truth, adorning art.
 While thus I mus'd beneath the shade,
 At once the sounding breeze was laid :
 And Nature, by the unknown law,
 Shook deep with reverential awe.

Dumb silence grew 'upon the hour ;
 A browner night involv'd the bower :
 When issuing from the inmost wood,
 Appear'd fair Freedom's GENIUS good.
 O Freedom ! sovereign boon of heaven ;
 Great Charter, with our being given ;
 For which the patriot, and the sage,
 Have plan'd, have bled thro' every age !
 High privilege of human race,
 Beyond a mortal monarch's grace :
 Who could not give, nor can reclaim,
 What but from God immediate came !

* * * *



ZEPHIR: or, the STRATAGEM.

BY THE SAME.

*Egregiam vero laudem et spolia ampla refertis,
 Una dolo Divûm s; Foemina victa duorum est.* VIRG.

THE ARGUMENT.

A certain young lady was surprized, on horse-back, by a violent storm of wind and rain from the SOUTH-WEST ; which made her dismount, somewhat precipitately.

THE God, in whose gay train appear
 Those gales that wake the purple year ;
 Who lights up health and bloom and grace
 In NATURE's, and in MIRA's face ;

To speak more plain, the western wind,
 Had seen this brightest of her kind :
 Had seen her oft with fresh surprize !
 And ever with desiring eyes !
 Much, by her shape, her look, her air,
 Distinguisht from the vulgar fair ;
 More, by the meaning soul that shines
 Thro' all her charms, and all refines.
 Born to command, yet turn'd to please,
 Her form is dignity, with ease :
 Then—such a hand, and such an arm,
 As age or impotence might warm !
 Just such a leg too, ZEPHYR knows,
 The Medicæan VENUS shows !

So far he sees ; so far admires.
 Each charm is fuel to his fires :
 But other charms, and those of price,
 That form the bounds of PARADISE,
 Can those an equal praise command ;
 All turn'd by Nature's finest hand ?
 Is all the consecrated ground
 With plumpness, firm, with smoothness, round ?
 The world, but once, one ZEUS saw,
 A faultless form who dar'd to draw :
 And then, that all might perfect be,
 All rounded off in due degree,
 To furnish out the matchless piece,
 Were rifled half the toasts of GREECE.
 'Twas PITT's white neck, 'twas DELIA's thigh ;
 'Twas WALDEGRAVE's sweetly-brilliant eye ;

'Twas gentle PERCEVAL's tale and graces,
 And HERVEY lent her maiden-face.
 But dares he hope, on BRITISH ground,
 That these may all, in one, be found ?
 These chiefly that still thun his eye ?
 He knows not ; but he means to try.
 AURORA rising, fresh and gay,
 Gave promise of a golden day,
 Up, with her sister, MIRA rose,
 Four hours before our London beams ;
 For these are still asleep and dead,
 Save ARTHUR's sons—not yet in bed.
 A rose, impearl'd with orient dew,
 Had caught the passing fair one's view ;
 To pluck the bud he saw her stoop,
 And try'd, behind, to heave her hoop ;
 Then, while across the daisy'd lawn
 She turn'd, to feed her milk-white fawn,
 Due westward as her steps she bore,
 Would swell her petticoat, before ;
 Would subtilty steal his face between,
 To see—what never yet was seen !
 “ And sure, to fan 't with his wing,
 No nine-month symptom e'er can bring ;
 His aim is but the nymph to please,
 Who daily courts his cooling breeze.”

But listen, fond believing maid :
 When Love, soft traitor, would persuade,
 With all the moving skill and grace
 Of practis'd passion in his face,

Dread

Dread his approach, distrust your power—
For oh ! there is one shepherd's hour :
And tho' he long, his aim to cover,
May, with the friend, disguise the lover,
The sense, or nonsense, of his wooing
Will but adore you into ruin.

But, for those butterflies, the bees,
Who buzz around in tinsel-rows,
Shake, shake them off, with quick disdain :
Where insects settle, they will stain.

Thus, ZEPHIR oft the nymph assail'd,
As oft his little arts had fail'd :
The folds of silk, the ribs of whale,
Resist'd still his feeble gale.
With these repulses vex'd at heart,
Poor ZEPHIR has recourse to art :
And his own weakness to supply,
Calls in a brother of the sky,
The rude South-West ; whose mildest play
Is war, mere war, the Russian way ;
A tempest-maker by his trade,
Who knows to ravish, not persuade.

The terms of their aerial league,
How first to harass and fatigue,
Then, found on some remoter plain,
To ply her close with wind and rain ;
These terms, writ fair and seal'd and sign'd
Should WEB or STUKELY wish to find,
Wife antiquaries, who explore
All that has ever pass'd—and more ;

Tho' here too tedious to be told,
 Are yonder in some cloud enroll'd,
 Those floating registers in air :
 So let them moune, and read 'em there,

The grand alliance thus agreed,
 To instant action they proceed ;
 For 'tis in war a maxim known,
 As PRUSSIA's monarch well has shown,
 To break, at once, upon your foe,
 And strike the first preventive blow.
 With TORO's lungs, in TORO's form,
 Whose very how-d'ye is a storm,
 'The dread South-West his part begun,
 Thick clouds, extinguishing the sun,
 At his command, from pole to pole
 Dark-spreading, o'er the fair one roll ;
 Who, pressing now her favourite speed,
 Adorn'd the pomp she deigns to lead.

O MIRA ! to the future blind,
 Th' insidious foe is close behind :
 Guard, guard your treasure, while you can ;
 Unless this God should be the man.
 For lo ! the clouds, at his known call,
 Are closing round—they burst ! they fall !
 White at the charmer, all-aghast,
 He pours whole winter in a blast :
 Nor cares, in his impetuous mood,
 If navies founder on the flood ;

If BRITAIN's coast be left as bare *
As he resolves to leave the fair.
Here, Gods resemble human breed ;
The world be damn'd—so they succeed.

Pale, trembling, from her steed she fled,
With silk, lawn, linen, round her head ;
And, to the fawns who fed above,
Unveil'd the last recess of love.
Each wondering fawn was seen to bound †,
Each branchy deer o'erleap'd his mound,
At sight of that sequester'd glade,
In all its light, in all its shade,
Which rises there for wisest ends,
To deck the temple it defends.

Lo ! gentle tenants of the grove,
For what a thousand heroes strove,
When EUROPE, ASIA, both in arms,
Disputed one fair lady's charms.
The war pretended HELEN's eyes † ;
But this, believe it, was the prize.
This rous'd ACHILLES' mortal ire,
This strung his HOMER's epic lyre ;
Gave to the world LA MANCHA's knight,
And still makes bulls and heroes fight.

Yet, tho' the distant conscious muse
This airy rape delighted views ;

* The very day on which the fleet under admiral HAWKE was blown into TORBAY.

† Immemor herbarum quos est mirata Juvenca, VIRG.

‡ Et fuit ante HELENAM, &c. HOR.

Yet she, for honour guides her lays,
 Enjoying it, disdains to praise,
 If Frenchmen always fight with odds,
 Are they a pattern for the gods ?
 Can Russia, can th' Hungarian vampire *,
 With whom cast in the Swanns and empires,
 Can four such powers, who one assail,
 Deserve our praise, should they prevail ?
 O mighty triumph ! high renewa !
 Two gods have brought one mortal down ;
 Have club'd their forces in a storm,
 To strip one helpless female form !
 Strip her stark naked ; yet confess,
 Such charms are Beauty's fairest dress !

But, all-insensible to blame,
 The sky-born ravishers on flame
 Enchanted at the prospect stood,
 And kiss'd with rapture what they view'd.
 Sleek S * * r too had done no less ?
 Would parsons here the truth confess :
 Nay, one brisk PARR, yet all-alive,
 Would do the same, at eighty-five †.

But how, in colours softly-bright,
 Where strength and harmony unite,
 To paint the limbs, that fairer show
 Than MESSALINA's borrow'd snow ;

* A certain mischievous demon that delights much in human blood ; of whom there are many stories told in Hungary.

† We believe there is a mistake in this reading ; for the person best informed and most concerned assures, that it should be only *seventy-five*.

To paint the rose, that, thro' its shade,
 With theirs, one human eye survey'd ;
 Would gracious PHOEBUS tell me how,
 Would he the genuine draught avow,
 The muse, a second TITIAN then,
 To fame might consecrate her pen !

That TITIAN, Nature gave of old
 The queen of beauty to behold,
 Like MIRA unadorn'd by dress,
 But all-complete in nakedness:
 Then bade his emulating art
 Those wonders to the world impart.
 Around the ready graces stand,
 His tints to blend, to guide his hand.
 Each heightening stroke, each happy line,
 Awakes to life the form divine ;
 Till rais'd and rounded every charm,
 And all with youth immortal warm,
 He sees, scarce crediting his eyes,
 He sees a brighter VENUS rise !
 But, to the gentle reader's cost,
 His pencil with his life, was lost ;
 And MIRA must contented be,
 To live by RAMSAY, and by ME.





EDWIN AND EMMA.

BY THE SAME.

*Mark it, CESARIO, it is true and plain.
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it. It is filly Sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.* SHAKES. TWELFTH NIGHT.

I.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
An humble cottage stood.

II.

There beauteous EMMA flourish'd fair,
Beneath a mother's eye ;
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her blest, and die.

III.

The softest blush that Nature spreads
Gave colour to her cheek :
Such orient colour smiles thro' heaven,
When vernal mornings break,

IV. Nor

IV.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn,
This charmer of the plains :
That sun, who bids their diamond blaze,
To paint our lilly deigns.

V.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair ;
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair.

VI.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
A soul devoid of art ;
And from whose eye, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart,

VII.

A mutual flame was quickly caught :
Was quickly too reveal'd :
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

VIII.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
Did love on both bestow !
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where fortune proves a foe.

IX.

His sister, who, like Envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill,
Each darker art employ'd.

X. The

X.

The father too, a sordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all-unfeeling as the clod,
From whence his riches grew.

XI.

Long had he seen their secret shame,
And seen it long unmov'd :
Then with a father's frown at last
Had sternly disapprov'd.

XII.

In EDWIN's gentle heart, a war
Of differing passions strove :
His heart, that durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

XIII.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where EMMA walk'd and wept.

XIV.

Oft too on STANEMORE's wistry waste,
Beneath the moonlight-shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight-mourner stray'd.

XV.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast :
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

XVI. The

XVI.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed ;
And weary'd heaven with fruitless vows,
And fruitless sorrow shed.

XVII.

'Tis past ! he cry'd—but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold,
What they must ever love !

XVIII.

She came ; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear :
Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dews appear.

XIX.

But oh ! his sister's jealous care,
A cruel sister she !
Forbade what EMMA came to say ;
“ My EDWIN live for me.”

XX.

Now homeward as the hopeless wept
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song.

XXI.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

XXII. Alone,

XXII.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
 The visionary vale——
 When lo ! the death-bell smote her ear,
 Sad-sounding in the gale !

XXIII.

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
 Her aged mother's door——
 He's gone ! she cry'd ; and I shall see
 That angel-face no more !

XXIV.

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
 Beat high against my side——
 From her white arm down sunk her head ;
 She shivering sigh'd, and died.

A

PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE.

By MRS. GREVILLE.

OFT I've implor'd the Gods in vain,
 And pray'd till I've been weary ;
 For once I'll try my wish to gain
 Of Oberon the fairy.

Sweet

Sweet airy being, wanton sprite,
That lurk'ft in woods unseen ;
And oft by Cynthia's filver light
Tripft gaily o'er the green !

If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd,
As ancient ftories tell,
And for th' Athenian maid, who lov'd,
Thou fought'ft a wondrous spell ;

Oh ! deign once more t' exert thy power ;
Haply fome herb or tree,
Sov'reign as juice of western flower,
Conceals a balm for me.

I ask no kind return of love,
No tempting charm to please :
Far from the heart thofe gifts remove,
That fights for peace and eafe.

Nor peace nor eafe the heart can know,
Which, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But, turning, trembles too.

Far as diftreff the foul can wound,
'Tis pain in each degree :
'Tis blifs but to a certain bound ;
Beyond is agony.

Take then this treacherous sense of mine,
Which dooms me still to smart ;
Which pleasure can to pain refine,
To pain new pangs impart.

Oh, haste to shed the sacred balm !
My shatter'd nerves new-string ;
And for my guest, serenely calm,
The nymph, Indifference bring.

At her approach, see Hope, see Fear,
See Expectation fly ;
And Disappointment in the rear,
That blasts the promis'd joy.

The tear, which pity taught to flow,
The eye shall then disown :
The heart that melts for other's woe,
Shall then scarce feel its own.

The wounds which now each moment bleed,
Each moment then shall close,
And tranquil days shall still succeed
To nights of calm repose.

O, fairy elf ! but grant me this,
This one kind comfort send ;
And so may never-fading bliss
Thy flow'ry paths attend !

So may the glow-worm's glimm'ring light
 Thy tiny footsteps lead
 To some new region of delight,
 Unknown to mortal tread.

And be thy acorn goblet fill'd
 With heav'n's ambrosial dew ;
 From sweetest, freshest flow'rs distill'd,
 That shed fresh sweets for you,

And what of life remains for me,
 I'll pass in sober ease ;
 Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,
 Content but half to please.



ODE on the Duke of YORK's second Departure from England, as REAR ADMIRAL.

By the Author of the SHIPWRECK.

A G A I N the royal streamers play !
 To glory Edward hastes away :
 Adieu ye happy sylvan bowers
 Where Pleasure's sprightly throng await !
 Ye domes where regal grandeur towers
 In purple ornaments of state !

Ye scenes where virtue's sacred strain
 Bids the tragic Muse complain !
 Where Satire treads the comic stage,
 To scourge and mend a venal age :
 Where Music pours the soft, melodious lay,
 And melting symphonies congenial play !
 Ye filken sons of ease, who dwell
 In flowery vales of peace, farewell !
 In vain the Goddess of the myrtle grove
 Her charms ineffable displays ;
 In vain she calls to happier realms of love,
 Which Spring's unfading bloom arrays :
 In vain her living roses blow,
 And ever-vernal pleasures grow :
 The gentle sports of youth no more
 Allure him to the peaceful shore :
 Arcadian ease no longer charms,
 For war and fame alone can please.
 His glowing bosom beats to arms,
 To war the hero moves, thro' storms and wintry seas.

Tho' danger's hostile train appears
 To thwart the course that honor steers ;
 Despising peril and dismay,
 Our royal sailor hastes away :
 His country calls ; to guard her laws,
 Lo ! ev'ry joy the gallant youth resigns ;
 Th' avenging naval sword he draws,
 And o'er the waves conducts her martial lines :
 Hark ! his sprightly clarions play,
 Follow where he leads the way ;

The shrill-ton'd sife, the thundering drum,
Tell the deeps their master's come.

Thus Alcmena's warlike son
The thorny-course of virtue run,
When, taught by her unerring voice,
He made the glorious choice :
Severe, indeed, th' attempt he knew,
Youth's genial ardors to subdue :
For Pleasure Cytherea's form assum'd,
Her glowing charms divinely bright,
In all the pride of beauty bloom'd,
And struck his ravish'd sight.
Transfix'd, amaz'd,
Alcides gaz'd
O'er every angel-grace
Of that all-lovely face ;
While deepening blushes soon confess
The alternate passions in his breast.
Her lips of coral hue,
Young Spring embalm'd with nectar-dew :
That swelling bosom half-reveal'd,
Those eyes that sparkle heavenly light,
His breast with tender tumults fill'd,
And wak'd his soul to soft delight.
Her limbs, that amorous silks enfold,
Were cast in nature's finest mould ;
Persuasion's sweetest language hung
In melting accents on her tongue :

Deep in his heart, th' enchanting tale
 Imprest her pleasing power,
 She points along the daisied vale,
 And shews th' Elysian bower :
 Her hand, that trembling ardors move,
 Conducts him blushing to the blest alcove,
 That sweet recess of dying love !
 Ah ! see o'erpower'd by beauty's arms,
 And won by love's resistless charms,
 The captive youth obeys the strong alarms !

And will no guardian power above
 From ruin save the son of Jove ?
 Ah ! shall that soft delicious chain
 The godlike victim thus enslave ;
 Kind heaven his sinking soul sustain,
 And from perdition snatch the brave !—
 By heavenly mandate Virtue came,
 To wake the slumbering sparks of fame ;
 To kindle and arouse the dying flame.
 Swift as the quivering needle wheels,
 Whose point the magnet's influence feels ;
 Imprest with filial awe,
 The wondering hero saw
 Her form transcendent shine
 With majesty divine ;
 And while he view'd the holy maid,
 His heart a sacred impulse sway'd :
 His eyes with eager tumult roll,
 As on each rival-nymph they bend,
 Whilst love, regret, and hope divide his soul
 By turns, and with conflicting anguish rend.

But soon he felt fair Virtue's voice compose
 The painful struggle of intestine woes;
 He felt her balm each pang destroy:
 And all the numbers of his heart,
 Retun'd by her celestial art,
 Now swell'd to strains of nobler joy.
 Thus tutor'd by her magic lore,
 His happy steps the realms explore,
 Where guilt and error are no more:
 The clouds that veil'd his intellectual ray,
 Before her breath dispelling, melt away.
 Broke loose from Pleasure's glittering chain,
 He scorn'd the soft inglorious reign:
 Convinc'd, resolv'd, to Virtue then he turn'd,
 And in his breast paternal glory burn'd.

So when on Britain's other hope she shone,
 Like him the royal youth she won;
 Thus taught, he flies the peaceful shore,
 And bids our warlike fleet advance,
 The hostile squadrons to explore,
 To curb the powers of Spain and France;
 Aloft his martial ensigns flow!
 And hark! his brazen trumpets blow!
 The watry profound,
 Awak'd by the sound,
 All trembles around:
 While Edward o'er the azure fields
 Fraternal thunder wields:
 High on the deck behold he stands,
 And views around his floating bands.

In awful order join ;
 They, while the warlike trumpet's strain
 Deep-sounding, swells along the main,
 Extend th' embattled line.
 Now with shouting peals of joy,
 The ships their horrid tubes display,
 Tier over tier in terrible array,
 And wait the signal to destroy.
 The sailors all burn to engage :
 Hark ! hark ! their shouts arise,
 And shake the vaulted skies !
 Exulting with Bacchanal rage ;
 While Britain in thunder array'd,
 Her standard of battle display'd !
 Then Neptune that standard reverse,
 Whose power is superior to thine !
 And when her proud squadrons appear,
 The trident and chariot resign !

Albion, wake thy grateful voice !
 Let thy hills and vales rejoice !
 O'er remotest hostile regions
 Thy victorious flags are known ;
 Thy resistless martial legions
 Dreadful stride from zone to zone :
 Thy flaming bolts unerring roll,
 And all the trembling globe controul.
 Thy seamen, invincibly true,
 No menace, no fraud can subdue :
 All dissonant strife they disclaim ;
 And only are rivals in fame.

For Edward tune your harp, ye Nine !
 Triumphant strike each living string !
 For him in extacy divine,
 Your choral Io Paeans sing !
 For him your festal concerts breathe !
 For him your flowery garlands wreath !
 Wake ! O wake the joyful song !
 Ye Fauns of the woods,
 Ye Nymphs of the floods,
 The musical current prolong ?
 Ye Sylvans that dance on the plain,
 To swell the grand chorus accord !
 Ye Tritons, that sport on the main,
 Exulting, acknowledge your Lord !
 Till all the wild numbers combin'd,
 That floating proclaim
 Our admiral's name,
 In symphony roll on the wind !

O! while consenting Britons praise,
 These votive measures deign to hear ;
 For thee, the Muse awakes her artless lays,
 For thee her harp spontaneous plays
 The tribute of a soul sincere.
 Nor thou, illustrious chief, refuse
 The incense of a naval Muse !
 No happy son of wealth or fame,
 To court a royal patron came :
 A hapless youth, whose vital page
 Was one sad lengthen'd tale of woe,
 Where ruthless fate, impelling tides of rage,
 Bade wave on wave in dire succession flow,

To glittering stars and titled names unknown,
 Prefer'd his suit to thee alone.
 The tragic tale your pity mov'd ;
 You felt, consented, and approv'd.
 Then touch my strings, ye blest Pierian quire !
 Exalt to rapture every happy line !
 My bosom kindle with Promethean fire,
 And swell each note with energy divine !
 No more to plaintive sounds of woe
 Let the vocal numbers flow !
 But tune to war the nervous strain,
 Where Horror strides triumphant o'er the main ;
 Where the fell lightning of the battle pours
 Along the blasted wave in flaming showers.
 Perhaps some future patriot-lay
 With this important theme may glow,
 Where Albion's squadrons crowd in black array,
 To roll her thunders on th' insulting foe.
 My bosom feels the strong alarms,
 My swelling pulses beat to arms ;
 While warm'd to life by Fancy's genial ray,
 Some great event seems kindling into day ;
 But Time the veil of silence draws between,
 While Thought behind portrays th' ideal scene.





To S I C K N E S S ;
A N E L E G Y .

By Mr. D E L A P .

HOW blithe the flow'ry graces of the spring
From nature's wardrobe come ! and hark how gay
Each glittering insect, hovering on the wing,
Sings their glad welcome to the fields of May !

They gaze, with greedy eye, each beauty o'er ;
They suck the sweet breath of the blushing rose ;
Sport in the gale, or sip the rainbow show'r ;
Their life's short day no pause of pleasure knows.

Like their's, dread pow'r ! my chearful morn display'd
The flattering promise of a golden noon,
'Till each gay cloud, that sportive nature spread,
Dy'd in the gloom of thy distemper'd frown.

Yes, ere I told my two-and-twentieth year,
Swift from thy quiver flew the deadly dart ;
Harmless it pass'd 'mid many a blithe compeer,
And found its fated entrance near my heart.

Pale

Pale as I lay beneath thy ebon wand,
 I saw them rove thro' pleasure's flowery field;
 I saw Health paint them with her rosy hand,
 Eager to burst my bonds, but forc'd to yield.

Yet, while this mortal cot of mould'ring clay
 Shakes at the stroke of thy tremendous power,
 Ah! must the transient tenant of a day
 Bear the rough blast of each tempestuous hour?

Say; shall the terrors thy pale flag unfolds,
 Too rigid queen! unnerve the soul's bright powers,
 Till with a joyless smile the eye beholds
 Art's magic charms, and nature's fairy bowers?

No, let me follow still, those bow'rs among,
 Her flow'ry footsteps as the goddess goes;
 Let me, just lifted 'bove th' unletter'd throng,
 Read the few books the learned few compose.

And suffer, when thy awful pleasure calls
 The soul to share her frail companion's smart,
 Yet suffer me to taste the balm that falls,
 From Friendship's tongue, so sweet upon the heart.

Then, tho' each trembling nerve confess thy frown,
 Ev'n till this anxious being shall become
 But a brief name upon a little stone,
 Without one murmur I embrace my doom.

For many a virtue, shelter'd from mankind,
Lives calm with thee, and lord o'er each desire;
And many a feeble frame, whose mighty mind
Each muse has touch'd with her immortal fire.

Ev'n * He, sole terror of a venal age,
The tuneful bard, whose philosophic soul
With such bright radiance glow'd on Virtue's page,
Learn'd many a lesson from thy moral school.

He † too, who " mounts and keeps his distant way,"
His daring mind thy humanizing glooms
Have temper'd with a melancholy ray,
And taught to warble 'mid the village tombs.

Yes, goddess, to thy temple's deep recess
I come, and lay for ever at its door
The syren throng of follies numberless,
Nor wish their flattering songs should soothe me more.

Thy decent garb shall o'er my limbs be spread,
Thy hand shall lead me to thy sober train,
Who here retir'd, with pensive pleasure tread
The silent windings of thy dark domain.

Hither the cherub Charity shall fly,
From her bright orb, and brooding o'er my mind,
For misery raise a sympathizing sigh,
Pardon for foes, and love for human kind.

* MR. POPE.

† MR. GRAY.

Then

Then, while Ambition's tramp, from age to age
 Its slaughter'd millions boasts ; while Fame shall rear
 Her deathless trophies o'er the bard and sage ;
 Be mine the widow's sigh, the orphan's pray'r.



VERSES to the People of ENGLAND 1758.

By WIL. WHITEHEAD, Esq; Poet Laureat.

- - - - - *Mures animos in martia bella*
Verfibus exacuit. - - - - - Hor.

BRITONS, rouse to deeds of death !
 Waste not zeal in idle breath,
 Nor lose the harvest of your swords
 In a civil-war of words !

Wherefore teems the shameless press
 With labour'd births of emptiness ?
 Reas'nings, which no facts produce,
 Eloquence, that murders use ;
 Ill-tim'd Humour, that beguiles
 Weeping idiots of their smiles ;
 Wit, that knows but to defame,
 And Satire, that profanes the name.

Let th' undaunted Grecian teach
 The use and dignity of speech,
 At whose thunders nobly thrown
 Shrunk the MAN of MACEDON.

If

If the storm of words must rise,
 Let it blast our enemies ;
 Sure and nervous be it hurl'd
 On the PHILIPS of the world.
 Learn not vainly to despise
 (Proud of EDWARD's victories !)
 Warriors wedg'd in firm array,
 And navies powerful to display
 Their woven wings to every wind,
 And leave the panting foe behind.
 Give to France the honours due,
 France has chiefs and statesmen too,
 Breasts which patriot-passions feel,
 Lovers of the common-weal.
 And when such the foes we brave,
 Whether on the land or wave,
 Greater is the pride of war,
 And the conquest nobler far.

Agincourt and Cressy long
 Have flourish'd in immortal song ;
 And lisping babes aspire to praise
 The wonders of ELIZA's days.
 And what else of late renown
 Has added wreaths to Britain's crown ;
 Whether on th' impetuous Rhine
 She bade her harness'd warriors shine,
 Or snatch'd the dangerous palm of praise
 Where the Sambre meets the Maese ;
 Or Danube rolls her watry train ;
 Or the yellow-tressed Mayne

'Thro'

Thro' Dettingen's immortal vale——
 Even Fontenoy could tell a tale,
 Might modest worth ingenuous speak,
 To raise a blush on Victory's cheek ;
 And bid the vanquish'd wreaths display
 Great as on Culloden's day.

But glory, which aspires to last,
 Leans not meanly on the past.
 'Tis the present now demands
 British hearts, and British hands.
 Curst be he, the willing slave,
 Who doubts, who lingers to be brave.
 Curst be the coward tongue that dare
 Breathe one accent of despair,
 Cold as winter's icy hand
 To chill the genius of the land.

Chiefly you, who ride the deep,
 And bid our thunders wake or sleep,
 As pity leads, or glory calls——
 Monarchs of your wooden walls!
 Midst our mingling seas and skies
 Rise ye BLAKES, ye RALPHS rise!
 Let the sordid lust of gain
 Be banish'd from the liberal main.
 He who strikes the generous blow
 Aims it at the public foe.
 Let glory be the guiding star,
 Wealth and honours follow her.

See! she spreads her lustre wide
 O'er the vast Atlantic tide!

Constant as the solar ray
 Points the path, and leads the way !
 Other worlds demand your care,
 Other worlds to Britain dear;
 Where the foe insidious reves
 O'er headlong streams, and pathless groves;
 And justice simple laws confounds
 With imaginary bounds.

If protected commerce keep
 Her tenor o'er yon heaving deep,
 What have we from war to fear !
 Commerce steels the nerves of war;
 Heals the havock rapine makes,
 And new strength from conquest takes.

Nor less at home O deign to smile;
 Goddess of Britannia's isle !
 Thou, that from her rocks survey'st
 Her boundless realms the watry waste;
 Thou, that rov'st the hill and mead
 Where her flocks and heifers feed;
 Thou, that cheer'st the industrious swain
 While he sows the pregnant grain;
 Thou, that hear'st his caroll'd vows
 When th' expanded barn o'erflows;
 Thou, the bulwark of our cause,
 Thou, the guardian of our laws,
 Sweet Liberty ! — O deign to smile,
 Goddess of Britannia's isle !

If to us indulgent heaven
 Nobler seeds of strength has given,

Nobler should the produce be ;
 Brave, yet gen'rous, are the free.
 Come then, all thy powers diffuse,
 Goddess of extended views !
 Ev'ry breast which feels thy flame
 Shall kindle into martial fame,
 'Till shame shall make the coward bold,
 And Indolence her arms unfold :
 Ev'n Avarice shall protect his hoard,
 And the plow-share gleam a sword.
 Goddess, all thy powers diffuse !
 And thou, genuine BRITISH MUSE,
 Nurs'd amid the Druids old,
 Where Deva's wizard waters roll'd,
 Thou, that bear'st the golden key
 To unlock eternity,
 Summon thy poetic guard——
 Britain still has many a bard,
 Whom, when time and death shall join
 T' expand the ore, and stamp the coin,
 Late posterity shall own
 Lineal to the Muse's throne——
 Bid them leave th' inglorious theme
 Of fabled shade, or haunted stream.
 In the daisy-painted mead
 'Tis to peace we tune the reed ;
 But when War's tremendous roar
 Shakes the isle from shore to shore,
 Every bard of purer fire
 Tyrtæus-like should grasp the lyre :

Wake

That every Fairy of our fairy train,
 Resorts, to bless the woodland, and the plain;
 There, as we move, unbidden splendors glow,
 The green turf brightens, and the flowers flow;
 There oft with thought sublime we bless the swain,
 Nor we inspire, nor he attends in vain.

Go, simple rhymers, bear this message true,
 The truths that Fairies dictate none shall rue.

Say to the bard, in Leasowes' happy grove,
 Whom Dryads honour, and whom Fairies love—
 Content thyself no longer that thy lays
 By others foster'd, lend to others praise;
 No longer to the fawning world refuse
 The welcome treasures of thy polish'd muse;
 Collect the flowers that own thy valu'd name,
 Unite the spoil, and give the wreath to Fame.
 Ne'er can thy morals, taste, or verse engage
 More solid fame, than in this happier age;
 When sense, when virtue's cherish'd by the throne,
 And each illustrious privilege their own,
 Tho' modest be thy gentle muse, I ween,
 O, lead her, blushing, from the daisy'd green,
 A fit attendant on Britannia's queen!"

Ye sportive Elves, as faithful I relate,
 Th' entrusted, mandates of your fairy state,
 Visit these wilds again with nightly care,
 So shall my king, of all the herd, repair,
 In healthy plight, to fill the copious pail;
 My sheep be penn'd with safety in the dale;

My poultry fear no robber in the roost;
 My linen more than common whiteness boast;
 Let order, peace, and housewif'ry be mine:
 Shenstone! be taste, and fame, and fortune thine!

COTSWOLDIA.

SONG.

WRITTEN TO A LADY.

WHEN the nymphs were contending for beauty
 and fame,

Fair Sylvia stood foremost in right of her claim,
 When to crown the high transports dear conquest excites,
 At court she was envy'd and toasted at White's.

II.

But how shall I whisper this fair one's sad case?
 A cruel disease has spoil'd her sweet face;
 Her vermillion is chang'd to a dull settled red,
 And all the gay graces of beauty are fled.

III.

Yet take heed, all ye fair, how you triumph in vain,
 For Sylvia, tho' alter'd from pretty to plain,
 Is now more engaging since reason took place,
 Than when she possess'd the perfections of face.

IV.

Convinc'd she no more can coquet it and tease,
 Instead of tormenting——she studies to please:
 Makes truth and discretion the guide of her life,
 And tho' spoil'd for a toast, she's well form'd for a wife.



TO a LADY before MARRIAGE.

By the late Ingenious Mr. TICKEL. Not published
in his Works.

OH! form'd by nature, and refin'd by art,
With charms to win, and sense to fix the heart!
By thousands sought, Clotilda, can'st thou free
Thy crowd of captives, and descend to me?
Content in shades obscure to waste thy life,
A hidden beauty, and a country-wife.
O! listen while thy summers are my theme,
Ah! sooth thy partner in his waking dream!
In some small hamlet on the lonely plain,
Where Thames, thro' meadows, rolls his mazy train;
Or where high Windsor, thick with greens array'd,
Waves his old oaks, and spreads his ample shade.
Fancy has figur'd out our calm retreat;
Already round the visionary seat
Our limes begin to shoot, our flow'rs to spring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.
Where dost thou lie, thou thinly-peopled green?
Thou nameless lawn, and village yet unseen?
Where sons, contented with their native ground,
Ne'er travell'd further than ten furlongs round;

And

And the tann'd peasant, and his ruddy bride,
 Were born together, and together died.
 Where early larks best tell the morning-light,
 And only Philomel disturbs the night,
 'Midst gardens here my humble pile shall rise,
 With sweets surrounded of ten thousand dies;
 All savage where th' embroider'd gardens end,
 The haunt of echoes shall my woods ascend;
 And oh! if heav'n th' ambitious thought approve,
 A rill shall warble cros the gloomy grove,
 A little rill, o'er pebbly beds convey'd,
 Gush down the steep, and glitter thro' the glade.
 What cheering scents those bord'ring banks exhale!
 How loud that heifer lows from yonder vale!
 That thrush, how shrill! his note so clear, so high,
 He drowns each feather'd minstrel of the sky.
 Here let me trace, beneath the purpled morn,
 The deep-mouth'd beagle, and the sprightly horn;
 Or lure the trout with well-dissembled flies,
 Or fetch the flutt'ring partridge from the skies,
 Nor shall thy hand disdain to crop the vine,
 The downy peach, or flavour'd nectarine;
 Or rob the bee-hive of its golden hoard,
 And bear th' unbought luxuriance to thy board.
 Sometimes my books by day shall kill the hours,
 While from thy needle rise the silken flow'rs,
 And, thou by turns to ease my feeble fight,
 Resume the volume, and deceive the night.
 Oh! when I mark thy twinkling eyes oppress,
 Soft whisp'ring, let me warn my love to rest;

Then watch ~~the~~, ~~cham'd~~, while sleep locks every sense,
 And to sweet heav'n command thy innocence.
 Thus reign'd our fathers o'er the rural fold,
 Wife, hale, and honest, in the days of old;
 Till courts arose, where substance pays for show,
 And specious joys are bought with real woe.
 See Flavia's pendants, large, well spread, and right,
 The ear that wears them hears a fool each night:
 Mark how th' embroider'd col'our sneaks away,
 To shun the with'ring dame that made him gay;
 That knave, to gain a title, lost his fame;
 That rais'd his credit by a daughter's shame;
 This oxcomb's riband cost him half his land,
 And oaks, unnumber'd, bought that fool a wand.
 Fond man, as all his sorrows were too few,
 Acquires strange wants that nature never knew.
 By midnight-lamps he emulates the day,
 And sleeps perverse, the cheerful suns away;
 From goblets, high emboss'd, his wine must glide,
 Round his clos'd sight the gorgeous curtain slide;
 Fruits, ere their time, to grace his pomp must rise,
 And three untasted courses glut his eyes.
 For this are nature's gentle calls withstood,
 The voice of conscience, and the bonds of blood;
 This wisdom thy reward for ev'ry pain,
 And this gay glory all thy mighty gain.
 Fair phantoms woo'd and scorn'd from age to age,
 Since bards began to laugh, or priests to rage.
 And yet, just curse on man's aspiring kind,
 Prone to ambition, to example blind,

Our

Our children's children shall our steps pursue,
 And the same errors be for ever new.
 Mean while, in hope a guiltless country swain,
 My reed with warblings cheers th' imagin'd plain.
 Hail humble shades, where truth and silence dwell !
 Thou noisy town, and faithless court farewell !
 Farewel ambition, once my darling flame !
 The thirst of lucre, and the charm of fame !
 In life's by-road, that winds thro' paths unknown,
 My days, tho' number'd, shall be all my own.
 Here shall they end, (O might they twice begin),
 And all be white the fates intend to spin.



PROLOGUE upon PROLOGUES.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

AN old trite proverb let me quote !
 As is your cloth, so cut your coat.—
 To suit our *author* and his *farce*,
Short let me be ! for wit is scarce.
 Nor would I shew it, had I any,
 The reasons why are strong and many.
 Should I have wit, the piece have none,
 A flash in pan with empty gun,
 The piece is sure to be undone.
 A tavern with a gaudy sign,
 Whose buff is better than the wine,

}

May

May cheat you once.—Will that device,
Neat as imported, cheat you twice?

'Tis wrong to raise your expectations;
 Poets be dull in dedications!
 Dullness in these to wit prefer——
 But there indeed you seldom err.
 In prologues, prefaces, be flat!
 A silver button spoils your hat.
 A thread-bare coat might jokes escape,
 Did not the blockheads lace the cape.

A case in point to this before ye,
 Allow me, pray, to tell a story!

To turn the penny, once, a wit
 Upon a curious fancy hit;
 Hung out a board on which he boasted,
Dinner for THREEPENCE! Boil'd and roasted!
 The hungry read, and in they trip,
 With eager eye and smacking lip:
 "Here, bring this boil'd and roasted, pray!"

——Enter POTATOES——dressed *each way*.
 All star'd and rose, the house forsook,
 And damn'd the dinner—kick'd the cook,
 My landlord found, (poor *Patrick Kelly*),
 There was no joking with the belly.

These facts laid down, then thus I reason:
 —Wit in a prologue's out of season—
 Yet still will you for jokes sit watching,
 Like *Cock-lane* folks for *Fanny's* scratching?
 And here my simile's so fit,
 For *Prologues* are but *Gifts* of wit,

Which

Which mean to shew their art and skill,
And scratch you to their Author's will.

In short, for reasons great and small,

'Tis better to have none at all :

Prologues and Ghosts—a paltry trade,

So let them both at once be *laid* !

Say but the word—give your commands——

We'll tie our prologue-monger's hands :

Confine these culprits (*holding up his hands*) bind 'em tight,

Nor *Girls* can scratch nor *Fools* can write.



MR. FOOTE'S ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC,

After a Prosecution against him for a LIBEL.

HUSH ! let me search before I speak aloud—
Is no informer skulking in the croud !

With art laconic noting all that's said,

Malice at heart, indictments in his head,

Prepar'd to levy all the legal war,

And rouse the clamorous legions of the bar !

Is there none such ?—not one ?—then *entre nous*,

I will a tale unfold, tho' strange, yet true ;

The application must be made by you. }

At *Athens* once, fair queen of arms and arts,

There dwelt a citizen of moderate parts !

Precise his manner, and demure his looks,

His mind unletter'd, tho' he dealt in books ;

Amorous,

Amorous, tho' old ; tho' dull, low'd repartee ;
 And penn'd a paragraph most daintily :
 He aim'd at purity in all he said,
 And never once omitted *est* nor *ed* ;
 It *batb*, and *doth*, was rarely known to fail,
 Himself the hero of each little tale :
 With wits and lords this man was much delighted,
 And once (it has been said) was near being knighted.

One *Aristophanes* (a wicked wit,
 Who never heeded grace in what he writ)
 Had mark'd the manner of this *Grecian* sage,
 And thinking him a subject for the stage,
 Had, from the lumber, cull'd with curious care,
 His voice, his looks, his gesture, gait and air,
 His affectation, consequence, and mien,
 And boldly launch'd him on the comic scene ;
 Loud peals of plaudits thro' the circle ran,
 All felt the satire, for all knew the man.

Then *Peter*—*Petros* was his classic name,
 Fearing the loss of dignity and fame,
 To a grave lawyer in a hurry flies,
 Opens his purse, and begs his best advice.
 The fee secur'd, the lawyer strokes his band,
 " The case you put, I fully understand ;
 " The thing is plain from *Cocus's* reports,
 " For rules of poetry an't rules of courts :
 " A libel this—I'll make the mummer know it ;"
 A *Grecian* constable took up the poet ;
 Refrain'd the fallies of his laughing muse,
 Call'd harmless humour scandalous abuse :

The bard appeal'd from this former decree:
 Th' indulgent public set the pris'mor free &
Greece way to him, what Dublin is to me.

}

EXTRACTED FROM

MR. W. WHITEHEAD'S CHARGE to the POETS.

TIME was when poets play'd thorough the game,
 Swore, drank, and bluster'd, and blasphem'd for fame,
 The first in brothels with their punk and Muse;
 Your toast, ye bards? 'Parnassus and the stews!
 Thank heav'n, the times are chang'd; no poet now
 Need roar for Bacchus, or to Venus bow.
 'Tis our own fault if Fielding's lash we feel,
 Or, like French wits, begin with the Bastille.

Ev'n in those days some few escap'd the fate,
 By better judgment, or a longer date,
 And rode, like buoys, triumphant o'er the tide.
 Poor Otway, in an ale-house dos'd and dy'd!
 While happier Southern, tho' with sports of yore,
 Like Plato's hov'ring spirits, crufted o'er,
 Liv'd every mortal vapour to remove,
 And to our admiration, join'd our love.

Light lie his funeral-turf!—For you, who join
 His decent manners to his art divine,
 Would ye (whilst, round you, tofs the Proud and Vain
 Convuls'd with feeling, or with giving pain),

Indulge

Indulge the muse in innocence and ease,
 And tread the flow'ry path of life in peace ?
 Avoid all authors,—"What ! th' illustrious Few,
 Who shunning Fame have taught her to pursue
 Fair Virtue's heralds ?"—Yes, I say again,
 Avoid all authors, till you've read the men.
 Full many a peevish, envious, slanderer elf,
 Is in his works, Benevolence itself.
 For all mankind, unknown, his bosom heaves,
 He only injures those with whom he lives.
 Read then the Man : Does truth his actions guide,
 Exempt from petulance, exempt from pride ?
 To social duties does his heart attend,
 As son, as father, husband, brother, friend ?
 Do those who know him love him ? if they do,
 You've *my* permission, you may love him too.

But chief avoid the boist'rous roaring sparks,
 The sons of fire !—you'll know them by their marks.
 Fond to be heard they always court a croud,
 And, tho' 'tis borrow'd nonsense, talk it loud.
 One epithet supplies their constant chime,
Damn'd bad, damn'd good, damn'd low, and damn'd sublime !
 But most in quick short repartee they shine
 Of local humour : or from plays purloin
 Each quaint stale scrap which every subject hits,
 Till fools almost imagine they are wits.
 Hear them on Shakespear ! there they foam, they rage !
 Yet taste not half the beauties of his page,
 Nor see that art, as well as Nature, strove
 To place him foremost in th' Aonian grove.

For

For there, there only, where the sisters meet,
His Genius triumphs, and the work's complete.

Or would ye sift more near these sons of fire,
'Tis *Garrick*, and not *Shakespeare*, they admire:
Without his breath, inspiring every thought,
They ne'er perhaps had known what *Shakespeare* wrote,
Without his eager, his becoming zeal,
To teach them, tho' they scarce know why, to feel,
A crude unmeaning mass had *Johnson* been,
And a dead letter *Shakespeare's* noblest scene.

I'm no enthusiast, yet with joy can trace
Some gleams of sun-shine, for the tuneful race.
If *Monarchs* listen when the Muses woo,
Attention wakes, and nations listen too.
The Bard grows rapturous, who was dumb before,
And every fresh plum'd eagle learns to soar!

Friend of the finer arts, when *Egypt* saw
Her second *Ptolemy* give science law,
Each genius waken'd from his dead repose,
The column swell'd, the pile majestic rose;
Exact proportion borrow'd strength from ease,
And use was taught by elegance to please,
Along the breathing walls, as fancy flow'd,
The sculpture soften'd, and the picture glow'd,
Heroes reviv'd in animated stone,
The groves grew vocal, and the * *Pleiads* shone!

* The seven poets patronised by *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, are usually called by the name of that constellation.

Old Nilus rais'd his head, and wond'ring, cry'd,
 " Long live the king ! my patron ! and my pride !"
 Secure of endless praise, behold, I bear
 My grateful homage to my sovereign's ear.
 Tho' war shall rage, tho' time shall level all,
 Yon colours flicker, and yon columns fall,
 Tho' art's dear treasures feed the wasting flame,
 And the proud volume sinks, an empty name ;
 Tho' Plenty may desert this copious vale,
 My streams be scatter'd, or my fountains fail,
 Yet Ptolemy has liv'd : the world has known
 A king of arts, a patron on the throne,
 Ev'n utmost Britain shall his name adore,
 " And Nile be sung when Nile shall be no more."

One rule remains. Nor shun nor court the great ;
 Your truest centre is that middle state,
 From whence with ease th' observing eye may go
 To all which soars above, or sinks below.
 'Tis yours all manners to have try'd, or known,
 T' adopt all virtues, yet retain your own ;
 To stem the tide, where thoughtless crowds are hurld ;
 The firm spectators of a bustling world !

Thus arm'd, proceed : The breezes court your wing :
 Go range all Helicon, taste every spring ;
 From varying nature cull th' innoxious spoil,
 And, whilst amusement sooths the generous toil,
 Let puzzled critics with suspicious spite
 Descant on what you can, or cannot write ;
 True to yourselves, not anxious for renown,
 Nor court the world's applause, nor dread its frown,

Guard

Guard your own breasts, and be the bulwark there,
To know no envy, and no malice fear.
At last you'll find, thus stoic-like prepar'd,
That verse and virtue are their own reward.



THE E L M A N D V I N E.

A F A B L E.

Inscribed to a LADY who expressed a great aversion to
MARRIAGE.

IN Æsop's days, when trees cou'd speak,
And talk in Hebrew, Latin, Greek,
An elm and vine, by chance near neighbours,
Tho' separate, each pursu'd their labours ;
The vine, with native sweetness fraught,
For man prepar'd the chearing draught ;
Her tendrils curl'd along the plain,
And ruddy clusters swell'd amain.
The tow'ring elm could little boast,
But leaves——a barren shade at most ;
Save when by woodman's sturdy stroke
Cut down to make a chair, or spoke ;
Yet tho' but small his claim to merit,
Not wholly void of sense or spirit,
His neighbour's worth he view'd with smiles,
And long'd to share her useful toils.

K

For

For, " O ! said he, were we but one,
 " Sure bliss would enter here alone ;
 " For I by you encircled high,
 " Should scorn the oak's proud majesty,
 " While your rich fruit time might mature
 " From storms and savage beasts secure ;
 " Our mutual help would soothe our care,
 " And heav'n approve the happy pair."
 " Forbear, fir elm, the vine reply'd,
 " Nor wonder if your suit's deny'd.
 " Shall I give up my independence,
 " On your caprice to dance attendance ?
 " Must I, or nod, or bend, or twine,
 " Just as your worship shall incline ?
 " Or shall my charms, which all admire,
 " Become a barren tree's attire ?
 " No—seek more suitable alliance——
 " I to all danger bid defiance.
 " Here, unconfin'd, I range my fill ;
 " And bounteous nature waits my will."

At this the modest elm struck mute,
 Forbore to urge his friendly suit :
 But, sorely griev'd to meet disdain,
 A tender sigh express'd his pain.

When, lo ! thick darkness veils the pole,
 Dread lightnings flash, loud thunders roll ;
 Impetuous rains in floods descend,
 And trembling nature fears an end.
 The vine, faint, spiritless, forlorn,
 Now seeks the succour late her scorn :

Creeps

Creeps feebly to the elm's embrace ;
And in his arms finds sweet solace ;
United thus they storms defy,
And mutual grace and aid supply.



P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

ENGLISHMAN AT BOURDEAUX.

Performed since the conclusion of the peace, with universal
applause, at PARIS.

TOO long by some fatality misled,
From pride resulting, or from folly bred ;
Each clime to all the virtues lays a claim,
And soars, self-flatter'd, to the top of fame ;
Confines each merit to itself alone,
Or thinks no other equal to its own :
E'en the pale Russian shiv'ring as he lies,
Beneath the horror of his bitterest skies,
While the loud tempest rattles o'er his head,
Or bursts all dreadful on his tottering shed,
Hugs a soft something closely to his soul,
That soothes the cutting sharpness of the pole,
Elates his bosom with a conscious pride,
And smiles contempt on all the world beside.

'Tis your's, O France, the earliest to unbind
 This more than Gordian manacle of mind !
 To-night we bid your justice may be shewn
 To foreign virtues equal with your own ;
 Think, nobly think, when nature first was born,
 And fair creation kindled into morn,
 The world was but one family, one band,
 Which glow'd all grateful to the heavenly hand ;
 Thro' ev'ry breast a social impulse ran,
 Link'd beast to beast, and fasten'd man to man,
 And the sole difference which he heard, or had,
 Dwelt in the simple phrases, " good or bad."
 Then scorn to give such partial feelings birth,
 As claim but one poor competence of earth ;
 Be more than French ; on ev'ry country call,
 And rise, exalted, citizens of all.



E P I L O G U E.

THE anxious struggle happily o'erpast,
 And ev'ry party satisfy'd at last ;
 It now remains to make one short essay,
 And urge the moral lesson in the play.

In arts long since has Britain been renown'd,
 In arms high honour'd, and in letters crown'd :
 The same great goddess who so nobly sung,
 In Shakespear's strains, and honey'd o'er his tongue,

Their deathless Marlbro' to the triumph led,
 And wreath'd eternal laurels round his head ;
 Yet tho' the trump of never-dying fame
 Strikes heav'n's high arches with the British name ;
 Tho' on the sands of Africa it glows,
 Or casts a day-light on the Zemblian snows ;
 Still there are faults in Britain to be found,
 Which spring as freely as in common ground.—
 We are too gay,— they frequently too sad ;—
 We run stark wild ;—they melancholy mad ;
 Extremes of either reason will condemn,
 Nor join with us, nor vindicate with them.

The human genius, like revolving suns,
 An equal circuit in the bosom runs :
 And thro' the various climates where 'tis plac'd,
 Must strike out new diversities of taste,
 To one grand point eternally it leans,
 Howe'er it warps or differs in the means.

Hence on no nation let us turn our eyes,
 And idly raise it spotless to the skies ;
 Nor still more idly let our censures fall,
 Since knaves and madmen may be found in all.

Here then we rest, nor further can contend,
 For since the best will find some fault to mend,
 Let us, where'er the virtues shed their fire,
 With fervor reverence, and with zeal admire ;
 Exert our care the gath'ring blaze to trace,
 And mark the progress only, not the place :
 Confess alike the peasant's and the king's,
 Nor once consider in what soil it springs.



A N

ODE ON ST. CÆCILIA'S DAY,

Adapted to the antient British music, viz. the salt-box, the Jew's harp, the marrow-bones and cleavers, the hum-strum or hurdy-gurdy, &c. as it was performed on June 10, 1763, at Ranelagh.

By BONNEL THORNTON, Esq.

Cedite, Tibicines Itali, vos cedite, Galli;

Dico iterum vobis, cedite, Tibicines.

Cedite, Tibicines, vobis ter dico; quaterque

Jam vobis dico, cedite, Tibicines.

ALEX. HEINSIUS.

TRANSLATION OF THE MOTTO.

Yield, yield ye fiddlers, French, Italians.

Yield, yield, I say again—Rascallions.

One, two, three times I say, fiddlers give o'er;

Yield ye, I now say, times 1, 2, 3, 4.

PART I.

RECITATIVE Accompanied.

BE dumb, be dumb, ye inharmonious sounds,
And music, that the astonish'd ear with discord wounds:
No more let common rhymes prophane the day.

GRAND

GRAND CHORUS.

Grac'd with divine Cæcilia's name ;
 Let solemn hymns this awful feast proclaim,
 And heavenly notes conspire to raise the heav'nly lay.

R E C I T. Accompanied.

The meanor melody we scorn,
 Which vulgar instruments afford ;
 Shrill flute, sharp fiddle, hellowing horn,
 Rumbling bassoon, or tinkling harpsichord.

A I R.

In strains more exalted the salt-box shall join,
 And clattering, and battering, and clapping combine,
 With a rap and a tap while the hollow fide sounds,
 Up and down leaps the flap, and with rattling rebounds.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Strike, strike the soft Judaic harp,
 Soft and sharp,
 By teeth coercive in firm duranes kept,
 And lightly by the volant finger swept.

A I R.

Buzzing twangs the iron lyre,
 Shrilly thrilling,
 Trembling, thrilling.
 Whizzing with the wav'ring wire.

K 4

A GRAND

A GRAND SYMPHONY.

Accompanied with marrow-bones and cleavers.

A I R.

Hark, how the banging marrow-bones
 Make clanging cleavers ring,
 With a ding dong, ding dong,
 Ding dong, ding dong,
 Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding.
 Raise your uplifted arms on high ;
 In long-prolonged tones
 Let cleavers sound
 A merry merry round
 By banging marrow-bones.

FULL CHORUS.

Hark, how the banging marrow-bones
 Make clanging cleavers ring ;
 With a ding dong, ding dong,
 Ding dong, ding dong,
 Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding.
 Raise your uplifted arms on high ;
 In long-prolonged tones
 Let cleavers sound
 A merry merry round
 By banging marrow-bones,

RECIT.

R E C I T. . Accompanied.

Cease lighter numbers : Hither bring
 The undulating string
 Stretch'd out, and to the tumid bladder
 In amity harmonious bound ;
 Then deeper swell the notes and sadder,
 And let the hoarse bass slowly solemn sound:

A I R.

With dead, dull, doleful, heavy hums,
 With mournful moans,
 And grievous groans,
 The sober *hurdy-gurdy thrums.

P A R T II.

R E C I T. . Accompanied.

WITH magic sounds, like these, did Orpheus' lyre
 Motion, sense, and life inspire ;
 When, as he play'd, the list'ning flood
 Still'd its loquacious waves, and silent stood ;
 The trees swift-bounding danc'd with loosen'd stumps,
 And sluggish stones caper'd in active jumps.

A I R.

Each ruddy-breasted robin
 The concert bore a bob in,

* This instrument, by the learned, is sometimes called a hum-
 drum.

And

And ev'ry hooting owl around ;
 The croaking frogs,
 The grunting hogs,
 All, all conspir'd to raise th' enliv'ning sound.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Now to Cæcilia, heav'nly maid,
 Your loud united voices raise,
 With solemn hymns to celebrate her praise,
 Each instrument shall lend its aid.
 The salt-box with clattering and clapping shall sound,
 The iron lyre
 Buzzing twang with wav'ring wire,
 With heavy hum
 The sober hurdy-gurdy thrum,
 And the merry merry marrow-bones ring round.

L A S T G R A N D C H O R U S.

Such matchless strains Cæcilia knew,
 When audience from their heav'nly sphere,
 By harmony's strong pow'r, she drew,
 Whilst list'ning angels gladly stoop'd to hear.





ADVICE to the Marquis of ROCKINGHAM,
upon a late Occasion.

Written in 1765, by an OLD COURTIER.

WE L L may they, Wentworth, call thee young,
What hear and feel! fift right from wrong,
And to a wretch be kind !
Old statesmen would reverse your plan,
Sink, in the minister, the man,
And be both deaf and blind !

If thus, my lord, your heart o'erflows,
Know you, how many mighty foes
Such weakness will create you ?
Regard not what Fitzherbert says,
For tho' you gain each good man's praise,
We older folks shall hate you.

You should have sent, the other day,
G——k, the player, with frowns away,
Your smiles but made him bolder ;
Why would you hear his strange appeal,
Which dar'd to make a statesman feel ?
I would that you were older !

You should be proud, and seem displeas'd,
Or you for ever will be teaz'd,

Your house with beggars haunted :
What, ev'ry suitor kindly us'd ?
If wrong, their folly is excus'd,
If right, their suit is granted.

From pressing crowds of great and small,
To free yourself, give hopes to all,
And fail nineteen in twenty :
What, wound my honour, break my word !
You're young again.—You may, my lord,
Have precedents in plenty !

Indeed, young statesman, 'twill not do,—
Some other ways and means pursue,
More fitted to your station !
What from your boyish freaks can spring ?
Mere toys !—The favour of your king,
And love of all the nation.



LIBERTY. LA LIBERTA.

Newly translated from METASTASIO.

THANKS, Nicè, to thy treacherous art,
At length I breathe again ;
The pitying gods have ta'en my part,
And eas'd a wretch's pain :

I feel,

I feel, I feel, that from its chain
 My rescued soul is free,
 Nor is it now I idly dream
 Of fancied liberty.

Extinguish'd is my ancient flame,
 All calm my thoughts remain ;
 And artful love in vain shall strive
 To lurk beneath disdain.
 No longer, when thy name I hear,
 My conscious colour flies ;
 No longer, when thy face I see,
 My heart's emotions rise.

I sleep, yet not in every dream
 Thy image pictur'd see ;
 I wake, nor does my alter'd mind
 Fix its first thought on thee :
 From thee far distant when I roam,
 No fond concern I know ;
 With thee I stay, nor yet from thence
 Does pain or pleasure flow.

Oft of my Nicè's charms I speak,
 Nor thrills my stedfast heart ;
 Oft I review the wrongs I bore,
 Yet feel no inward smart.
 No quick alarms confound my sense,
 When Nicè near I see ;
 Even with my rival I can smile,
 And calmly talk of thee.

Speak

Speak to me with a placid mien,
 Or treat me with disdain ;
 Vain is to me the look severe,
 The gentle smile as vain.
 Lost is the empire o'er my soul,
 Which once those lips possess ;
 Those eyes no longer can divine
 Each secret of my breast.

What pleases now, or grieves my mind,
 What makes me sad, or gay,
 It is not in thy power to give,
 Nor canst thou take away :
 Each pleasant spot without thee charms,
 The wood, the mead, the hill ;
 And scenes of dullness, even with thee,
 Are scenes of dullness still.

Judge, if I speak with tongue sincere ;
 Thou still art wond'rous fair ;
 Great are the beauties of thy form,
 But not beyond compare :
 And, let not truth offend thine ear,
 My eyes at length incline
 To spy some faults in that lov'd face,
 Which once appear'd divine.

When from its secret deep recess
 I tore the painful dart,
 (My shameful weakness I confess)
 It seem'd to split my heart ;

But,

But, to relieve a tortur'd mind,
To triumph o'er disdain,
To gain my captive self once more,
I'd suffer every pain.

Caught by the birdlime's treacherous twigs,
To which he chanc'd to stray,
The bird his fasten'd feathers leaves,
Then gladly flies away :
His shorten'd wings he soon renews,
Of snares no more afraid ;
Then grows by past experience wise,
Nor is again betray'd.

I know thy pride can ne'er believe
My passion's fully o'er,
Because I oft repeat the tale,
And still add something more:—
'Tis natural instinct prompts my tongue,
And makes the story last,
As all mankind are fond to boast
Of dangers they have past.

The warrior thus, the combat o'er,
Recounts his bloody wars,
Tells all the hardships which he bore,
And shews his ancient scars.
Thus the glad slave, by prosperous fate,
Freed from the servile chain,
Shews to each friend the galling weight,
Which once he dragg'd with pain.

I speak,

I speak, yet speaking, all my aim
 Is but to ease my mind ;
 I speak, yet care not if my words
 With thee can credit find ;
 I speak, nor ask if my discourse
 Is e'er approv'd by thee,
 Or whether thou with equal ease
 Dost talk again of me.

I leave a light inconstant maid,
 Thou'lt lost a heart sincere ;—
 I know not which wants comfort most,
 Or which has most to fear :
 I'm sure, a swain so fond and true,
 Nicè can never find ;
 A nymph like her is quickly found,
 False, faithless, and unkind.



BRYAN AND PEREENE.

A WEST INDIAN BALLAD ;

Founded on a real Fact, that happened a few Years
 ago in the Island of St. CHRISTOPHER.

TH E north-east wind did briskly blow,
 The ship was safely moor'd,
 Young Bryan thought the boat's crew slow,
 And so leapt over-board.

Pereene,

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames;
 His heart long held in thrall,
 And whoſo his impatience blames,
 I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

A long, long year, one month and day,
 He dwelt on Engliſh land,
 Nor once in thought would ever ſtray,
 Though ladies fought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and ſtrong,
 Right blythſome roll'd his een,
 Sweet was his voice whene'er he ſung,
 He ſcant had twenty ſeen.

But who the countleſs charms can draw,
 That grac'd his miſtreſs true;
 Such charms the old world never ſaw,
 Nor oft I ween the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
 Like tendrils of the vine;
 Her cheeks red dewy roſe buds deck,
 Her eyes like diamonds ſhine.

Soon' as his well known ſhip ſhe ſpied,
 She caſt her weeds away,
 And to the palmy ſhore ſhe hied,
 All in her beſt array.

In sea-green silk so neatly clad,
 She there impatient stood ;
 The crew with wonder saw the lad
 Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
 Which he at parting gave ;
 Well pleas'd the token he survey'd,
 And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all,
 Rejoicing crowd the strand ;
 For now her lover swam in call,
 And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste,
 To clasp her lovely swain ;
 When, ah ! a shark bit through his waist :
 His heart's blood dy'd the main !

He shriek'd ! his half sprang from the wave,
 Streaming with purple gore,
 And soon it found a living grave,
 And, ah ! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
 Fetch water from the spring :
 She falls, she falls, she dyes away,
 And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May-morning round her tomb
 Ye fair, fresh flowrets strew,
 So may your lovers scape his doom,
 Her hapless fate scape you.



THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

AN OLD BALLAD.

COME live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That hills and vallies, dale and field,
 And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
 With a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
 Imbroidered all with leaves of mirtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
 Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold;

L 2

A belt

A belt of straw, and ivy beds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.



MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

AN OLD BALLAD.

MY minde to me a kingdome is ;
Such perfect joy therein I finde
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse,
That God or Nature hath assignde :
Though much I want, that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay ;
I seek no more than may suffice :
I presse to beare no haughtie sway ;
Look what I lack my mind supplies.
Loe ! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,
 And haffis clymbers soonest fall :
 I see that such as sit aloft
 Mishap doth threaten most of all :
 These get with toile, and keep with feare ;
 Such cares my mind could never beare.

No princely pompe, nor welthie store,
 No force to winne a victorie,
 No wylie wit to salve a fore,
 No shape to winne a lovers eye ;
 To none of these I yeeld as thrall,
 For why my mind dispiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave,
 I little have, yet seek no more :
 They are but poore, tho' much they have ;
 And I am rich with little store :
 They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;
 They lacke, I lend ; they pine, I give.

I laugh not at anothers losse,
 I grudge not at anothers gaine ;
 No worldly wave my mind can tosse,
 I brooke that is another's bane :
 I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend ;
 I loth not life, nor dread mine end,

My welth is health, and perfect ease ;
 My conscience clere my chiefe defence:
 I never seeke by brybes to please,
 Nor by desert to give offence :
 Thus do I live, thus will I die ;
 Would all did so as well as I !



CUPID'S PASTIME.

AN OLD SONNET.

IT chanc'd of late a shepherd swain,
 That went to seek his straying sheep,
 Within a thicket on a plain
 Espied a dainty nymph asleep.

Her golden hair o'erspread her face ;
 Her careless arms abroad were cast ;
 Her quiver had her pillows place ;
 Her breast lay bare to every blast.

The shepherd stood and gaz'd his fill ;
 Nought durst he do ; nought durst he say ;
 Whilst chance, or else perhaps his will,
 Did guide the god of love that way.

The

The crafty boy thus sees her sleep,
Whom if she wak'd he durst not see ;
Behind her closely seeks to creep,
Before her nap should ended be.

There come, he steals her shafts away,
And puts his own into their place ;
Nor dares he any longer stay,
But, ere she wakes, hies thence apace.

Scarce was he gone, but she awakes,
And spies the shepherd standing by :
Her bended bow in haste she takes,
And at the simple swain lets flye.

Forth flew the shaft, and pierc'd his heart,
That to the ground he fell with pain :
Yet up again forthwith he start,
And to the nymph he ran again.

Amazed to see so strange a fight,
She shot, and shot, but all in vain ;
The more his wounds, the more his might,
Love yielded strength amidst his pain.

Her angry eyes were great with tears,
She blames her hand, she blames her skill ;
The bluntness of her shafts she fears,
And try them on herself she will.

Take heed, sweet nymph, trye not thy shaft,

Each little touch will pierce thy heart :

Alas ! thou know'st not Cupid's craft ;

Revenge is joy ; the end is smart.

Yet try she wilt ; and pierce some bare ;

Her hands were glov'd, but next to hand

Was that fair breast, that breast so rare,

That made the shepherd senseless stand.

That breast she pierc'd ; and through that breast

Love found an entry to her heart ;

At feeling of this new-come guest,

Lord ! how this gentle nymph did start.

She runs not now ; she shoots no more ;

Away she throws both shaft and bow ;

She seeks for what she shunn'd before,

She thinks the shepherd's haste too slow.

Though mountains meet not, lovers may :

What other lovers do, did they :

The god of love sat on a tree,

And laught that pleasant sight to see.



W I N I F R E D A.

A W A Y; let nought to love displeasing,
 My Winifreda, move your care;
 Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
 Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What tho' no grants of royal donors
 With pompous titles grace our blood?
 We'll shine in more substantial honors,
 And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
 Will sweetly sound where-e'er 'tis spoke:
 And all the great ones, they shall wonder
 How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty
 No mighty treasures we possess,
 We'll find within our pittance plenty,
 And be content without excess.

Still shall each returning season
 Sufficient for our wishes give;
 For we will live a life of reason,
 And that's the only life to live.

Through

Through youth and age in love excelling,
 We'll hand in hand together tread ;
 Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
 And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
 While round my knees they fondly clung ;
 To see them look their mothers' features,
 To hear them lip their mothers' tongue.

And when with envy time transported,
 Shall think to rob us of our joys,
 You'll in your girls again be courted,
 And I'll go a wooing in my boys.



ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST.

By Mr. GLOVER, Author of *LEONIDAS* :

AS near Porto-Bello lying
 On the gently swelling flood,
 At midnight with streamers flying
 Our triumphant navy rode ;
 There while Vernon fate all-glorious
 From the Spaniards' late defeat :
 And his crews, with shouts victorious,
 Drank success to England's fleet :

On

On a sudden shrilly founding,
 Hideous yells and shrieks were heard ;
 Then each heart with fear confounding,
 A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,
 All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
 Which for winding-sheets they wore,
 And with looks by sorrow clouded
 Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
 When the shade of Hosier brave
 His pale bands was seen to muster
 Rising from their watry grave :
 O'er the glimmering wave he hy'd him,
 Where the Burford rear'd her sail,
 With three thousand ghosts besides him,
 And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, oh heed, our fatal story,
 I am Hosier's injur'd ghost,
 You, who now have purchas'd glory,
 At this place where I was lost ;
 Tho' in Porto-Bello's ruin
 You now triumph free from fears,
 When you think on our undoing,
 You will mix your joy with tears.

See these mournful spectres sweeping
 Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
 Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping ;
 These were English captains brave :

Mark

Mark those numbers pale and horrid,
 Those were once my sailors' bold,
 Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead
 While his dismal tale is told,

I, by twenty sail attended,
 Did this Spanish town affright;
 Nothing then its wealth defended
 But my orders not to fight:
 Oh! that in this rolling ocean
 I had cast them with disdain,
 And obey'd my heart's warm motion
 To have quell'd the pride of Spain;

For resistance I could fear none,
 But with twenty ships had done
 What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
 Hast achiev'd with six alone.
 Then the Bastimentos never
 Had our foul dishonour seen,
 Nor the sea the sad receiver
 Of this gallant train had been.

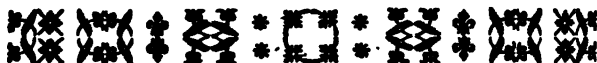
Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
 And her galleons leading home,
 Though condemn'd for disobeying
 I had met a traitor's doom,
 To have fallen, my country crying
 He has play'd an English part,
 Had been better far than dying
 Of a griev'd and broken heart,

Unrepining at thy glory,
 Thy successful arms we hail;
 But remember our sad story,
 And let Hofer's wrongs prevail.
 Sent in this foul clime to languish,
 Think what thousands fell in vain,
 Wasted with disease and anguish,
 Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence with all my train attending
 From their oozy tombs below,
 Thro' the hoary foam ascending,
 Here I feed my constant woe:
 Here the Bastimentos viewing,
 We recal our shameful doom,
 And our plaintive cries renewing,
 Wander thro' the midnight gloom.

O'er these waves for ever mourning
 Shall we roam depriv'd of rest,
 If to Britain's shores returning
 You neglect my just request;
 After this proud foe subdaing,
 When your patriot friends you see,
 Think on vengeance for my ruin,
 And for England sham'd in me.

T H E



THE
SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

AN OLD BALLAD. By GEORGE WITHER.

SHALL I, waiving in dispaire,
Dye because a woman's faire ?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosie are ?
Be shee fairer than the day,
Or the flowry meads in May ;
If she think not well of me,
What care I how faire shee be ?

Shall my heart be griev'd or pin'd,
'Cause I see a woman kind ?
Or a well-disposed nature
Joyned with a lovely feature ?
Be shee meeker, kinder, than
The turtle-dove or pelican ;
If shee be not so to me,
What care I how kind shee be ?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me, to perish for her love ?
Or, her well-deservings knowne,
Make me quite forget my owne ?

Be

Be shee with that goodnesse blest,
Which may merit name of 'Best ;
If she be not fuch to me,
What care I how good shee be ?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the foole and dye ?
Those that beare a noble minde,
Where they want of riches find,
Thinke what with them they would doe,
That without them dare to woe ;
And, unlesse that minde I see,
What care I, though great shee be ?

Great or good, or kind or faire,
I will ne'er the more dispaire :
If she love me, this beleewe,
I will die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me, when I wooc ;
I can scorne and let her goe :
For, if shee be not for me,
What care I for whom shee be ?



THE STEDFAST SHEPHERD.

BY THE SAME.

HENCE away, you Syrens, leave me,
And unclasp your wanton armes ;
Sugred words shall ne'er deceive me,
(Though ' you' prove a thousand charmes).

Fie,

Fie, fie, ~~forbear~~;
 No common ~~foone~~
 Could ever my affection chain;
 Your painted baits
 And poore deceipts,
 Are all bestowed on me in vaine.

I'm no slave to such, as you be;
 Neither shall a snowy brest,
 Wanton eye, or lip of ruby
 Ever robb me of my rest;
 Goe, goe, display
 Your beantie's ray
 To some ore-foone enamour'd swaine:
 Those common wiles
 Of sighs and smiles
 Are all bestowed on me in vaine.

I have elsewhere vowed a dutie;
 Turn away 'your' tempting eyes:
 Shew not me a naked beantie;
 Those impostures I despise:
 My spirit lothes
 Where gawdy clothes
 And fained othes may love obtaine:
 I love her so,
 Whose looke sweares No;
 That all your labours will be vaine.

Can he prize the tainted posies,
 Which on every breast are worn;
 That may plucke the spotlesse roses
 From their never-touched thornes?
 I can goe rest
 On her sweet brest,
 That is the pride of Cynthia's traine:
 Then hold your tongues;
 Your mermaid songs
 Are all bestowed on me in vaine.

Hee's a foole, that basely dallies,
 Where each peasant mates with him;
 Shall I haunt the thronged vallies,
 Whilst ther's noble hils to climbe?
 No, no, though clowns
 Are skar'd with stownes,
 I know the best can but disdaine;
 And those I'll prove;
 So shall your love
 Be all bestowed on me in vaine.

I doe scorne to vow a dutie,
 Where each lustfull lad may woe;
 Give me her, whose sun-like beautie
 Buzzards dare not soare unto:
 Shee, shee it is
 Affords that blisse.

For which I would refuse no paine ;
 But such as you,
 Fond foolcs, adieu ;
 You seekc to captivc me in vaine.

Leave me then, you Syrens, leave me ;
 Seeke no more to worke my harmes :
 Craftie wiles cannot deceive me,
 Who am prooffe against your charmes :
 You labour may
 To lead astray
 The heart, that constant shall remaine :
 And I the while
 Will sit and smile
 To see you spend your time in vaine.



A U T U M N.

BY MR. BREREWOOD.

THOU' the seasons must alter, ah ! yet let me find
 What all must confesse to be rare,
 A female still cheerful, and faithful and kind,
 The blessings of autumn to share.

Let one side of our cottage, a flourishing vine
 Overspread with its branches, and shade ;
 Whose clusters appear more transparent and fine,
 As its leaves are beginning to fade.

When

When the fruit makes the branches bend down with its load,
 In our orchard furrounded with pales :
 In a bed of clean straw let our apples be stow'd,
 For a tart that in winter regales.

When the vapours that rise from the earth in the morn,
 Seem to hang on its surface like smoke,
 'Till dispers'd by the sun that gilds over the corn,
 Within doors let us prattle and joke.

But when we see clear all the hues of the leaves,
 And at work in the fields are all hands,
 Some in reaping the wheat, others binding the sheaves,
 Let us carelessly strole o'er the lands.

How pleasing the sight of the toiling they make,
 To collect what kind Nature has sent !
 Heaven grant we may not of their labour partake ;
 But, oh ! give us their happy content.

And sometimes on a bank, under shade, by a brook,
 Let us silently sit at our ease.
 And there gaze on the stream, till the fish on the hook
 Struggles hard to procure its release.

And now when the husbandman sings harvest home,
 And the corn's all got into the house ;
 When the long wish'd for time of their meeting is come,
 To frolic, and feast, and carouse :

When the leaves from the trees are begun to be shed,
And are leaving the branches all bare,
Either strew'd at the roots, shrivell'd, wither'd, and dead,
Or else blown to and fro in the air ;

When the ways are so mity, that bogs they might seem,
And the axle-tree's ready to break,
While the waggoner whistles in stopping his team,
And then claps the poor jades on the neck ;

In the morning let's follow the cry of the Hounds,
Or the fearful young covey beset ;
Which, tho' skulking in stubble and weeds on the grounds,
Are becoming a prey to the net.

Let's enjoy all the pleasure retirement affords,
Still amus'd with these innocent sports,
Nor once envy the pomp of fine ladies and lords,
With their grand entertainments in courts.

In the evening when lovers are leaning on files,
Deep engag'd in some amorous chat,
And 'tis very well known by his grin, and her smiles,
What they both have a mind to be at ;

To our dwelling, tho' homely, well-pleas'd to repair,
Let our mutual endearments revive,
And let no fingle action, or look, but declare,
How contented and happy we live.

Should

Should ideas arise that may ruffle the soul,
 Let soft music the phantoms remove,
 For 'tis harmony only has force to controul,
 And unite all the passions in love.

With her eyes but half open, her cap all awry,
 When the lass is preparing for bed ;
 And the sleepy dull clown, who sits nodding just by,
 Sometimes rouses and scratches his head.

In the night when 'tis cloudy and rainy, and dark,
 And the labourers snore as they lie,
 Not a noise to disturb us, unless a dog bark
 In the farm, or the village hard by.

At the time of sweet rest, and of quiet like this,
 Ere our eyes are clos'd up in their lids,
 Let us welcome the season, and taste of that bliss,
 Which the sunshine and daylight forbids.



T H E P A I N .

BY MR. WOTY.

FOR once, ye critics, let the sportive Muse
 Her fool's cap wear, spite of the shaking head
 Of stern-eyed Gravity—for, tho' the Muse
 To frolic be dispos'd, no song she chants

M 3

Immoral ;

Immoral ; nor base picture will she hold,
 But Virtue may approve it with a smile.
 Ye sylvan deities ! awhile adieu !
 Ye curling streams ! whose banks are fring'd with flowers,
 Violet and hare-bell, or the king-cup bright,
 Farewell ! for I must leave your rich perfumes
 To sing the Pin in ever sounding lays :
 But not that Pin, at whose circumference
 Rotund, the strong-nerv'd rustie hurls the bowl
 Ponderous and vast : nor that which window bars
 From thief nocturnal : nor that other call'd
 A skittle ; chiefly found where alehouse snug
 Invites mechanic to the flowing cup
 Of Calvert's mild, o'er-canopied with froth.
 No—'tis the Pin so much by ladies us'd ;
 Without whose aid the nymph of nicest taste,
 Of neatest mould, a flatterer would appear.
 Hail then, thou little useful instrument !
 Tho' small, yet consequential. For by thee
 Beauty sets off her charms, as at the glass
 Lacy, or Phillis, best adapts thy point.
 Without thy service would the ribband flaunt
 Loose to the fanning gale, nor on the head
 Of belle would stand her whimsical attire.
 The kerchief from her neck of snow would fall
 With freedom bold, and leave her bosom bare.
 How would the sempstress trim thy want regret
 As she her apron forms ! And how the man
 Of law, sagacious, with his spectacles
 On nose reverted ! frequent does he want

Thy

Thy prompt assistance, to connect his steps
 And notes obliterated o'er. Thee oft
 In alley, path, wide square, and open street,
 The miser picks, as conscious of thy use ;
 With frugal hand, accompanied with brow
 Of corrugated bent, he flicks thee safe,
 Interior on his coat ; then creeps along,
 Well judging thy proportion to a groat.
 Thro' all thy different storerooms to trace
 Thy presence, either in the sculptur'd dome,
 Or tenement clay-built, would ask a pen
 With points almost as various as thy heads :
 Where-e'er thou art, or in whatever form,
 Magnificent in silver, or in brass,
 Or wire more humble, nightly may'st thou lie
 Safe on thy cushion'd bed, or kiss the locks
 Of Chloe, sleeping on the pillow's down.



A

PRESENT TO A YOUNG LADY
 WITH A PAIR OF STOCKINGS.

BY ———, FELLOW OF ——— CAMBRIDGE.

TO please the Fair, what different ways
 Each lover acts his part ;
 One tenders snuff, another praise,
 A toothpick, or a heart !

M 4

Alike

Alike they all, to gain their end,
 Peculiar arts disclose ;
 While I, submissive, only send
 An humble pair of hose.

Long may they guard, from cold and harm,
 The snowy limbs that wear 'em,
 And kindly lend their influence warm
 To ev'ry thing that's near 'em.

But let it not be faulty deem'd,
 Nor move your indignation,
 If I a little partial seem'd
 In gifts or commendation :

Each fair perfection to display
 Would far exceed my charter,
 My humble Muse must never stray
 Above the knee or garter.

And who did e'er a subject view
 So worthy to be prais'd,
 Or from so fair foundation knew
 So fine a structure rais'd ?

Thou learned leach, sage Kember, say,
 (In spite of drugs and plaisters)
 You who can talk the live-long day
 Of buildings and pilasters :

You

You who for hours have rov'd about
Thro' halls and colonades,
And scarce would deign to tread on aught
But arches and arcades :

Did you, in all your mazy rounds,
Two nobler pillars view ?
What yielding marble ere was found
So exquisitely true ?

The swelling dome, with stately show,
May many fancies please,
I view content what lies below
The cornice of the frieze ;

The lovely twins, so white, so rosy,
That bear the noble pile,
Must soon proceed from Venus' mound,
Or from Cythera's isle.

Propitious Fates preserve them safe,
And keep them close together,
And grant they may the malice brave
Of man as well as weather.

From luckless love, or rancour base,
May never harm attend 'em,
And grant, whatever be the case,
That I may still defend 'em.

By

By gentle, generous love 'tis true,
They never can miscarry,
No ill can come, no loss ensue,
From honest, harmless Harry.

But should a knight of greater heat
Precipitate invade,
Believe me, Bell, they then may need
Some seasonable aid.

O may I ready be at hand
From every harm to screen 'em,
Then, Samson-like, I'll take my stand,
And live, or die between 'em.



A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A POET AND HIS SERVANT.

BY THE LATE MR. CHAMBERLAIN, PITT.

To enter into the beauties of this satire, it must be remembered, that slaves, among the Romans, during the feasts of Saturn, wore their masters habits, and were allowed to say what they pleased.

SERVANT.

SIR,—I've long waited in my turn to have
A word with you—but I'm your humble slave.

P. What knave is that? my rascal!

S. Sir,

S. Sir, 'tis I,

No knave nor rascal, but your trusty Guy.

P. Well, as your wages still are due, I'll bear
Your rude impertinence this time of year.

S. Some folks are drunk one day, and some for ever,
And some, like Wharton, but twelve years together.
Old Evremond, renown'd for wit and dirt,
Would change his living oftener than his shirt ;
Roar with the rakes of state a month ; and come
To starve another in his hole at home.
So rovd wild Buckingham the public jest,
Now some innholder's, now a monarch's guest ;
His life and politics of every shape,
This hour a Roman, and the next an ape.
The gout in every limb from every vice
Poor Clodio hir'd a boy to throw the dice.
Some wench for ever ; and their sins on those,
By custom, sit as easy as their cloaths.
Some fly, like pendulums, from good to evil,
And in that point are madder than the devil :
For they——

P. To what will these vile maxims tend ?
And where, sweet sir, will your reflections end ?

S. In you.

P. In me, you knave ? make out your charge.

S. You praise low-living, but you live at large.
Perhaps you scarce believe the rules you teach,
Or find it hard to practise what you preach.
Scarce have you paid one idle journey down,
But, without business, you're again in town.

If

If none invite you, sir, abroad to roam,
 Then—Lord, what pleasure 'tis to read at home ;
 And sip your two half-pints, with great delight,
 Of beer at noon, and muddled port at night.
 From * Encombe, John comes thundering at the door,
 With " Sir, my master begs you to come o'er,
 " To pass these tedious hours, these winter nights,
 " Not that he dreads invasions, rogues, or sprites."
 Strait for your two best wigs aloud you call,
 This stiff in buckle, that not curl'd at all,
 " And where, you rascal, are the spurs," you cry ;
 " And O ! what blockhead laid the buskins by ?"
 On your old batter'd mare you'll needs be gone,
 (No matter whether on four legs or none)
 Splash, plunge, and stumble, as you scour the heath ;
 All swear at Morden 'tis on life or death :
 Wildly thro' Wareham streets you scamper on,
 Raise all the dogs and voters in the town ;
 Then fly for six long dirty miles as bad,
 That Corfe and Kingston gentry think you mad,
 And all this furious riding is to prove
 Your high respect, it seems, and eager love :
 And yet, that mighty honour to obtain,
 Banks, Shaftesbury, Doddington may send in vain.
 Before you go, we curse the noise you make,
 And bless the moment that you turn your back,
 As for myself, I own it to your face,
 I love good eating, and I take my glass :
 But sure 'tis strange, dear sir, that this should be
 In you amusement, but a fault in me.

* The seat of John Pitt, esq. in Dorsetshire.

All this is bare refining on a name,
To make a difference where the fault's the same.

My father sold me to your service here,
For this fine livery, and four pounds a year.
A livery you should wear as well as I,
And this I'll prove—but lay your cudgel by.
You serve your passions—Thus, without a jest,
Both are but fellow-servants at the best.
Yourself, good Sir, are play'd by your desires,
A mere tall puppet dancing on the wires.

P. Who, at this rate of talking, can be free?

S. The brave, wise, honest man, and only he :
All else are slaves alike, the world around,
Kings on the throne, and beggars on the ground :
He, fir, is proof to grandeur, pride, or pelf,
And (greater still) is master of himself :
Not to-and-fro by fears and factions hurl'd,
But loose to all the interests of the world :
And while that world turns round, entire and whole,
He keeps the sacred tenor of his soul ;
In every turn of fortune still the same,
As gold unchang'd, or brighter from the flame :
Collected in himself, with godlike pride,
He sees the darts of envy glance aside ;
And, fix'd like Atlas, while the tempests blow,
Smiles at the idle storms that roar below.
One such you know, a layman, to your shame,
And yet the honour of your blood and name.
If you can such a character maintain,
You too are free, and I'm your slave again.

But

But when in Hemskirk's pictures you delight,
 More than myself, to see two drunkards fight;
 " Fool, rogue, sot, blockhead," or such names are misc :
 " Your's are " a Connoisseur," or " Deep Divine."
 I'm chid for loving a luxurious bit,
 The sacred prize of learning, worth and wit :
 And yet some sell their lands, these bits to buy ;
 Then, pray, who suffers most from luxury ?
 I'm chid, 'tis true ; but then I pawn no plate,
 I seal no bonds, I mortgage no estate.

Besides, high living, sir, must wear you out
 With surfeits, qualms, a fever, or the gout.
 By some new pleasures are you still engross'd,
 And when you save an hour, you think it lost.
 To sports, plays, races, from your books you run,
 And like all company, except your own.
 You hunt, drink, sleep, or (idler still) you rhyme :
 Why ?—but to banish thought, and murder time.
 And yet that thought, which you discharge in vain,
 Like a foul-loaded piece, recoils again.

P. Tom, fetch a cane, a whip, a club, a stone,—

S. For what ?

P. A sword, a pistol, or a gun :
 I'll shoot the dog.

S. Lord ! who would be a wit ?
 He's in a mad, or in a rhyming fit.

P. Fly, fly, you rascal, for your spade and fork ;
 For once I'll set your lazy bones to work.
 Fly, or I'll send you back, without a groat,
 To the bleak mountains where you first were caught.

P A R O D Y



PARODY ON THE CITY AND COUNTRY MOUSE

A Country vicar in his homely house,
 Pleas'd with his lot, and happy in his *spouse*,
 With simple diet, at his humble board,
 Once entertain'd the chaplain of a lord ;—
 He gave him (all he could) a little fish,
 With sauce of oysters, in no silver dish ;
 And, for the craving stomach's sure relief,
 The glory of Old England, rare Roast-beef,
 Horse-radish and potatoes, Ireland's pride ;
 A pudding too the prudent dame supply'd :
 Their cheering beverage was a pint of port
 (Tho' small the quantum) of the better sort ;
 But plenty of good beer, both small and stout,
 With wine of elder to prevent the gout.
 The vicar hop'd, by such a various treat,
 To tempt his scarf-embellish'd friend to eat ;
 With nicest bits provok'd his guest to dine,
 He carv'd the haddock, and he serv'd the wine :
 Content his own sharp stomach to regale
 With plain, substantial roast-meat and mild ale.
 Our courtly chaplain, as we may suppose,
 At such old-fashion'd commons curl'd his nose ;

He tried in vain to piddle, and, in brief,
Pish'd at the pudding, and declin'd the beef ;
At length, their homely dinner finish'd quite,
Thus to the vicar spoke the priest polite :

‘ How can my brother in this paltry town
‘ Live undistinguish'd, to the world unknown ?
‘ And not exalt your towering genius higher,
‘ Than here to herd with country clown—or squire ;
‘ Stunn'd with the discord of hoarse cawing rooks,
‘ The roar of winds, the dissonance of brooks,
‘ Which discontented thro' the valley stray,
‘ Plaintive and murmuring at their long delay.
‘ Come, come with me, nor longer here abide ;
‘ You've friends in town, and I will be your guide :
‘ Soon great preferment to your share will fall,
‘ A good fat living, or perhaps—a stall.’

These weighty reasons sway'd the vicar's mind—
To town he hied, but left his wife behind :—
Next levee day he waited on his Grace,
With hundreds more, who bow'd to get a place ;
Shov'd in the croud, he stood amaz'd to see
Lords who to Baal bent the supple knee,
And doctors sage he could not but admire,
Who stoop'd profoundly low—to rise the higher.
So much of ermine, lace, beaus, bishops, young and old,
'Twas like a cloud of sable edg'd with gold :
By turns his Grace the servile train address'd,
Pleas'd with a smile, or in a whisper blest.
Sick of the scene, the vicar sought the door,
Determin'd never to see London more ;

In verse, in prose, I sang and fervid
No charms should e'er enslave me more,
Nor neck, nor hair, nor lip, nor eye,
Again should force one tender sigh.

As, taught by heaven's informing power,
From every fruit and every flower,
That nature opens to the view,
The bee extracts the nectar-dew;
A vagrant thus, and free to change
From fair to fair I vow'd to range,
And part from each without regret
As pleas'd and happy as I met.

Then Freedom's praise inspir'd my tongue,
With Freedom's praise the vallies rung,
And every night and every day,
My heart thus pour'd th' enraptur'd lay:
" My cares are gone, my sorrows cease,
" My breast regains its wonted peace,
" And joy and hope returning prove,
" That Reason is too strong for Love."

Such was my boast—but, ah! how vain!
How short was Reason's vaunted reign!
The firm resolve I form'd ere-while
How weak oppos'd to Clara's smile!
Chang'd is the strain.—The vallies round
With Freedom's praise no more resound,
But every night and every day
My full heart pours the alter'd lay.

Offended

Offended deity, whose power
My rebel tongue but now forswore,
Accept my penitenced sincere,
My crime forgive, and grant my prayer !
Let not thy slave, condemn'd to mourn,
With unrequited passion burn ;
With Love's soft thoughts her breast inspire,
And kindle there an equal fire !

It is not beauty's gaudy flower,
(The empty triumph of an hour)
Nor practis'd wiles of female art
That now subdue my destin'd heart :
O no !—'Tis heav'n, whose wondrous hand
A transcript of itself hath plann'd,
And to each outward grace hath join'd
Each lovelier feature of the mind.

These charms shall last, when others fly,
When roses fade, and lillies die ;
When that dear eye's declining beam
Its living fire no more shall stream :
Blest then, and happy in my chain,
The song of Freedom flows in vain ;
Nor Reason's harsh reproof I fear,
For Reason's self is Passion here.

O dearer far than wealth or fame,
My daily thought, my nightly dream,
If yet no youth's successful art
(Sweet hope) hath touch'd thy gentle heart,

If yet no swain hath blest'd thy choice ;
 Indulgent hear thy Damon's voice ;
 From doubts, from fears his bosom free,
 And bid him live—for love and thee !



V E R S E S

WRITTEN UPON A PEDESTAL BENEATH A ROW OF ELMS
 IN A MEADOW NEAR RICHMOND FERRY, BELONGING TO
 RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, ESQ. SEPT. MDCCLX.

* **Y**E green-hair'd nymphs ! whom Pan allows
 To guard from harm these favour'd boughs ;
 Ye blue-eyed Naiads of the stream,
 That sooth the warm poetic dream ;
 Ye elves and sprites, that thronging round,
 When midnight darkens all the ground,
 In antic measures uncontroll'd,
 Your fairy sports and revels hold,
 And up and down, where-e'er ye pass,
 With many a ringlet print the grass ;
 If e'er the bard hath hail'd your power
 At morn's grey dawn, or evening hour ;
 If e'er by moonlight on the plain
 Your ears have caught th' enraptur'd strain ;

* A line of Mr. Mason's

From

From every floweret's velvet head,
 From reverend Thames's oozy bed,
 From these moss'd elms, where prison'd deep,
 Conceal'd from human eyes, ye sleep,
 If these your haunts be worth your care,
 Awake, arise, and hear my prayer!

O banish from this peaceful plain
 The perjur'd nymph, the faithless swain,
 The stubborn heart, that scorns to bow,
 And harsh rejects the honest vow :
 The fop, who wounds the virgin's ear
 With aught that sense would blush to hear,
 Or, false to honour, mean and vain,
 Defames the worth he cannot stain :
 The light coquet, with various art,
 Who casts her net for every heart,
 And smiling flatters to the chace
 Alike the worthy and the base :
 The dame, who, proud of virtue's praise,
 Is happy if a sister strays,
 And, conscious of unclouded fame,
 Delighted, spreads the tale of shame :
 But far, O ! banish'd far be they,

Who hear, unmov'd, the orphan's cry,
 Who see, nor wish to wipe away,

The tear that swells the widow's eye;
 Th' unloving man, whose narrow mind
 Disdains to feel for human-kind,
 At others bliss whose cheek ne'er glows,
 Whose breast ne'er throbs with others woes,

Whose hoarded sum of private joys
 His private care alone destroys;
 Ye fairies cast your spells around,
 And guard from such this hallow'd ground !

But welcome all, who fight with truth,
 Each constant maid and faithful youth,
 Whom mutual love alone hath join'd,
 Sweet union of the willing mind !
 Hearts pair'd in heaven, not meanly sold,
 Law-licens'd prostitutes for gold :
 And welcome thrice, and thrice again,
 The chosen few, the worthy train,
 Whose steady feet, untaught to stray,
 Still tread where virtue marks the way ;
 Whose souls no thought, whose hands have known
 No deed, which honour might not own ;
 Who, torn with pain, or stung with care,

In others bliss can claim a part,
 And, in life's brightest hour, can share

Each pang that wrings another's heart :
 Ye guardian sprights, when such ye see,
 Sweet peace be theirs, and welcome free !
 Clear be the sky from clouds or showers !
 Green be the turf, and fresh the flowers !

And that the youth, whose pious care
 Lays on your shrine this honest prayer,
 May, with the rest, admittance gain,
 And visit oft this pleasant scene,
 Let all who love the Muse attend !
 Who loves the Muse is Virtue's friend.

Such

Such then alone may venture here,
 Who, free from guilt, are free from fear;
 Whose wide affections can embrace
 The whole extent of human race;
 Whom Virtue and her friends approve;
 Whom Cambridge and the Muses love.



S O N G.

SWEET are the banks, when Spring perfumes
 The verdant plants, and laughing flowers,
 Fragrant the violet, as it blooms,
 And sweet the blossoms after showers.
 Sweet is the soft, the sunny breeze,
 That fans the golden orange-grove;
 But oh! how sweeter far than these
 The kisses are of her I love.

Ye roses! blushing in your beds,
 That with your odours scent the air;
 Ye lillies chaste! with silver heads
 As my Cleora's bosom fair:
 No more I court your balmy sweets;
 For I, and I alone, can prove,
 How sweeter, when each other meets,
 The kisses are of her I love.

Her tempting eyes my gaze inclin'd,
 Their pleasing lesson first I caught ;
 Her sense, her friendship next confin'd
 The willing pupil she had taught.
 Should fortune, stooping from her sky,
 Conduct me to her bright alcove ;
 Yet, like the turtle, I should die,
 Denied the kiss of her love.



THE
 LADY AND THE LINNET.
 A T A L E.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

Sumit Myrrha novos, veteres ut ponit amictus,
 Mutat amatores miseros, sic mutat amicos.

FRAGM. INCERT. AUTH.

TO lift the low, the proud depress,
 And succour weakness in distress ;
 A foe forgive, and yet contend
 With generous ardour for a friend ;
 Are virtues, tho' but thinly sown,
 Not circumscrib'd to you alone ;
 Since hourly observation finds
 They spring in some inferior minds ;

Which,

Which, tho' we justly pass our praise on,
Are not the sound effects of reason ;
But often flow from whim or fashion,
From pride, or some impurer passion.

But you, whom heaven at first design'd
The boast and envy of your kind ;
Above your sex's censure plac'd,
In beauty, breeding, temper, taste ;
Who only show regard to merit,
Unconscious what yourself inherit ;
While other ladies fume and rail
In indignation at my tale ;
With each reflection pick a quarrel,
And find a satire in each moral ;
May safely every page peruse,
Nor be offended with the Muse ;
Where not a single line appears,
Which honour dreads, or virtue fears.

A hungry hawk, in quest of prey,
Wide o'er the forest wing'd his way ;
Whence every bird, that haunts the glade,
Or warbles in the rural shade,
Dispers'd, in wild disorder flies
Before the tyrant of the skies.
A linnet, feeble than the rest,
With weary wings and panting breast
Sought Sylvia's window in despair,
And fluttering crav'd protection there.
Compassion touch'd the fair one's mind,
(For female hearts are always kind.)

Upward the gliding fath she threw,
 And in the little stranger flew ;
 There, in her fragrant bosom prest,
 The nymph revives her drooping guest ;
 Then (danger o'er, and all serene)
 Restores him to his fields again.
 What wondrous joy, what grateful love !
 Inspir'd the wanderer of the grove !
 In unexpected life elate,
 When now he recollects his fate !
 And sets the friendly fair in view,
 Who gave him life and freedom too !
 For gratitude, to courts unknown,
 And unreturn'd by man alone,
 Wide thro' the wing'd creation reigns,
 And dwells amidst the humble plains ;
 In every verdant field and shade,
 The just, the generous debt is paid.
 Back from the Sylvan bower he hies,
 To thank his dear deliverer flies ;
 And, at her window, chaunting stood
 Her praise, with all the zeal he could.
 There Lin his morning visits pays,
 And there he tunes his evening lays ;
 There oft the noon-day hour prolongs,
 And pours his little soul in songs.

His heavenly airs attention drew,
 And Sylvia soon the warbler knew ;
 Then uses every charm to win,
 And draw the wild musician in ;

He

He enters, fearless of a snare,
For how should fraud inhabit there?

And now by frequent visits free,
At first he perches on her knee;
Then, grown by long acquaintance bolder,
Familiarly ascends her shoulder;
And, wholly now devoid of fear,
Plays with the pendant in her ear;
O'er all her neck and bosom strays,
And, like a lover, learns to tease;
Pecks on her hand, and fondly sips
Delicious nectar from her lips.

Thrice happy bird, how wert thou bless'd,
Of such superior love possess'd!
Couldst thou but make the treasure sure,
And those unrivall'd hours endure;
But love, a light, fantastic thing,
Like thee, is always on the wing;
And sacred friendship oft a jest,
When center'd in a female breast!

Thus Lin the circling moments past
In raptures too refin'd to last;
When (as his constant court he paid)
Some envious songsters of the shade
Observ'd his motions to and fro,
For merit's ne'er without a foe.
They mark'd the transports of his eye,
His sprightly air and glossy dye;
And all agreed to know, ere night,
What gave the vagrant such delight.

Strait

Strait to the beauteous bower they throng,
 Nor for admittance waited long ;
 The nymph, whom every charm attends,
 Receives her new, aerial friends ;
 With crumbled cake, and fruitage feeds,
 And feasts them on her choicest seeds ;
 Did all, that kindness could inspire,
 To bring her coy acquaintance nigh her ;
 And Linny now returns, to pay
 The due devotions of the day ;
 When to his wondering eyes arose
 A numerous circle of his foes ;
 Grief touch'd his soul, to see them there,
 But, with a seeming easy air,
 He took his place among the rest,
 And sat an undistinguish'd guest.

Alas, how soon can time destroy
 The surest pledge of earthly joy ?
 A favourite's flattering hopes defeat,
 And tumble tyrants from their state :
 For time, indulgent but to few,
 Deposes kings—and linnets too.

He, who was once the nymph's delight,
 Sits now neglected in her sight ;
 In vain to charm her ear he tries,
 New forms engag'd her ears and eyes !
 The goldfinch spreads his gaudy coat,
 And all were ravish'd with his note ;
 While none attends to Linny's strain,
 For, ah, poor Linny's plumes were plain.

And

And now (the mournful warbler flown)
 The nymph and friendly bower their own,
 O'er all reserve their spleen prevails,
 And every tongue in concert rails :
 All wonder'd what her eyes could see
 In such a worthless thing as he !
 Who still pursues his private ends,
 Ungrateful to his kindest friends ;
 One instance sure might serve to show him !
 Alas, how little did they know him ?

Some then recounted all the arts
 He us'd, to vanquish little hearts ;
 Affirm'd, he still was making love,
 And kept a miss in every grove ;
 Could trifle with the meanest fowl,
 Nay, offer courtship to an owl !

Scandal, tho' pointed in the dark,
 Is seldom known to miss its mark ;
 While few will interrupt its aim,
 Regardless of another's fame !
 Even they, by whom we once were lov'd,
 Thro' life for several years approv'd !
 When spleen and envy rail aloud,
 Are often carried with the crowd ;
 Preferring, rather than contend,
 To sacrifice their nearest friend.

Thus Sylvia yielded to the birds,
 Too complaisant to doubt their words ;
 Nor thought, that creatures so polite
 Could deal in calumny and spite !

The

The injur'd Lintot, with their leaves,
 For decency she still seduces;
 Who, tho' he fees his foes careful,
 Like some fond lover, hopes the best;
 And doubts his own discerning eyes,
 But, ah, how obvious is disguise?
 At length of hope itself bereft,
 When now no friendly look was left,
 And every mark of fondness fled;
 He hung his wings, and droop'd his head:
 And am I then resign'd, he says,
 To such ungenerous foes as these?
 By these defrauded of my bliss?
 Is all her kindness come to this?
 Yet ah, my tongue, forbear to blame
 That lov'd, that ever-honour'd name;
 This heart, how'er misus'd at last,
 Must own unnumber'd favours past;
 And shall, tho' ne'er to meet again,
 The dear remembrance still remain.

He spoke—and to the window flew,
 There sat, and sung his last adieu.





THE GENIUS OF BRITAIN.

AN IAMBIC ODE.

WRITTEN IN MDCCCLVI.

AS late o'er Britain's chalky coasts
The Genius of the island flew,
The venal swarm of foreign hosts
Inglorious basking in his view,
Deep in his breast he felt the new disgrace,
And honest blushes warm'd his godlike face.

Quick flash'd the lightning of his spear,
Which blasted France on Cressy's field,
He wheel'd the blazing sword in air,
And on his shoulders spread the shield,
As when, o'er Agincourt's blood-purpled lands,
Pale Terror stalk'd thro' all the Gallic bands.

Soon as he cast his eyes below,
Deep heav'd the sympathetic sigh,
Sudden the tears of anguish flow,
For sore he felt th' indignity ;
Discordant passions shook his heavenly frame,
Now Horror's damp, now indignation's flame.

Ah ! what avails, he cried, the blood
 Shed by each patriot band of yore,
 When Freedom's unpaid legions flood
 Protectors of this sea-girt shore,
 When antient Wisdom deem'd each British sword
 From hostile power could guard its valiant lord.

What tho' the Danish raven spread
 Awhile his wings o'er English ground,
 The bird of prey funereal fled
 When Alfred call'd his peers around,
 Whose fleets triumphant riding on the flood,
 Deep stain'd each chalky cliff with Denmark's blood.

Alfred on natives could depend,
 And scorn'd a foreign force t'employ,
 He thought, who dar'd not to defend
 Were never worthy to enjoy ;
 The realm's and monarch's interest deem'd but one,
 And arm'd his subjects to maintain their own.

What tho' weak John's divided reign
 The Gallic legions tempted o'er,
 When Henry's barons join'd again,
 Those feather'd warriors left the shore ;
 Learn, Britons, hence you want no foreign friends,
 The Lion's safety on himself depends.

Reflect

Reflect on Edward's glorious name ;
 On my fifth Henry's martial deeds ;
 Think on those peers of deathless fame,
 Who met their king on Thames's meads,
 When sovereign might acknowledg'd reason's plea,
 That heaven created man for liberty.

Tho' Rome's fell star malignant shone,
 When good Eliza rul'd this state,
 On English hearts she plac'd her throne,
 And in their happiness her fate,
 While blacker than the tempests of the North,
 The papal tyrant sent his curses forth.

Lo ! where my Thames's waters glide
 At great Augusta's regal feet,
 Bearing on each returning tide
 From distant realms a golden fleet,
 Which homeward wafts the fruits of every zone,
 And makes the wealth of all the world your own.

Shall on his silver waves be borne
 Of armed slaves a venal crew ?
 Lo ! the old God denotes his scorn,
 And shudders at th' unusual view,
 Down to his deepest cave retires to mourn,
 And tears indignant bathe his crystal urn.

O ! how can vassals born to bear
 The galling weight of Slavery's chain,
 A patriot's noble ardor share,
 Or Freedom's sacred cause maintain ?
 Britons, exert your own unconquer'd might,
 A Freeman best defends a Freeman's right.

Look back on every deathless deed
 For which your fires recorded stand ;
 To battle, let your nobles lead
 The sons of toil, a hardy band ;
 The sword on each rough peasant's thigh be worn,
 And war's green wreaths the shepherd's front adorn.

But see ! upon his utmost shores
 America's sad Genius lies,
 Each wasted province he deplores,
 And casts on me his languid eyes,
 Blest'd with heav'n's favourite ordinance I fly
 To raise the oppress'd, and humble tyranny.

This said, the Vision westward fled,
 His wrinkled brow denouncing war ;
 The way fire-mantled Vengeance led,
 And Justice drove his airy car ;
 Behind firm-footed Peace her olive bore,
 And Plenty's horn pour'd blessings on the shore.

H O P E.



HOPE. A PASTORAL BALLAD.

MY pipe sounds a cheerfuller note,
 My crook is new garnish'd with flowers,
 This day to sweet thoughts I devote,
 Where blossom the eglantine bowers.

My sheep unattended may stray
 Where clover impurples the plain,
 My dog unregarded may play,
 Till morning rise on him again.

'Tis fit that they too should partake
 Of the joy that enlivens my soul,
 At night I'll repair to the wake,
 And merrily quaff the full bowl.

Just now, as I walk'd thro' the grove,
 I met my dear Delia there,
 And told her a tale of my love,
 Which she seem'd with soft pleasure to hear.

A blush, like the blush of the dawn,
 Stole over her beautiful cheek,
 Smiles, sweeter than infants new-born,
 Told, more than I wish'd her to speak.

I stole from her hand a sweet kiss,
Nor tried she to draw it away,
No description comes up to the bliss
That reigns in my bosom to day.

Methinks every Zephyr that blows
Soft music conveys to my ear,
Methinks every floweret that grows
More blooming and fresh does appear.

The birds tune their musical throats,
And sing most delightfully sweet,
In soft and more delicate notes
Sweet Echo my sighs does repeat.



ODE TO SENSIBILITY.

THanks to thee, Nymph, whose powerful hand
From dulness set me free,
Thy praises I'll for ever sing,
Sweet Sensibility.

Thy touch, so gentle and benign,
Revives the torpid heart,
Thou pleasure canst from pain refine,
To joys new joy impart.

By

By thee the gaudy rainbow shows
 More beauteous to the eye,
 By thee more sweetly smells the rose,
 And boasts a brighter dye.

By thee I taste the luscious sweets
 Of Cloe's nectar'd kifs,
 By thee I laugh, or cheerful sing,
 And seize each transient blifs.

When Cloe tunes her liquid voice,
 Or tries soft music's art,
 By thee the sounds melodious pierce,
 Like lightning, to the heart.

By thee the poet's charming lays
 Our various passions move,
 Now fire the soul with rage, or melt
 To pity, or to love.

By thee the scientific page
 The scholar's eye delights,
 By thee he shares the feast of wit,
 Or wit himself indites.

With thee we taste the joys of wine,
 Of friendship, and of love,
 When thou art gone we lonely pine,
 Or melancholic rove.

PETRARCH AND LAURA.

AN EPIGRAMMATIC TALE.

DA N Petrarch of old, it has often been said,
 By some Cardinal urg'd, his fair Laura to wed,
 With an offer of fortune (and well-tim'd it was,
 For poets have seldom much rent from Parnass)
 Cried, my lord you'll excuse me, but I have a reason
 Why even this offer becomes out of season ;
 I've a new book of sonnets just ripe for the press,
 Upon the same plan as the last, you may guess ;
 I have there, all along, made my Laura a goddess,
 And Venus, to please me, has lent her the bodice ;
 While Hebe, Minerva, and twenty to boot,
 With gifts all celestial have trick'd me her out.
 Now marriage, my lord, the whole charm would destroy,
 And hurl her divinity quite from the sky,
 To my cost I should find her no more than a woman,
 And my sonnets, alas ! would gain credit with no man.



T O W I N T E R.

BY MR. WORT.

WHAT! tho' thou com'st in sable mantle clad,
 Yet, Winter! art thou welcome to my eye:
 Thee here I hail; tho' tortors round thee wait,
 And winds tempestuous howl along the sky.

But shall I then so soon forget the days
 When Ceres led me thro' her wheaten mines!
 When autumn pluck'd me, with his tawny hand,
 Empurpled clusters from ambrosial vines!

So soon forget, when up the yielding pole
 I saw ascend the silver-bearded hop!
 When Summer, waving high her crown of hay,
 Pour'd o'er the mead her odoriferous crop!

I must forget them—and thee too, O Spring!
 Tho' many a chaplet thou hast weav'd for me:
 For, now prepar'd to quit th' enchanting scenes,
 Cold, ~~weeping~~ Winter! I come all to thee.

Hail to thy rolling clouds, and rapid storms !
 Tho' they deform fair Nature's lovely face :
 Hail to thy winds, that sweep along the earth !
 Tho' trees they root up from their solid base.

How sicklied over is the face of things !
 Where is the spice kifs of the southern gale !
 Where the wild rose, that smil'd upon the thorn,
 The mountain flower, and lilly of the vale !

How gloomy 'tis to cast the eye around,
 And view the trees disrob'd of every leaf,
 The velvet path grown rough with clotting showers,
 And every field depriv'd of every sheaf !

How far more gloomy o'er the rain-beat heath,
 Alone to travel in the dead of night !
 No twinkling star to gild the arch of heaven,
 No moon to lend her temporary light :

To see the lightning spread its ample sheet,
 Discern the wild waste thro' its liquid fire,
 To hear the thunder rend the troubled air,
 As time itself and nature would expire :

And yet, O Winter ! has thy poet seen
 Thy face as smooth, and placid as the Spring,
 Has felt, with comfort felt, the beam of heaven,
 And heard thy vallies and thy woodlands ring.

What time the sun with burnish'd locks arose,
 The long loft charms of nature to renew,
 When pearls of ice bedeck'd the grassy turf,
 And tree-tops floated in the silver dew.

Father of heaven and earth ! this change is thine :
 By thee the Seasons in gradation roll,
 Thou great omniscient Ruler of the world !
 Thou Alpha and Omega of the whole !

Here humbly bow we down our heads to thee !
 'Tis ours the voice of gratitude to raise,
 Thine to diffuse thy blessings o'er the land ;
 Thine to receive the incense of our praise.

Pure if it rises from the conscious heart,
 With thee for ever does the symbol live ;
 Tho' small for all thy love is man's return,
 Thou ask'st no more, than he has power to give.





A N

EPISTLE OF M. DE VOLTAIRE,

UPON HIS ARRIVAL AT HIS ESTATE NEAR THE LAKE
OF GENEVA, IN MARCH, MDCCCLV.

FROM THE FRENCH:

O Take, O keep me, ever blest domains,
Where lovely Flora with Pomona reigns;
Where Art fulfils what Nature's voice requires,
And gives the charms to which my verse aspires;
Take me, the world with transport I resign,
And let your peaceful solitude be mine!

Yet not in these retreats I boast to find
That perfect bliss that leaves no wish behind;
This, to no lonely shade kind Nature brings,
Nor Art bestows on courtiers, or on kings;
Not even the Sage this boon has e'er possess'd,
Tho' join'd with wisdom, virtue shar'd his breast;
This transient life, alas! can ne'er suffice
To reach the distant goal, and snatch the prize;
Yet, sooth'd to rest, we feel suspense from woe,
And tho' not perfect joy, yet joy we know.

Enchanting scenes! what pleasure you dispense
Where'er I turn, to every wondering sense!
An ocean here, where no rude tempest roars,
With crystal waters laves the hallow'd shores;

* The lake of Geneva.

Here flowery fields with rising hills are crown'd,
 Where clustering vines empurple all the ground ;
 Now by degrees from hills to Alps they rise,
 Hell groans beneath, above they pierce the skies !
 See the proud summit, white with endless frost,
 Eternal bulwark of the blissful coast !
 The blissful coast the hardy Lombards gain,
 And frost and mountains cross their course in vain ;
 Here glory beckon'd mighty chiefs of old,
 And planted laurels to reward the bold ;
 Charles, Otto, Cotti heard her trumpet sound,
 And, borne on victory's wings, they spurn'd the mound.

See, on those banks where yon calm waters swell,
 The hair-clad epicure's luxurious cell !
 See fam'd Ripaille, where ease so grave, so gay,
 Great Amedeus † pass'd from prayer to play :
 Fantastic wretch ! thou riddle of thy kind !
 What strange ambition seiz'd thy frantic mind ?
 Prince, hermit, lover ! blast thro' every hour
 With blissful change of pleasure and of power,
 Couldst thou, thus paradis'd, from care remote,
 Rush to the world, and fight for Peter's boat ?

† Amedeus the Pacific, first duke of Savoy, in 1434 retired to the priory of Ripaille, where he affected to live like an hermit, and suffered his beard to grow to an enormous length ; but he kept a mistress in his cell ; and in other respects lived in great luxury ; yet he joined with a faction against Pope Eugenius IV. and being elected to the see of Rome, he was crowned Pope by the name of Felix V. but afterwards resigned at the request of Charles VII. king of France.

Now

Now by the Gods of sweet repose I swear,
 I would not thus have barter'd ease for care,
 Spight of the keys that move our fear and hope,
 I ne'er would quit such penance to be-Pope.

Let him who Rome's stern tyrant stoop'd to praise,
 The tuneful chanter of sweet georgic lays,
 Let Maro boast of streams that Nature pours
 To lave proud villas on Italia's shores ;
 Superior far the streams that court my song,
 Superior far the shores they wind along :
 Blest shores ! the dwelling of that sacred power
 Who rules each joyful, and each glorious hour,
 Queen of whate'er the good or great desire,
 The patriot's eloquence, the hero's fire,
 Shrin'd in each breast, and near the tyrant's sword
 Invok'd in whispers, and in sighs ador'd,
 Immortal Liberty, whose generous mind
 With all her gifts would bless all human-kind !
 See, from Morat* she comes in martial charms,
 And shines like Pallas in celestial arms,
 Her sword the blood of boastful Austria stains,
 And Charles, who threaten'd with opprobrious chains.

Now hostile crowds Geneva's towers assail,
 They march in secret, and by night they scale ;

* Morat is a little town in the canton of Fribourgh in Switzerland, famous for a battle which the Switzers gained against Charles the Rash, duke of Burgundy, by which they recovered and established their liberty. Charles himself was wounded, and left 18,000 Austrians dead on the spot.

The

The Goddess comes—they vanish from the wall.
 Their lances shiver, and their heroes fall,
 For fraud can ne'er elude, nor force withstand
 The stroke of Liberty's victorious hand *.

She smiles ; her smiles perpetual joys diffuse ;
 A shouting nation where she turns pursues ;
 Their heart-felt Pæans thunder to the sky,
 And echoing Appenines from far reply :
 Such wreaths their temples crown as Greece entwined
 Her hero's brows at Marathon † to bind ;
 Such wreaths the sons of freedom hold more dear,
 Than circling gold and gems that crown the peer,
 Than the broad hat which shades the Pontiff's face,
 Or the cleft mitre's venerable grace.
 Insulting grandeur, in gay tinsel drest,
 Shows here no star embroider'd on the breast,
 No tissued ribbon on the shoulder tied,
 Vain gift implor'd by Vanity from Pride !
 Nor here stern Wealth, with supercilious eyes,
 The faltering prayer of weeping want denies ;
 Here no false Pride at honest labour sneers,
 Men here are brothers, equal but in years ;

* The duke of Savoy once attempted to surprize Geneva, and take it in the night by escalade, but the first man that mounted the wall was discovered by a woman, who courageously knocked him down, and alarmed the Genevese, who drove off the assailants, and falling after them, made a great slaughter.

† At Marathon, Miltiades, with 10,000 Athenians, defeated an army of more than 100,000 Persians, and delivered his country from a foreign yoke.

Here heaven, O ! Liberty, has fix'd thy throne,
Fill'd, glorious Liberty ! by thee alone.

Rome sees thy face, since Brutus felt, no more,
A stranger thou on many a cultur'd shore :
The Polish lord, of thy embraces vain,
Pricks his proud counter o'er Sarmatic's plain ;
Erects his haughty front in martial pride,
And spurns the brawler, grovelling at his side ;
The grovelling brawler burns with secret fire,
Looks up, beholds thee, sighs, despairs, expires.

Britain's rough sene in thy defence are bold,
Yet some pretend at London thou art fold ;
I heed them not, to sell too proud, too wise,
If blood must buy, with blood the Briton buys.

On Belgic bogs, 'tis said, thy footsteps fail,
But thou secure may'st scorn the whisper'd tale ;
To latest times the race of great Nassau,
Who rais'd seven altars* to thy sacred law,
With faithful hands thy honours shall defend,
And bid proud factions to thy falces bend.

Thee Venice keeps, thee Genoa now regains ;
And next the thrones thy feet the Swede maintains ;
How few in safety thus with kings can vie !
If not supreme, how dangerous to be high !
O ! still preside where'er the law's thy friend,
And keep thy station, and thy rights defend :
But take no factious League's† reproachful name,
Still prone to change, and zealous still to blame,

* The Union of the Seven Provinces.

† The author alludes to the famous League formed against
Henry of France.

Cloud not the sunshine of a conquering race,
 Whom wisdom governs, and whom manners grace;
 Fond of their sovereign, of subjection vain,
 They wish no favours at thy hands to gain,
 Nor need such vassals at their lord repine,
 Whose easy sway they fondly take for thine.

Thro' the wide East less gentle is thy fate,
 Where the dumb murderer guards the sultan's gate;
 Here pale and trembling, in the dust o'erturn'd,
 With chains dishonour'd, and by eunuchs spur'd,
 The sword and bow-string plac'd on either side
 Thou mourn'st, while slaves of life and death decide.

Spoil'd of thy cap thro' all the bright Levant
 Tell * gave thee his, and well supply'd the want,
 O! come my Goddess, in thy chosen hour,
 And let my better fortune hail thy power;
 Fair friendship calls thee to my green retreat,
 O! come, with friendship share the mossy seat;
 Like thee she flies the turbulent and great,
 The craft of business, and the farce of state;
 To you, propitious powers, at last I turn,
 To you, my vows ascend, my altars burn;
 Let me of each the pleasing influence share,
 My joys now heighten'd, and now sooth'd my care;
 Each ruder passion banish'd from my breast,
 Bid the short remnant of my days be blest.

* William Tell was the means of restoring liberty and independence to Switzerland by killing Gessler, the tyrant who governed it for the emperor Albert.



THE WINTER'S WALK.

By SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. L. D.

BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,
 What dreary prospects round us rise,
 The naked hill, the leafless grove,
 The hoary ground, the frowning skies !

Nor only through the wasted plain,
 Stern Winter is thy force confess'd,
 Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
 I feel thy power usurp my breast.

Enlivening hope and fond desire,
 Resign the heart to spleen and care,
 Scarce frightened love maintains her fire,
 And rapture saddens to despair.

In groundless hope and causeless fear,
 Unhappy man ! behold thy doom,
 Still changing with the changeful year,
 The slave of sunshine and of gloom.

Tir'd with vain joys, and false alarms,
 With mental and corporeal strife,
 Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
 And screen me from the illa of life.

E P I.



EPITAPH ON CLAUDIUS PHILLIPS.

BY THE SAME.

PHILLIPS! whose touch harmonious could remove
 The pangs of guiltless power or hapless love,
 Rest here oppress'd by poverty no more,
 Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before:
 Rest undisturb'd within this humble shrine,
 Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.



T H E P O O R M A N ' s P R A Y E R .

ADDRESSED TO LORD CHATHAM.

AMIDST the more important toils of state,
 The counsels lab'ring in thy patriot soul,
 Tho' Europe from thy voice expect her fate,
 And thy keen glance extends from pole to pole :

O Chatham ! nurs'd in antient virtue's lore,
 To these sad strains incline a fav'ring ear ;
 Think on the God whom thou and I adore,
 Nor turn unpitying from *the Poor Man's Prayer*.

P

Ah

Ah me ! how blest was once a peasant's life,
 No lawless passion swell'd my even breast ;
 Far from the stormy waves of civil strife,
 Sound were my slumbers, and my heart at rest.

I ne'er for guilty painful pleasures rov'd;
 But taught by nature and by choice to wed,
 From all the hamlet cull'd whom best I lov'd,
 With her I laid my heart, with her my bed,

To gild her worth I ask'd no wealthy power,
 My toil could feed her, and my arm defend ;
 In youth or age, in pain or pleasure's hour,
 The same fond husband, father, brother, friend.

And she, the faithful partner of my care,
 When ruddy evening streak'd the western sky,
 Look'd towards the uplands, if her mate was there,
 Or thro' the beech-wood cast an anxious eye.

The careful matron heap'd the maple board
 With savoury herbs, and pick'd the nicer part
 From such plain food as nature could afford,
 Ere simple nature was debauch'd by art:

While I, contented with my homely cheer,
 Saw round my knees my prattling children play ;
 And oft with pleas'd attention sat to hear
 The little history of their idle day.

But

But ah ! how chang'd the scene ! on the cold stones,
Where wont at night to blaze the cheerful fire,
Pale Famine sits, and counts her naked bones,
Still fights for food, still pines with vain desire.

My faithful wife, with ever-streaming eyes,
Hangs on my bosom her dejected head !
My helpless infants raise their feeble cries,
And from their father claim their daily bread.

Dear tender pledges of my honest love,
On that bare bed behold your brother lie ;
Three tedious days with pinching want he strove,
The fourth I saw the helpless cherub die.

Nor long shall ye remain, with visage sour
Our tyrant lord commands us from our home ;
And arm'd with cruel law's coercive power
Bids me and mine o'er barren mountains roam.

Yet never, Chatham, have I pass'd a day
In riot's orgies or in idle ease ;
Ne'er have I sacrific'd to sport and play,
Or wish'd a pamper'd appetite to please.

Hard was my fate, and constant was my toil ;
Still with the morning's orient light I rose,
Fell'd the stout oak, or rais'd the lofty pile,
Parch'd in the sun, in dark December froze.

Is it that Nature, with a niggard hand,
Witholds her gifts from these once favour'd plains ?
Has God, in vengeance to a guilty land,
Sent dearth and famine to her lab'ring swains ?

Ah, no ; yon hill, where daily sweats my brow,
A thousand flocks, a thousand herds adorn ;
Yon field where late I drove the painful plough,
Feels all her acres crown'd with wavy corn.

But what avails, that o'er the furrow'd soil
In autumn's heat the yellow harvests rise,
If artificial want elude my toil,
Untasted plenty wound my craving eyes ?

What profits if at distance I behold
My wealthy neighbour's fragrant smoke ascend,
If still the griping cormorants withhold
The fruits which rain and genial seasons send ?

If those fell vipers of the public weal
Yet unrelenting on our bowels prey ;
If still the curse of penury we feel,
And in the midst of plenty pine away ?

In every port the vessels ride secure,
That wafts our harvest to a foreign shore ;
While we the pangs of pressing want endure,
The sons of strangers riot on our store.

O generous

O generous Chatham, stop those fatal sails,
 Once more with outstretch'd arm thy Britons save :
 Th' unheeding crew but waits for fav'ring gales,
 O stop them ere they stem Italia's wave.

From thee alone I hope for instant aid,
 'Tis thou alone canst save my children's breath ;
 O deem not little of our cruel need,
 O haste to help us, for delay is death.

So may nor spleen, nor envy blast thy name,
 Nor voice profane thy patriot acts deride ;
 Still may'st thou stand the first in honest fame,
 Unstung by folly, vanity, or pride.

So may thy languid limbs with strength be brac'd,
 And glowing health support thy active soul ;
 With fair renown thy public virtue grac'd,
 Far as thou lead'st Britannia's thunder roll.

Then joy to thee, and to thy children peace,
 The grateful hind shall drink from Plenty's horn ;
 And while they share the cultur'd land's increase,
 The poor shall bless the day when *Pitt* was born.



A N E P I T A P H,

WRITTEN BY MR. CALED SMITH UPON HIS WIFE.

I F beauty's fairest form, and each bright charm,
 That with soft love th' enamour'd soul does warm ;
 If sprightly fancy with sound judgment join'd ;
 Good nature, sweet deportment, sense refin'd ;
 And what we highest prize,—a virtuous mind ;
 If conduct blameless, and unblemish'd life,
 In every state of virgin, widow, wife ;
 Amidst a world of follies, flatt'ries, cares, and strife ;
 If nicest honour, spotless purity,
 Firm faith, fair hope, and boundless charity ;
 Unerring prudence, strict regard to truth ;
 And deathless fame acquir'd in bloom of youth ;
 If these, or any grace, had power to save
 The best of wives and women from the grave :
 If all men's wishes, and the husband's pray'r ;
 The force of drugs, or wise physician's care,
 Cou'd respite righteous heaven's severe decree,
 To rend a blessing from the world and me ;
 Then, rueful Pancras, none had ever read
 Maria's honour'd name among thy dead.

Aug. 19, 1747:

VERSES



V E R S E S

Written by RICHARD BERENGER, Esq. upon Mr. DODSLEY's
publishing 2 vols. of Poems by several hands, in which
an Ode, called, The Regions of Terror and Pity,
(wrote by Mr. DODSLEY) was not inserted.

YOU ask why in that garland fair,
Where various sweets abound,
A *certain* flow'r of merit rare
Is no where to be found ?

Why the same florist thought not meet
To give that bloom its due ?
Since none can odours yield more sweet,
Or boast a brighter hue.

Then know, the modest swain, my friend,
Who cull'd those flow'rs so gay,
Meant others worth to recommend,
And not his own display.

But if this blooming wreath had been
Twin'd by another's care,
Dodsley, thy flow'r, we then had seen
Shining distinguish'd there.

Mr.



MR. DODSLEY's ANSWER.

Y E S, yes, my friend, my heart I own
 Was weak, was vain enough to've shewn
 That ode amongst its betters ;
 But Prudence whisper'd in my ear,
 Be diffident, nor prefs so near
 To rank with men of letters.

Aim not in that selected wreath,
 Where buds of sweetest odours breath,
 To mix thy fainter blooms ;
 Nor dare to place with flow'rs so bright,
 Pale hemlock, and cold aconite,
 To poison their perfumes.

Abash'd I listen'd, yet obey'd
 The friendly voice, and to the shade
 Melpomene was driven ;
 But mark the event, 'tis hence she shines,
 With lustre from your partial lines
 Her own could ne'er have given.



T H E W I S H.

I.

SHOULD I e'er become parson (for so I'm inclin'd),
 May I get a snug benefice pat to my mind,
 Large enough to allow of a wife at my table,
 A cow in my yard, and a nag in my stable.

May my flock n'er embroil me in quarrels and strife,
 In good humour I'd live all the days of my life,
 And die before tir'd of myself or my wife.

II.

With a friend or two near me of equal degree,
 As like me in all things as pea is to pea;
 On a pudding and joint who contented can dine,
 With a glass of old Port, and October divine.

May my flock, &c.

III.

May my offerings and tythes make me always appear
 With a clean tho' coarse shirt ev'ry day in the year;
 For of all living things, not excepting a swine,
 The beastliest of beasts, is a beastly divine.

May my flock, &c.

IV.

May I ne'er grow too grave, not to jbin in the fun,
 When my lord cracks a joke, or the squire cuts a pun,

For

For if life is a jest, as the wisest have spoke,
 He lives the best life then who cuts the best joke.
 May my flock, &c.

V.

With no mystical learning I'd trouble my head,
 Relying on faith, which will do in its stead;
 With knowledge enough heaven's gates to unlock,
 And to take the strait road there along with my flock.
 May my flock, &c.

VI.

With a bottle or two of prime wine on my shelf,
 To recur to whene'er I am tir'd of myself;
 And a good natur'd muse to retire to at leisure,
 Who will wrap me in rhimes, and inspire me with measure.
 May my flock, &c.

VII.

To enjoy what I have, without wishing for more,
 For contentment with little is doubling one's store;
 And when I am gone, may my successor say,
 He's gone, and I wish I could live the same way:
 For his flock ne'er embroil'd him in quarrels or strife,
 In good humour he liv'd all the days of his life,
 And died before tir'd of himself or his wife.





A S O N G.

by Dr Delany

I.

SHALL Pope sing his flammèd
 With quality dames,
 And dutcheffes toast when he dines;
 Shall Swift ballads compose
 On the girls at the Rose,
 Whilst unsung is my fair Charlotte Lynes?

II.

O! were Phœbus my friend,
 Or would Bacchus but lend
 Me the spirits that flow from his wines,
 The lass of the mill,
 Molly Mogg, and Lepell,
 Shou'd be dowdies to fair Charlotte Lynes.

III.

The astronomer cries
 Look up to yon skies,
 And view the bright heavenly signs;
 For a sight brighter far
 Than sun, moon, or star,
 Let him look at my fair Charlotte Lynes.

IV.

The miser for gain
 Thinks nothing of pain,
 And contentedly digs in the mines :
 Let him take all Peru,
 And rich Mexico too,
 What are these to my fair Charlotte Lynes?

V.

Any porter may serve
 For a copy to carve
 An Alcides with muscular chines ;
 But a Venus to draw,
 Bright as eye ever saw,
 He must copy my fair Charlotte Lynes.

VI.

The favourite child,
 Whom her fondness has spoil'd,
 For mamma often whimpers and whines ;
 And this hour let me die
 But I languish and sigh,
 When I'm absent from fair Charlotte Lynes. :

VII.

For quadrille when the fair
 Cards and counters prepare,
 They cast out the tens, eights, and nines ;
 And in love 'tis my fear
 The like fate I shall share,
 Discarded by fair Charlotte Lynes:

VIII.

VIII.

Astrologers prove
The conjunctions above,
With their houses, squares, circles, and signs :
But oh ! could they show
One conjunction below
Between me and my fair Charlotte Lynes :

IX.

With hearts full of rapture,
Our good dean and chapter
Count over, and finger their fines :
But I'd give their estate,
Was it ten times as great,
For one kiss from my fair Charlotte Lynes.

X.

In the midst of gay fights,
And foreign delights,
For his country the banish'd man pines :
Thus from her when away,
Tho' my eyes they may stray,
Yet my heart is with fair Charlotte Lynes.

XI.

Antiquity's page,
The rev'rend sage
Explains from old medals and coins ;
But no comment so fit
On youth, beauty, and wit,
Can they find as my fair Charlotte Lynes.

XIII.

XII.

It is Atropos' sport
 With her sheers to cut short
 The thread which dame Lachesis twines :
 But forbear, you curst jade,
 Or cut mine, not the thread
 That was spun for my fair Charlotte Lynes.

XIII.

The young pair for a crown,
 On his book paid him down,
 The sacrist * obsequiously joins ;
 Was I bishop, I swear
 I'd resign him my chair,
 To unite me with fair Charlotte Lynes.

XIV.

For my first night I'd go
 To those regions of snow,
 Where the sun for six months never shines ;
 And, oh ! there shou'd complain
 He too soon came again
 To disturb me with fair Charlotte Lynes.

XV.

The pastures, the sheep,
 Shall exchange for the deep,
 And mackrel shall grow on the vines ;
 The sun shall burn blue,
 Ere my heart proves untrue,
 Or forgets to love fair Charlotte Lynes.

* Tom White.

O N



ON MR. WALPOLE'S HOUSE

AT STRAWBERRY HILL.

BY MISS M——.

WHEN Envy saw yon Gothic structure rise,
 She view'd the fabric with malignant eyes:
 With grief she gazes on the antique wall,
 The pictur'd windows, and the trophy'd hall.
 Thro' well-ranged chambers, next she bends her way;
 Gloomy, not dark, and cheerful, tho' not gay;
 Where to the whole, each part proportion bears,
 And all around, a pleasing aspect wears.
 Towards the study then her footsteps tend,
 Where columns rise, and sculptur'd arches bend:
 Here soothing Melancholy holds her seat,
 And Contemplation seeks the lov'd retreat.
 The garden next displays a magic scene
 Of fragrant plants and never-fading green:
 Each various season, various gifts bestows,
 The lilac, woodbine, and the blooming rose;
 Hence, in clear prospect to the gazer's eye,
 Woods, hills, and streams, in sweet confusion lie.
 The silver Thames, as he pursues his way,
 Seems here to loiter, and prolong his stay.

These

These matchless charms, her indignation move,
 She weeps to find she cannot but approve :
 Then sorely sighing, from her canker'd breast,
 Thus the curst fiend her impious woes express :
 Am I in vain the foe to all thy race ?
 'Twas I that wrought thy patriot fire's disgrace ;
 In vain I strove, to blot his honour'd name,
 Brighter it shines, restor'd by endless fame :
 And must another Walpole break my rest,
 And must thy praises, my repose molest ?
 'Tis thine, by various talents, still to please,
 To plan with judgment, execute with ease ;
 With equal skill, to build, converse and write,
 To charm the mind, and gratify the sight.
 Ah! could I but these battlements o'erthrow,
 And lay this monument of genius low ?
 But vain the wish, for art and nature join
 To add perfection to the fair design :
 It must proceed, for so the fates decree,
 Yet mark the sentence that's pronounc'd by me :
 Thousands that view it shall the work despise,
 And thousands more shall view it with my eyes ;
 Th' applause which thou so gladly wouldst receive,
 The candid and the wise alone shall give :
 Taste, tho' much talk'd of, is confin'd to few,
 They best can prize it, who are most like you.

To

To the AU TH O R E S S of some Lines on
STRAWBERRY-HILL.

By the HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

M I S T A K E N fair one, check thy fancy's flight;
Nor let fond poetry misguide thy sight.
The sweet creation, by thy pencil drawn,
Nor real in the fabric; nor the lawn.
Less in the master, is the picture true,
Unlike the portrait, and improv'd the view.
A trifling, careless, short-liv'd writer, he
Nor Envy's topic can, nor object be.
Nor pasteboard walls, nor mimic towers are fit,
To exercise her tooth, or Delia's wit.
No 'twas Parnassus did her fancy fill,
Which the kind maid mistook for Strawb'ry-hill:
While Modesty persuaded her to place
Another on that mount she ought to grace.





TO APOLLO MAKING LOVE.
FROM MONSIEUR FONTENELLE.

BY THOMAS TICKELL, ESQ.

I Am, cry'd Apollo, when Daphné he woo'd,
And panting for breath, the coy virgin pursu'd,
When his wisdom, in manner most ample, express
The long list of the graces his godship possess:
I'm the god of sweet song, and inspirer of lays;
Nor for lays, nor sweet song, the fair fugitive rays:
I'm the god of the harp—stop, my fairest—in vain;
Nor the harp, nor the harper, could fetch her again:
Every plant, every flower, and their virtues I know,
God of light I'm above, and of physic below:
At the dreadful word physic, the nymph fled more fast;
At the fatal word physic, she doubled her haste:
Thou fond god of wisdom, then alter thy phrase,
Bid her view thy young bloom, and thy ravishing rays,
Tell her less of thy knowledge, and more of thy charms,
And, my life for't, the damsel shall fly to thy arms.

T H E

THE
THIRTEENTH BOOK
OF
VIRGIL.

WRITTEN BY MAPHÆUS VEGIUS.

Translated into ENGLISH VERSE,

By MOSES MENDES, Esq.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE great character Maphæus Vegius bore among the learned, may be a sufficient reason for me to have attempted the following translation; in which I was the more encouraged, as I do not know of any other version but one by Thomas Twine, doctor of physick, printed in the year 1584; and he, I am sure, is no powerful antagonist. I shall not pretend to criticise upon my author; but shall only observe, by the way, that I think him too fond of repetitions, some of which I have hurried over, and others I have entirely struck out.

Maphæus Vegius was born at Lodi, in the Milanese, in the year 1407, and was secretary of the briefs to pope Martin the Fifth, and afterwards datary. He was likewise endowed with a canonry of St. Peter's, with which he was so well contented, that he refused a rich bishoprick. Pope Eugenius the Fourth, and Nicholas the Fifth, out of their regard for his learning, and affection to his person, continued him in his office of datary.

He died at Rome in the year 1459.



T H E
T H I R T E E N T H B O O K
O F
V I R G I L.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

Turnus being slain by Eneas, the Rutuli submit to the conqueror, and are suffered to carry off their dead leader with all his armour, except the belt of Pallas, which is to be sent back to Evander. Eneas sacrifices to the gods. Latinus deplores the death of Turnus. So does Daunus his father, who likewise laments a great conflagration, that lays his city in ashes, and is miraculously transformed into a bird called a heron. Latinus sends messengers to Eneas with proposals of peace, and a treaty of marriage with his daughter Lavinia, which are both accepted. He comes to Laurentum, marries the daughter of the king, and at his death succeeds him in the kingdom, having first founded a city of his own, which he names Lavinium. Venus intercedes with Jupiter to make her son a god, which he consents to. She flies with him to heaven, and he is afterwards worshipped by the Romans.

DEform'd in dust now Turnus press'd the ground,
The soul indignant rushing from the wound,
While eminent amid the gazing bands,
Like Mars himself, the Trojan victor stands :

Q 3

Groans

Groans thick in comfort from the Latians rise,
And ev'ry heart in every bosom dies.

As the tall wood bewails in hollow sound,
By storms impell'd, her honours on the ground :
Now, fix'd in earth their spears, the humbled foe
Rest on their swords, and targets from them throw ;
Condemn the thirst of battle, and abhor
The dreaded fury of destructive war ;
Submit to all the conqu'ror shall impose,
And pardon crave and end of all their woes.

As when two bulls, inflam'd with martial rage,
Impetuous in the bloody fight engage,
To each his herd inclines, who anxious wait
The dubious conflict, and their champion's fate ;
But, one victorious, t'others dames in awe
From their foil'd chief their former faith withdraw :
They grieve indeed, but join with one accord
To share the fortunes of an happier lord.

So the Rutulians, struck with mighty dread,
Tho' deep their sorrow for their leader dead,
Yet now the Phrygians glorious arms would join,
Conducted by a leader so divine ;
And a firm league of lasting peace implore,
That cruel war might vex their lives no more.
Then striding o'er the foe, the ghastly dead,
The Trojan chief expostulating said :

“ What

" What madness seiz'd thee, Daunian, in the thought,
 That we by Heaven's appointment hither brought,
 Here planted by the thunderer's decree,
 Could from our mansions be expell'd by thee ?
 Oh rash, the will celestial to oppose,
 To anger Jove, and make the gods thy foes.
 At length the utmost of thy rage is done
 'Gainst Teucer's race with breach of league begun :
 Lo, future times from this instructive day
 Almighty Jove shall fear to disobey ;
 And learn from dread example, to abhor
 The crime of kindling, without cause, a war.
 Now boast thy arms : a noble corse thou'rt laid ;
 Since such a price thou for Lavinia paid :
 Nor yet shall fame to thy dishonour tell,
 That thou defeated by ~~Eneas~~ fell.
 But, oh Rutulians, bear away your chief,
 Funereal rites perform, indulge your grief ;
 With all his arms your hero I restore,
 Except the belt which erst young Pallas wore ;
 That, to his hoary sire I mean to send,
 Perhaps some comfort may the gift attend :
 The sullen joy that slak'd revenge bestows,
 May sooth his soul, and mollify his woes.
 And ye, Ausonians, under better stars
 Shall lead your legions to successful wars,
 If justice wield the sword. I never fought
 To harm your friends, but self-defending fought,
 To save my own the hostile steel I drew,
 Fate crown'd my honest aim, and frown'd on you."

Q 4

Eneas

Eneas said, and fought with inward joy
 The walls that hold the poor remains of Troy ;
 Mean while his troops their well-lov'd chief attend,
 And with reproach the conquer'd hosts offend :
 Their shouts triumphant eccho to the sky,
 The mett'l'd courfers neigh, and seem to fly.

The pious Trojan ere he light the fire
 Due to his friends upon the sacred pyre,
 By other flames begins his just returns,
 And to the gods each holy altar burns ;
 Observant ever of his country's rites,
 The mitred priest devoted heifers finites.
 The clam'rous swine increase the heaps of slain,
 And milk-white lambkins plead for life in vain.
 Forth from each victim are the entrails torn,
 And piece-meal cut, in sacred chargers borne.
 They strip the fleecy mother of her pride,
 And roasting fires th' attendant throngs provide:
 From deep-mouth'd urns they pour upon the shrine
 Their due libations to the god of wine.
 With grateful incense they the pow'rs invoke,
 And from each altar curls the fragrant smoke.
 The choral bands the hymns appointed sing
 To thee, O Venus, and to Heav'n's Great King ;
 Saturnian Juno heard her praise with joy,
 Her rage abated tow'rd the sons of Troy.
 Mars too was sung, and then the num'rous host
 Of minor gods, who feast ætherial boast.

Eneas with his hands to Heaven address'd,
 And folding young Iulus to his breast,
 Bespoke the boy, " At length, my only son,
 Our toils are o'er, the task of war is done,
 At length approaches the long wish'd-for hour
 To clasp soft quiet, now within our pow'r.
 Soon as the morn shall ope the gates of day
 To yon proud walls, O wing thy speedy way :"
 Next to his friends he turn'd him graceful round,
 " Ye sons of Ilion, ever-faithful found,
 Too long, alas, we've strangers been to ease,
 The brunt of battle, and the rage of seas
 Have been our lot, a scene of endless pain
 Involv'd us all, but better days remain ;
 Our pangs are past, our sufferings all are o'er,
 Peace, dove-eyed Peace, salutes us on this shore ;
 For know, Lavinia shall be firmly mine,
 And Trojan shall with Latian blood combine ;
 From whose great mixture shall a nation spring,
 To give the world one universal king,
 Whose wide domain shall stretch from pole to pole,
 Where earth is seen, or mighty oceans roll.
 Then, dear companions, with th'Ausonian band
 In peace and concord share this happy land ;
 The good Latiaus as your king obey,
 For who more just, more fit for regal sway.
 This have I fix'd ; by me be taught to dare
 The rough approaches of invasive war,
 By me instructed, suffer as you ought,
 Nor on the gods cast one unhallow'd thought ;

By

By heav'n I swear, my friends so often try'd,
 Now wanton Fortune combats on my side,
 The toils you've suffered, and the dangers past,
 Shall meet with ample wury at last."

So spoke the chief, revolving in his mind
 The various fortunes that attend mankind,
 Rejoic'd to see the objects of his care
 Safe, thro' his means, from tempests, rage, and war.
 As when a kite in many a whirling ring
 Intent on blood, comes swooping on the wing,
 The anxious hen, for her young brood in dread,
 The fell destroyer hov'ring o'er their head,
 Whets her sharp bill, th' invader to engage,
 And urg'd by fondness conquers lawless rage ;
 The tyrant flies, nor yet her fears suppress'd,
 She calls each feather'd wand'rer to her breast,
 There shields them close, and counts them o'er and o'er,
 And dangers over-past regards no more :
 Anchises son thus to his hands of Troy
 By former woe enhances present joy,
 The perils past of battle, land and seas,
 Are sweet rememb'rance to an heart at ease,
 For which the hero grateful homage pays
 To ev'ry god, and hymns the thund'rer's praise.

The sad Rutulians their dead leader bear,
 And the last office for the chief prepare,
 The clam'rous sorrow catches all around,
 Latinus heard the melancholy sound ;

Prefaging

Prefaging fears his anxious breast divide :
 But when he saw the wound in Turnus side,
 He quickly caught the epidemic woe,
 His bosom heav'd, his eyes in torrents flow,
 In graceful guise he wav'd his scepter'd hand,
 And order'd silence to th' intruding band,
 Who came in clusters thronging to the plain,
 To view the features of the mighty slain.

As when the foaming boar, whom dogs surround,
 Rips up their gen'rous chief with mortal wound,
 The howling pack about the hunter throng,
 And seem to call him to avenge the wrong ;
 The well known signals of his hand and voice
 Reduce their tumult, and compose the noise :
 Latinus silenc'd thus the clam'rous train,
 And a dumb sorrow dwelt on all the plain ;
 The solemn pause the good old monarch broke,
 And the big drops fell from him as he spoke.

“ What scenes of various ills, of care, and strife,
 Await poor mortals on this sea of life ;
 Pride finds in crowns her pleasures all compleat,
 Deluded wretch to call a poison sweet ;
 Ambition hastens to the dusty field,
 Can death, can dangers soft contentment yield ?
 Th' example now is recent to your eyes,
 Young Turnus fate shou'd teach you to be wise.
 Beneath the glitt'ring throne that bears a king
 Are poniards hid, and aspies dart their sting :

Few,

Few, few alas, a monarch's cares behold,
He sighs in purple, and repines in gold,
Control'd to act against his own intent,
And when he sighs for peace, to war consent.

“ Ah, what avail'd, mistaken Turnus say,
To urge my people to the lawless fray,
To break that knot which sacred faith had ty'd,
And war 'gainst those with whom th' immortals side?
'Twas with regret the sword of rage I drew,
For ah too well the consequence I knew.
Oft have I seen thee on thy bounding steed,
In burnish'd arms the willing nations lead,
As oft my prayers have sooth'd thee from the plain;
But sober prudence counsels rage in vain.

“ My cities thinn'd, are nodding to their fall,
Each useless fortress weeps her ruin'd wall,
A sanguine dye, once happier rivers yield,
And Latian couriers whiten ev'ry field:
Ah me, what scenes attend Latinus' age,
Grief, devastation, war, despair, and rage!

“ Farewel, once more. Ah, Turnus, where is now
That warmth for glory, and that awful brow?
That pleasing face, by youth more pleasing dress'd,
Now shocks the sight that once charm'd ev'ry breast,
Ah me! what horrors shall on Daunus wait,
When he shall hear his Turnus' rigid fate!

What

What stings of sorrow shall his bosom tear,
 And Ardea's sons their monarch's grief shall share !
 Yet foil'd with dust, and grim with clotted blood,
 Cleanse the pale corse in yonder silver flood,
 Perhaps some ease his father's heart may feel,
 To know he sunk beneath an hero's steel."

He spake and wept, and turning to the train,
 They raise the body off the dusty plain,
 Plac'd on a bier, to Ardea's walls they tend,
 A horrid present to a fire to send.

Shields, horses, swords, the prizes of the war,
 Are borne aloft, next moves the rattling car,
 Still wet with Phrygian blood. Metiscus now
 Moves slowly on, and sorrow clouds his brow ;
 Meriscus, born to tame the gen'rous steed,
 Doth in procession Turnus' courser lead.
 The noble beast, who ne'er before knew fear,
 Now shakes, and drops the sympathizing tear.
 Full oft had he his daring master led,
 Where the war thunder'd, and the nations bled,
 To death, to danger, never known to yield,
 The pride, the fear, the glory of the field.

Inverted arms the foll'wing legions bear,
 And shrieks of sorrow pierce the yielding air.
 Thro' night's dull shade they march, while Latium's king
 Deep in his palace feels keen sorrow's sting,

Foresees strange horrors : widows, maids, and wives,
 Young men and old, all anxious for their lives,
 Join in one shrill complaint : thus surges roar,
 When press'd by winds, they break upon the shore.

Nor yet had Daunus heard, his son no more
 Should cheer his age, or what his army bore
 In fullen pomp approaching Ardea's walls,
 Another grief the pensive monarch calls :
 For while the Latins had engag'd in fight,
 And war-like Turnus glory'd in his might,
 Involving flames had seiz'd his native land,
 And Ardea's town was level'd to the sand.
 Beyond the stars ascending sparkles fly,
 And gleamy horror blazes thro' the sky.
 So will'd the gods ; perhaps the crumb'ling wall
 In omen dread predicted Turnus fall ;
 Th' affrighted citizens in dread array,
 Thro' flames and death pursue their dubious way ;
 The shrieks of matrons witness their despair,
 And clouds of smook involve the dark'ning air.

As careful ants for future wants provide,
 Where an old oak presents her riven side,
 But if the ax the shelt'ring timber wound,
 Or bring its leafy honours to the ground,
 Among the croud what cares tumultuous rise,
 This way and that the fable cohort flies ;
 Or as the tortoise broiling on the fire,
 When on her back, unable to retire,

With

With head, with feet, with tail declares her pain,
 And tries all strength and stratagem in vain :
 Thus Ardea's sons, beset with perils round,
 And wild confusion, no deliv'rance found ;
 When from amid the flames was seen to rise
 With clapping wings, a fowl that cuts the skies :
 'Twas Ardea *, but transform'd, and she e'er while
 With turrets crown'd, and many a stately pile,
 Now, giv'n the city's name and mark to bear,
 On ample pinions flits around in air.
 Fix'd with dismay th' astonish'd vulgar gaze,
 Nor further fly to shun the dreadful blaze ;
 But who a monarch's sorrows can relate,
 A monarch trembling for his country's fate,
 Doom'd tales of fresh affliction soon to know,
 Doom'd to a sad variety of woe.

The solemn train approaches now too near,
 And Turnus corse beheld upon the bier ;
 Black torches, so their country's rites demand,
 Each sad attendant carries in his hand ;
 A gen'ral sorrow seizes all the croud,
 The tim'rous matrons, in afflictions loud,
 Pierce heav'n's blue arch, their flowing garment rear,
 Beat their soft breasts, and rend their flowing hair.
 But when the father heard his Turnus slain,
 He seem'd a statue fix'd upon the plain :
 But soon his sorrows found a different way,
 He flies like light'ning where the body lay,

* Ardea, the Latin name for a heron or hern.

The breathless corse he held in grapples fast,
And, tongue-ty'd long by grief; found words at last.

“ My son, my son ! my age's last relief,
Thy fire's late glory, now his cause of grief ;
Prop of my age, and guardian of my throne ;
Which totters to its fall now thou art gone :
Comfort no more her healing balm will shed ;
My Turnus falls, and Dardus peace is fled.
Are these the trophies of thy vast renown ?
Are these the glories of an added crown ?
Are these the honours of extended pow'r,
O Fortune, giddy as the whirling hour ?
Man builds up schemes for her to over-turn,
We grasp at sceptres, and possess an urn :
And thou, who, lately a whole nation's joy,
Didst drive thy thunders on the sons of Troy,
Now ly'st an empty form of lifeless clay,
Our hope no longer, nor the foe's dismay.
No more that tongue shall lift'ning crouds persuade,
No more that face shall charm each gazing maid,
No more that form shall catch th' admiring view,
Those eyes no more their lustre shall renew ;
Thy port majestic no one now shall prize,
In arts of peace, ah, Turnus, vainly wise ;
Mars crop'd thy honours in their vernal bloom ;
And ev'ry virtue withers on thy tomb.
Urg'd on to war, too eager in thy hate,
Thou rush'd to fight, and half-way met thy fate.

O Death,

O Death, relentless, thy unerring blow
 Strikes down the great, and lays the haughty low;
 Kings, princes, people, his dread rigor fear,
 And shrink to dust when he approaches near.
 Insatiate pow'r, among the old and young,
 Each day o'er whom thy fable stole is flung,
 Could not thy hand arrest one single dart,
 That thro' a son's has riv'd a parent's heart?
 Amata happy! now at endless rest,
 Thy slaughter'd son moves not thy quiet breast.
 Say, say, ye pow'rs! have I yet more to dread?
 What drive ye next on this devoted head?
 Ye crop'd my blossom in his earliest spring,
 And blazing Ardea flutters on the wing.
 Yet what is Ardea? for my child I moan,
 The loss of him is ev'ry loss in one;
 Some woe superior was for me decreed,
 I have it now, and am a wretch indeed.
 When once the Fates have mark'd their destin'd prey,
 Each various ill pursues him on his way;
 This way and that the fainting wretch is hurl'd,
 The sport of heav'n, and pity of the world."

No more he said, but down his rev'rend cheeks,
 In scalding streams, the briny torrent breaks;
 Thick groans distend his breast, his eye-balls stare,
 And all his looks are horror and despair.

So when a fawn is from th'embow'ring grove,
 Truss'd by the bird of thunder-bearing Jove,

R

The

The hapless mother shakes with deadly fear,
And gives what aid she can, a fruitless tear.

Now from the portals of the rosy sky
The morn arising, earth-born vapours fly;
When good Latinus, finding that 'twas vain
To try the fortunes of the warlike plain,
(For his pale legions shudder'd at the word,
And almost wish'd to call Eneas, lord,)
He much revolv'd of former breach of vows,
The truce infring'd, and long-disputed spouse.
At length a solemn embassy is sent,
A thousand men select for that intent;
Commission'd these the virtuous chief to implore,
To waste Laurentum with his arms no more;
To quiet hostile rage amongst the bands,
And visit friendly old Latinus' lands.

With these went sages vers'd in Wisdom's lore,
Well skill'd to plead, and princes stand before:
Instructed to declare their king's desire,
To accomplish what the awful gods require;
And as they will'd, that Troy and Latium's blood
Should flow commingl'd in one common flood,
He yielded gladly to their wise decree,
And wish'd the Dardans and their chief to see.

Mean while Latinus cheers the anxious crew,
Relates his measures, and his pious view;

Hope swells their bosoms, and expels their fears,
The news in transport all Ausonia hears.

Now the glad city rings with peals of joy,
And all prepare to meet the sons of Troy,
Not in the plain in warfare to contend,
But as to meet a brother or a friend.
The royal court is deck'd with double care,
Worthy the chief who shall be shortly there.

The appointed envoys reach the camp design'd,
Their reverend heads fair olive-branches bind,
Of peace the token, and their tongues no less
Of friendly talk the full intent profess.
Within his palace, Venus' god-like son
With kind demeanor welcomes ev'ry one ;
To whom thus Drances, Drances, first in age,
And who 'gainst Turnus nourish'd endless rage :

“ O Trojan chief ! thy Phrygia's chiefest boast,
In virtue first, and mightiest of the host,
Our royal master swears by all the pow'rs,
(Hear me, immortals, in your heav'nly bow'rs)
That 'gainst his will the treaties sworn, he broke,
Or did to fight your valiant bands provoke ;
But inly wish'd to gratify the choice :
The gods had made, by his assenting voice ;
To give his daughter to thy longing arms,
Lavinia, fam'd for virtue, as for charms.

But if stern rage has turn'd his view aside,
 If seas of blood have flow'd on either side;
 If madding fury, reason over came,
 O powerful chief, let Turnus bear the blame;
 His busy mind disdain'd all peace and rest,
 And floods of gall o'erflow'd his ranc'rous breast.
 Long our Latinus stedfastly deny'd
 To lend his troops, and 'gainst him will comply'd:
 Ev'n then our armies wish'd the frantic boy
 Would yield obedience to the chief of Troy.
 Our monarch too requesting nations join'd;
 But say, can Reason bend the stubborn mind?
 Can human reason hope for weight or force,
 When not the gods could turn his impious course?
 In dire portents they spoke their will in vain,
 His rage renews, he hurries to the plain,
 Where his reward the daring castiff found;
 O'erborn by thee, he bites the bloody ground.
 Ah, wicked youth! in Tartarus' black shade
 Contrast new nuptials with some Stygian maid;
 If rage and fury still be thy delight,
 In Acheron display thy skill in fight.
 But thou, the happy heir of Latium's throne,
 Whom all our people their protector own;
 Whose ample praises are with rapture sung,
 Whose glorious deeds untie the infant's tongue;
 Our youth, our sages, and each sober dame,
 With one accord all celebrate thy name:
 That Turnus fell by thee we all rejoice,
 Believe not me, but hear a nation's voice;

On thee, the Latians turn an eye of joy,
 Latinus waits thee. O thou son of Troy,
 Forbear a while to seek the shades of night,
 In full expectance of the nuptial rite ;
 So shall th' Italian and the Phrygian race
 Join in one flock, which time shall ne'er efface.
 Then haste, great chief ! thy conduct be our care,
 To gain those honours thou wast born to wear."

He said ; the shouting bands his sense approve,
 And former hate gives way to new-born love :
 To which the pious hero smiling kind,
 Thus spoke the gentle dictates of his mind :

" The rage of combats, and past scenes of woe,
 Ye and your king are guiltless of I know !
 Turnus alone provok'd the martial strife,
 Lavish of blood, and prodigal of life ;
 A raging passion for delusive fame
 Too oft we find the youthful breast inflame ;
 Then tell your king his will shall be obey'd,
 With rapture I embrace the Latian maid,
 And peace eternal swear. Nor till the pow'rs
 Have stopp'd the course of good Latinus' hours,
 Shall his imperial sceptres grace these hands ;
 But, born a king, he still shall rule these lands.
 Another city shall my Trojans found,
 Where added household gods shall bless the ground ;
 Lavinia's name shall grace the rising town,
 And equal laws united bands shall own :

May love and friendship spread thro' all the host,
 And Troy and Latium in one name be lost.
 What now remains, but with a pious care
 To burn those corpes that infect the air,
 Sad victims of the war, whose rav'nous hand
 Smites mighty heroes, and destroys a land ?
 That bus'ness done, to-morrow's sun shall guide
 The happy lover to his blooming bride."

He said ; th' attentive people round him gaze,
 His virtues charm them, and they shout his praise.
 Now see the busy legions all around,
 Trees crack'ling fall, and axes loud resound ;
 With holy zeal they shape the diff'rent pyres,
 And high to heav'n ascend the curling fires ;
 Thick clouds of smoke mount slowly to the sky,
 A thousand sheep, appointed victims, die ;
 The blood of swine impurples all the plain,
 And in the flames they cast the heifers slain :
 No more the field is loaded with the dead,
 And noisy shouts around the plain are spread ;
 At length the sun diffus'd his golden ray,
 And all prepar'd to hasten on their way.
 Eneas first his fiery steed bestrode,
 And at his side the rev'rend Drances rode,
 Who much bespoke the chief ; the next to fight
 Ascanius came, in youthful honours bright :
 The good Aletes, deeply worn with age,
 Ilioneus, and Mnestheus, worthy sage ;

Sereftus and Sergeftus pafs'd along,
 And valiant Gyas, and Cloanthus ftrong.
 In bands commix'd, the foll'wing troops fucceed,
 For fo the friendly leaders had decreed:

Now on Laurentum's wall, a gaping train
 View'd the proceffion moving o'er the plain;
 Each citizen exults with inward joy,
 To think the fword no longer fhall deftroy.

Latinus from the town, a certain way
 With chofen friends, to meet the Trojan, lay:
 Nor could the croud the god-like chief conceal,
 The mighty prince his actions all reveal;
 High o'er the reft in graceful pomp he trod,
 Each action fpoke the offspring of a god.

Thus met, the leader of the Latian band
 Addrefs'd the chief, and prefs'd his friendly hand:

“ At length, thou glory of the Trojan race,
 My hope's compleat, for I behold thy face.
 To me at length the happy hour is giv'n,
 To clasp the choicest fav'rite of heav'n;
 With joy to yield to the divine decree,
 That here hath fix'd a refting-place for thee.
 Long tofs'd thro' perils, here thy rigors ceafe,
 Thefe lands, thefe happy lands, enjoy in peace.
 Tho' furious rage that knows not e'er to yield,
 Tho' Jove fhould frown, has drench'd with blood the field,

Tho' lawless licence arm'd her harpy claws,
 And wildly boasted violated laws ;
 Yet I, alas, unwillingly comply'd,
 With tears, not blood, Latinus' steel was dy'd :
 Deceiv'd my legions fought, and he who most,
 In Jove's despight, attack'd thy pious host,
 Now lies a carcass on the barren sand,
 Victim of heav'n, and of thy mighty hand.
 No more the trumpet shall awake to arms
 Thy martial soul, that bends to Hymen's charms.
 Some realms I have, and towns my own I call,
 Fit for defence, and girdl'd with a wall :
 Yet of all objects that my soul engage,
 Lavinia's chief, the comfort of my age :
 She and her charms, O mighty son, be thine,
 In this embrace I the sweet maid resign.
 Dear to my soul, thy virtues I adore,
 Sprung from my loins, I could not love thee more."

To whom Eneas, " When that rev'rend head
 Meets my glad sight, by hoary Time o'erspread,
 I soon conclude that battle's stubborn rage
 Was ne'er the option of thy prudent age ;
 If thou hast fears, oh, give them to the wind,
 In thee, oh monarch, I a father find ;
 Believe thy son, when'er that form I view,
 The thoughts of good Anchises rise anew ;
 Again his figure in full sight appears,
 And filial duty melts me into tears."

Now

Now to the palace hastes the royal pair,
The Latian crowd confess the strangers fair ;
Maids, women, boys, and hoary fires combine
To praise the beauties of their guests divine.
But chief Eneas struck their wond'rous eyes :
His fair demeanour, and superior size,
Caught ev'ry gazer, and sincere their praise
Attends the chief who blest with peace their days.

As when long rains have dranch'd the genial plain,
In gloomy sadness sits each pensive swain ;
With arms infolded, and dejected brow,
The farmer weeps his unavailing plow :
But clad in splendor should the sun arise,
And pour his golden glories thro' the skies,
They haste exulting to their honest care,
And wound earth's bosom with the crooked share :
So the Ausonians lull'd their mind to ease,
And shout and revel at the approach of peace.

Latinus now had reach'd the palace gate,
Eneas joins, Iulus swells the state ;
Trojans, Italians, march in pomp along,
And the court brightens with a noble throng :
By matrons circled, and by virgins led
Appear'd the partner of Eneas bed ;
Her eyes like stars diffus'd a lustre round,
Her modest eyes she rivets to the ground.
Soon as the Trojan saw the beauteous maid,
He gaz'd, he lov'd, and thus in secret said :

" I blame

" I blame not, Turnus, thy ambitious rage,
 For such a prize who'd not in war engage ?
 To taste such beauties, such transcendent charms,
 Kings rouse the nations, and the world's in arms."

The sacred priest fast by the altar stands,
 And joins in marriage-bond their plighted hands :
 With peals of joy the vaulted roofs resound,
 And Hymeneal songs are wafted all around.
 And now Achates, by his prince fore-taught,
 From out the camp the various presents brought.
 Vests work'd with gold which Hector's comfort gave,
 Ere yet the Greeks had cross'd the briny wave ;
 A collar too, whose gems emitted flame,
 And once the honour of the princely dame :
 Nor was forgot a bowl insculptur'd high,
 Pond'rous to bear, and beauteous to the eye,
 Which on Anchises' board did whilom blaze,
 The gift of Priam in his happier days.
 This for Latinus good Achates brings,
 Such royal presents kings may send to kings :
 But the gay robes, and collar's radiant pride,
 Are justly destin'd for the blooming bride.

Now converse sweet, and joy without alloy,
 Deceives the winged hours, and closes day ;
 The genial feast is serv'd in sumptuous state,
 For luxury, at times, becomes the great.
 On purple couches all the nobles lie,
 The taught attendants wait attentive by ;

From

From chryſtal urns are living waters pour'd,
 And every dainty loads the regal board.
 Bright Ceres here provides her gifts divine,
 And the red god beſtows his choiceſt wine:
 With eye attentive ev'ry waiter ſtands,
 And flies to execute each gueſt's commands.
 This ſerves the chargers, that the mantling bowl,
 And crowds in billows ſeem to wave, and roll.
 Latinus near Iulus at the board,
 Heard him with tranſport, and devour'd each word;
 For in the godlike youth at once combin'd,
 The grace of feature with the worth of mind;
 His manly talk, his obſervations ſage,
 Beſpoke a judgment riper than his age.
 Nor could the king with-hold his honeſt praiſe,
 " Take this embrace, thou wonder of thy days:
 Thrice bleſs'd Eneas, ſure the gods conſpire
 To make each ſon add luſtre to the fire."

The banquet ended, ſome their talk employ
 On Grecian battles, and the fall of Troy:
 Now of Laurentum's broils, what ſhrinking bands
 Fled from the foe, or dar'd oppoſers hands;
 Who firſt broke thro' the ranks with furious force,
 And thro' the ſlaughter urg'd his foaming horſe.
 But much Eneas and Latinus told
 Of Latium's ancient deeds, and hero's old;
 How Saturn flying from his offspring's rage,
 In fair Hefperia hid his hoary age,

Hence

Hence Latium call'd : he taught to raise the vine,
 And the forc'd earth her bounties to resign ;
 A wand'ring race, and mountain-bred he tam'd,
 By arts improv'd them, and with laws reclaim'd.
 Again Jove seeks his father's realms, to taste
 Electra's beauties, and the dame embrac'd,
 Whence Dardanus was born : his brothers slain
 By his own hand, he fled across the main.
 From Corythus he fled, with numerous bands,
 And safely settled on the Phrygian lands.
 Proud of his birth, he in his banner bore
 The bird of Jove, which after, Hector wore.
 Much fame he won, which time shall ne'er destroy,
 Th' immortal founder of imperial Troy.
 To choral airs the high-roof'd palace rings,
 The torches blaze, the minstrel sweeps the strings ;
 Trojan and Latians to the sound advance,
 And mingle friendly in the mazy dance.
 For thrice three days in revelry and joy
 They drown'd their cares : at length the chief of Troy
 To other tasks directs his curious eyes,
 Mark'd out by plows shall destin'd cities rise ;
 Here form they trenches, there dig ditches wide,
 When, strange to say, the Phrygian leader spy'd
 A blazing glory round Lavinia's head,
 Which to the sky its flaming honours spread.
 He stood aghast, nor knew what meant the sign ;
 But thus his pray'r address'd : " O king divine,
 Of men and gods ! if e'er my Trojan bands
 Have unrepining follow'd thy commands,

Still

Still thro' all perils or by land or sea
 To thee have pray'd, have sacrific'd to thee ;
 If I have led them to these pious deeds,
 Explain this omen that belief exceeds.
 Ah may no dire portent our peace oppose,
 Be ended here, O Jove ! our various woes."
 While thus he pray'd, his mother lay conceal'd
 Behind a cloud ; but, soon to fight reveal'd,
 Thus sooths her son : " Thy doubts and cares give o'er,
 Interpret right the happiness in store
 The gods predict. Peace spreads her olive wand,
 And buxom plenty crowns the laughing land.
 The lambient glories round Lavinia seen,
 Portend the god-like issue of the queen ;
 From her a mighty race of chiefs shall rise,
 Whose fame immortal shall ascend the skies ;
 The vanquish'd world with pride shall wear their chain,
 Realms far divided by the seas in vain.
 This flame, great Jove from high Olympus sent ;
 Fame yet reserv'd is mark'd by this portent ;
 Her share of honours let Lavinia claim,
 Call thy new city by her happy name.
 Thy household gods, escap'd from burning Troy,
 Shall in these walls a double peace enjoy ;
 With pious awe their kindly love reverse,
 For know they ever shall inhabit here,
 With such affection for these realms they burn,
 That forc'd from hence again they shall return ;
 No other climes their godheads deign to bless,
 Then, my best son, thy happiness confess.

O'er

O'er Trojan bands thy legal sway maintain,
 Till good Latinus seeks the Elyfian plain ;
 Then double scepters shall my offspring grace,
 Ruler of Troy, and Latium's hardy race :
 One common law shall bind them all in one,
 No fell division, and distinction none.
 Yet mark, O mark, what still remains for thee,
 The gods consenting fix'd the kind decree,
 Thy days spun out, thou shalt not mix with earth,
 More honours claim thy virtues and thy birth ;
 'Tis thine to enter in the blest'd abodes,
 Vanquish proud Fate, and mingle with the gods."
 She spoke, and quickly darting from the fight,
 Streak'd the thin ether with a trail of light.

The hero stood revolving in his mind
 The various bounties which the pow'rs design'd ;
 Peace crown'd his days, Latinus yields to Fate,
 The pious Trojan rules the happy state,
 Full wide extends his undisputed sway,
 And all alike one common king obey ;
 Their rites, their customs, and their will the same,
 As citizens they share one gen'ral name.

And now the mother of each smiling love,
 Prostrate, and trembling at the throne of Jove,
 Bespoke the god : " Almighty fire of Heav'n!
 To whom the ruling of the world is giv'n,
 Who read'st mankind, and seest the heart's intent,
 Ere yet the lips have giv'n the secret vent,

Thy

Thy sacred promise let a goddess claim,
 A goddess pleading for the Trojan name:
 Didst thou not vow in pity of their woes,
 To ease their sufferings by a blest repose?
 Nor can I tax thy promise made in vain,
 Three years hath peace beheld this happy plain;
 Yet think, O Jove, to sooth a mother's care,
 There yet remains a seat in heav'n to spare
 For great Eneas, who transcends all praise:
 Speak thy decree, thine humbler suppliant raise.
 Past mortal strength his growing virtues rise,
 Too great for earth, he ripens for the skies."
 To whom the mighty pow'r with looks serene,
 But first he rais'd, and kiss'd the Cyprian queen:

"Thy mighty son and all his pow'rful bands
 That much I love, bear witness sea and lands,
 My arm hath snatch'd them from each peril near,
 And at their sufferings Jove has shed a tear
 For thy fair sake. My Juno now relents,
 And to my grant, o'ercome, at length consents.
 Then 'tis decreed, his virtues shall prevail,
 Purge off each part that makes the mortal frail,
 Then add him to the stars; should others rise
 Of equal merit, they shall share the skies."
 The gods assent, and Juno vex'd no more,
 Requests the boon she often cross'd before.

Quick from the starry pole fair Venus glides,
 And where Numicus rolls thro' reeds his tides,

She

She dips her son, and washes well away
 Each grosser particle of mortal clay ;
 The part divine to heav'n the goddess bears,
 And the just prince æthereal honours shares.
 Him as their god the Julian race invoke,
 For him do temples rise, and sacred altars smoke.





THE AUTHOR'S ACCOUNT of his JOURNEY
to IRELAND.

TO Mr. JOHN ELLIS.

By the late MOSES MENDES, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

Dublin, July 5, 1744.

BY the lyre of Apollo, the locks of the Muses,
And the pure lucid stream Aganippe produces,
My Ellis, I love thee, then pay me in kind,
Let the thought of a friend never slip from your mind ;
So may fancy and judgment together combine,
And the bosom be fill'd with an ardor divine ;
That thy brows may the laurel with justice still claim,
And the Temple of Liberty mount thee to fame.

If it e'er can give pleasure to know my career,
When proud London I left with intentions so queer,
Accept it in verse. On the very first day
When the queen of warm passions precedes the fair May,
When, so custom prescribes, and to follow old rules,
One half of mankind makes the other half fools ;

S

From

From the town I first breath'd in, I fall'd in haste
 Thro' Highgate and Finchley, and Barnet I pass'd :
 At St. Alban's I din'd with a laughing gay crew,
 Not complete was the set without Tucker and you.
 Where the * Right of our Harries deserted his mate,
 And procur'd a full sentence against his old Kate,
 Our brisk company supp'd, while our wine gave a spring,
 And tho' at the Crown, we ne'er thought of the King.
 The morrow succeeding I got from my bed,
 As a sheet all the roads were with snows overspread ;
 But the gods, who will never abandon a poet,
 As oft has been said, condescended to show it,
 In a coach and six horses the storm I defy'd ;
 And, left by my friends, thro' the tempest I ride.
 Newport-Pannel receiv'd me, and gave me a dinner,
 And a bed at Northampton was press'd by a sinner :
 No sign of fair weather, the West Chester coach
 At nine the next morning, a welcome approach,
 Presents fresh example ; I travell'd all day,
 At Crick eat my dinner, at Coventry lay ;
 I tremble where'er I reflect on the roads
 That lead to those dirty worn-eaten abodes,
 Where a † woman rode naked their taxes to clear,
 And a taylor for peeping paid damnably dear ;
 For ‡ two parliaments fam'd ; which intail a disgrace,
 And have left their foul manners to poison the place.

* Dunstable.

† Lady Godiva.

‡ A parliament was held here in the reign of Henry IV. called *Parliamentum Indolentium*, another in Henry VI. called *Diabolicum*.

Next morning the sun, with a face of red hue,
 Had clear'd up th' expanse, and array'd it in blue,
 When I left the vile town, 'gainst which ever I'll rail,
 While * Meriden offers no humble regale ;
 But near Mixal Park din'd at house of mean fame,
 And at night to the † field of slain carcasses came ;
 Tho' full old are thy tow'rs, yet receive my just praise,
 May thy ale be recorded, and live in my lays :
 Thy Gothic cathedral new homage still claims,
 Not refuse I thy due, tho' repair'd by king James. ‡
 I forgot to advise you, the sky being clear,
 'Twas at Coventry first I ascended my chair ;
 But, alas, on the morrow, how dismal the sight !
 For the day had assum'd all the horrors of night,
 The clouds their gay visage had chang'd to a frown,
 And in a white mantle cloath'd Litchfield's old town ;
 But at noon all was o'er, when intrepid and bold
 As a train-band commander, or Falstaff of old,
 And proudly defying the wind and the snow,
 When the danger was pass'd, I determin'd to go.
 At Stone I repos'd, but at Ousley I din'd,
 When our reck'ning was cheap and the landlord was kind :
 Next morning we fally'd, and Staffordshire lost ;
 But not ill entertain'd by a Cestrian host.
 On the banks of the Wever, at Namptwich renown'd
 For an excellent brine pit, our dinner we found ;

* Meriden is famous for ale.

† *Campus Cadaverum* was the ancient name for Litchfield, on account of a prosecution there in the days of Dioclesian.

‡ King James II.

The wine was not bad, tho' the ale did displease,
 And an unctuous desert was serv'd up of old cheese;
 But as time will not tarry, our course we resume,
 And * St. George's dragoons take their seats in our room :
 So travelling onwards with pleasure we see
 Old Caerleon so famous o'er looking the Dee ;
 Four days there we rested, and blithsome and gay
 Forgot the bad weather we met on the way ;
 Then old Chester, farewell, till I see thee again,
 And can stroll thro' thy streets † without dreading the rain ;
 May thy river ‡ still swell, better pleas'd with his charge
 Than when Edgar was row'd by eight kings in his barge ;
 Be the maidens all virtuous who drink of thy tide,
 And each virgin in bloom be affianc'd a bride ;
 May the heart and the hand at the altar be join'd,
 And no matron complain that a husband's unkind ;
 Let their bounty to strangers resound in each song,
 Be § Barnstone their copy, they cannot go wrong.

O'er the cuts of the river our tract we pursue,
 And old Flint in the prospect now rises to view ;
 How strange to behold, here our language is fled,
 To converse with these people's to talk to the dead ;

* General St. George's dragoons were marching up to London, and a party of them just came in when we were leaving it.

† The streets of Chester have shops on each side covered over, which if not beautiful to the eye, at least preserve one from the rain.

‡ People are now employed to make the river Dee navigable up to the town.

§ Robert Barnstone, Esq; who used me with the utmost hospitality.

And

And a Turk or Chinese is as well understood
 By these Roisters, who boast of Cadwalladar's blood,
 As an Englishman here, who is certainly undone
 If he thinks to make use of the language of London.
 From Flint we depart with our landlord and guide,
 Who show'd us that kindness which courts never try'd,
 The castle where * Richard his grandeur laid down,
 And betray'd his own life by surrend'ring the crown :
 Now the † well we survey, where ‡ a virgin of old
 To all flame but religion's was lifeless and cold,
 When in vain princely Cradoc had offer'd his bed,
 The merciless heathen e'en chopp'd off her head :
 Hence the stones are distain'd with the colour of blood,
 And each cripple is cur'd who will bathe in the flood :
 Thus the rankest absurdity brain can conceive,
 Superstition imposes, and crowds will believe !
 Turn from legends and nonsense, to see a gay sight,
 Where the § meadows of Clewyn the senses delight,
 And excuse that I aim not to point out the place
 Left my numbers too lowly the landscape disgrace ;
 At Rhydland we dine, and a castle we view,
 Whose founder I'd name if the founder I knew ;
 But our host gives the word, and we hurry away,
 Lest the length of the journey out-run the short day ;
 Now ascend Penmenrose, oh ! beware as you rise,
 What a prospect of horror, what dreadful surprize !

* It was at this place that Richard was prevailed upon to resign the crown.

† Holy-well.

‡ St. Winifred, patroness of Wales.

§ The vale of Clewyn.

See that height more sublime, which no footsteps e'er try'd,
 There the ocean roars loudly, how awful his pride!
 How narrow the path, observe where you tread,
 Nor stumble the feet, nor grow dizzy the head;
 If you slip, not mankind can avert your sad doom,
 Dash'd against the rough rocks, and the sea for your tomb!
 The danger is past, and now Conway's broad beech,
 Fatigu'd and dismay'd, with great gladness we reach;
 In a leaky old boat we were wafted safe o'er,
 (Tho' two drunkards our steersmen) to th' opposite shore.
 Here the town and the river are both of a name,
 And boast the first Edward, who rais'd her to fame:
 There a supper was order'd, which no one could touch,
 This too little was boil'd, and that roasted too much;
 To his chamber full hungry each pilgrim retreats,
 And forgets his lost meal 'twixt a pair of Welch sheets.
 A castle hard by I with pleasure behold,
 Which Kings had long dwelt in, or giants of old;
 But the daw, and each night-bird, now builds up her nest,
 And with clamours and shrieks the old mansion infest.
 We waken'd at four, and our host left us here,
 As the worst ways were past, so but small was our fear;
 We follow'd our route, and cross'd Penmenmaur's side,
 Where the prudent will walk, but the holder will ride.
 Still above us old rocks seem to threaten a fall,
 And present to spectators the form of a wall:
 Now Bangor we reach, oh, if e'er thou hadst fame,
 Tho' lawn sleeves thou bestow'st, on my life 'tis a shame;
 There we cross o'er an arm of the sea, and carouse
 On the opposite shore at an excellent house;

Thro'

Thro' Anglesea's island we rattle our chaise,
 While the goats all in wonder seem on us to gaze ;
 For be pleas'd to observe, and with diligence note,
 That 'twas here first in Wales that I met with a goat.
 O'er roads rough and craggy our journey we sped,
 Nor baited again 'till we reach'd Holyhead.

The next day at noon in the Wyndham we sail,
 And the packet danc'd brisk with a prosperous gale.
 We at ten past the * Bar ; in the wherry confin'd,
 Which swims on no water, and sails with no wind,
 'Till near two we sate cursing, in vain they may row,
 Not a snail is so sluggish, nor tortoise so slow,
 'Till a boat took us in, and at length set us down
 At the quay of St. George in St. Patrick's chief town :
 Thence I wrote to my friend, nor believe what those say,
 Or too fond to find fault, or too wantonly gay,
 Who with taunts contumelious 'this island o'erload,
 As with bogs, and with blunders, and nonsense full stow'd ;
 For, believe me, they live not unblest'd with good air,
 And their daughters are bezoteous, and sons debonaire :
 Here tho' Bacchus too often displays his red face,
 Yet Minerva he holds in the strictest embrace ;
 Nor the maiden is coy ev'ry charm to resign,
 And the ivy and laurel peep forth from the vine.

Thus I've told you in verse the whole progress I took,
 As true as if sworn in full court on the book,

* Dublin Bar.

Let me know how in London you measure your time,
 'Twill be welcome in prose, but twice welcome in rhyme.

The A N S W E R.

London, Aug. 26, 1744.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR kind itinerary letter
 Has render'd me so deep your debtor,
 That if in your own coin of wit,
 You look for payment, you'll be bit :
 In that I scarce can pay a part ;
 Then take, for all, a grateful heart.
 To business chain'd, as to an oar,
 My soul regrets she cannot soar,
 The charms of liberty to sing,
 And to her temple follow * King,
 Who emulates great Maro's strain,
 But flatters no Augustus reign.
 How sweetly you, *Negotio procul*,
 Woods, mountains, rivers render vocal ;
 While like Ulysses far you roam,
 Note manners and bring wisdom home !
 Your journey you depict so strong,
 Methinks I with you go along,
 Each town and city curious view,
 Famous for story false or true ;

* Dr. King of Oxford, author of *Templum Libertatis*, and many other excellent Latin Poems.

If

If either, 'tis all one for that,
 Because it furnishes with chat,
 And chat you know, with wit's support,
 The tedious journey renders short :
 Yet, sometimes proves too long the way,
 When you're oblig'd to fast and pray.
 For dinner, which, perhaps you find
 Not cook'd according to your mind,
 So trust to supper, proving worse ;
 Like Pistol then you eat and curse ;
 Or else, content with viands light,
 In study pass an Attic night,
 Review the folly and the crimes,
 That scandalize the present times ;
 And making Horace your bright rule,
 Reform the world with ridicule ;
 Or, where vice more enormous urges,
 Like Juvenal your satire scourges.
 O double vengeance on them lay
 Who the land's liberty betray,
 Who prostitute their votes for price,
 And owe their greatness to their vice.

But now your journey you pursue,
 And other objects claim your view ;
 The dusky woods, the open downs,
 The winding brooks, the rising towns.
 Where'r you go I still attend,
 Partake the fortunes of my friend :

On foot, in chariot, or in boat,
 With you I walk, I ride, I float,
 St. George's channel see you o'er,
 Safe landed on Ierne's shore,
 And lodg'd within her fairest city
 Among the debonaire and witty,
 By you confest such winning fellows,
 Forgive me if they make me jealous;
 And truly I begin to burn,
 Then hasten, friend, your wish'd return;
 And, tho' my head be not so bright,
 You'll always find my heart is right,
 And none more zealous or more fervent
 In friendship than

Your humble Servant.





TO MR. S. TUCKER.

By Mr. MENDES.

TH E sons of man, by various passions led,
 The paths of bus'ness or of pleasure tread ;
 The florist views his dear carnation rise,
 And wonders who can doat on Flavia's eyes ;
 The lover sees, unmov'd, each gaudy streak,
 And knows no bloom but that on Daphne's cheek ;
 While some grow pale o'er Newton, Locke, or Boyle,
 Miss reads romances, and my lady Hoyle ;
 Thus inclination binds her fetters strong,
 And, just as judgment marks, we're right or wrong.

Fair are those hills where sacred laurels grow,
 Rul'd by the pow'r who draws the golden bow ;
 But see how few attain the dang'rous road,
 How few are born to feel th' inspiring god !
 Yet all, to reach the arduous summit try,
 From soaring Pope to reptile Ogleby.
 Among the rest, your friend attempts to climb,
 But ah, how diff'rent poesy and rhyme !

The mid-night bard, reciting to his bell,
 Who breaks our rest, and tolls the muses knell,
 Is just a poet matchless and divine,
 As he a Raphael, who, on ale-house sign,

Seats his bold George in attitude so quaint,
That none can tell the dragon from a faint.

Reckon each fand in wide New-market plain,
Mount yon blue vault, and count the starry train ;
But numbers ne'er can comprehend the throng
Of retail dealers in the art of song.
Like summer flies they blot the solar ray,
And, like their brother insects, live a day.
Am I not blasted by some friendless star,
To know my wants, yet wage unequal war ?
I own I am ; and dabbling thus in rhyme,
'Tis folly's bell that rings the pleasing chyme ;
Bit by the bard's tarantula I swell,
Write off the raging fit, and all is well.

And yet, perhaps, to lose my time this way
Is better far than some mis-spend the day.
The fatal dice-box never fill'd my hand,
By me no orphan weeps his ravish'd land ;
What ward can tax me with a deed unjust ?
What friend upbraids me with a broken trust ?
(Some few except, whom pride and folly blind,
I found them chaff, and give them to the wind)
Like a poor bird, and one of meanest wing,
Around my cage I flutter, hop, and sing.
Unlike in this my brethren of the bays,
I sue for pardon, and they hope for praise ;
And when for verse I find my genius warm,
Like infants sent to school, I keep from harm.

What

What time the dog-star with unbating flames
 Cleaves the parch'd earth, and sinks the silver Thames ;
 While the shrill tenant * of the sun-burnt blade,
 (A poet he, and fingering all his trade)
 Tears his small throat, I brave the sultry ray,
 And deep-embower'd, escape the rage of day.
 Thrice blest'd the man, who, shielded from the beam,
 Sings lays melodious to the sacred stream ;
 Thrice blest'd the stream, who views his banks of flow'rs,
 Crown'd with the Muse's or imperial tow'rs,
 Whose limpid waters as they onwards glide,
 See humble oziers nod, or threat'ning squadrons ride.

Health to my friend, and to his partner, peace,
 A good long life, and moderate increase ;
 May Dulwich garden double treasures share,
 And be both Flora and Pomona's care.
 Ye Walton naiads, guard the fav'rite child,
 Drive off each marsh-born fog ; ye zephyrs mild,
 Fan the dear innocent ; ye fairies, keep
 Your wonted distance, nor disturb his sleep ;
 Nor in the cradle, while your tricks you play,
 The changeling drop, and bear our boy away.
 However chance may chalk his future fate,
 Or doom his manhood to be rich or great,
 Is not our care ; oh, let the guiding pow'r
 Decide that point, who rules the natal hour ;
 Nor shall we seek, for knowledge to enrich,
 The Delphic tripod, or your Norwood witch.

* The grasshopper.

But

But Tucker doubts, and "if not rich," he cries,
 "How can the boy reward the good and wise?
 Give him but gold, and merit ne'er shall freeze,
 But rise from want to affluence and ease:
 The Guido's touch shall warm his throbbing heart,
 The patriot's bust shall speak the sculptor's art;
 But if from Danæ's precious show'r debar'd,
 The Muse he may admire, but ne'er reward."

All this I grant; but does it follow then,
 That parts have drawn regard from wealthy men?
 Did Gay receive the tribute of the great?
 No, let his tomb be witness of his fate:
 For Milton's days are too long past to strike;
 The rich of all times ever were alike.

See him, whose lines "in a fine frenzy roll,"
 He comes to tear, to harrow up the soul;
 Bear me, ye pow'rs, from his bewitching sprite,
 My eye-balls darken at excess of light;
 How my heart dances to his magic strain,
 Beats my quick pulse, and throbs each bursting vein.
 From Avon's bank with ev'ry garland crown'd,
 'Tis his to rouse, to calm, to cure, to wound;
 To mould the yielding bosom to his will,
 And Shakespear is inimitable still:
 Oppress'd by fortune, all her ills he bore,
 Hear this ye Muses, and be vain no more.

Nor shall my * Spenser want his share of praise,
 The heav'n-sprung sisters wove the laureat's bays ;
 Yet what avail'd his sweet descriptive pow'r,
 The fairy warrior, or enchanted bow'r ?
 Tho' matchless Sidney doated on the strain,
 Lov'd by the learned † shepherd of the main,
 Observe what meed his latest labours crown'd,
 Belphæbe ‡ smil'd not, and stern Burleigh frown'd.
 If still you doubt, consult some well known friend,
 Let Ellis speak, to him you oft attend,
 Whom truth approves, whom candor calls her own,
 Known by the God, by all the Muses known.
 Where tow'r his hills, where stretch his lengths of vale,
 Say, where his heifers load the smoaky pail ?
 Oh may this grateful verse my debt repay,
 If aught I know, he show'd the arduous way ;
 Within my bosom fan'd the rising flame,
 Plum'd my young wing, and bade me try for fame.
 Since then I scribb'l'd, and must scribble still,
 His word was once a sanction to my will ;
 And I'll persist 'till he resume the pen,
 Then shrink contented, and ne'er rhyme again.

Yet, ere I take my leave, I have to say,
 That while in sleep my senses wasted lay,

* He was rewarded with lands in Ireland, which he lost in the rebellion of the earl of Desmond. He came over to England to solicit a recovery of them ; but having attended long in vain, finished his days in grief and disappointment.

† Sir Walter Raleigh.

‡ Queen Elizabeth.

The

The waking soul, which sports in fancy's beams,
 Work'd on my drowsy lids, and form'd a dream;
 Then to my lines a due attention keep,
 For oft when poets dream, their readers sleep.

On a wide champion, where the surges beat
 Th' extended beach, then suddenly retreat,
 A dismal cottage rear'd its turfy head,
 O'er which a yew her baleful branches spread;
 The owl profane his dreadful dirges sung,
 The passing bell the foul night-raven rung;
 No village cur here bay'd the cloudless moon,
 No golden sunshine cheer'd the hazy noon,
 But ghosts of men by love of gold betray'd,
 In silence glided thro' the dreary shade.
 There sat pale Grief in melancholy state,
 And brooding Care was trusted with the gate,
 Within, extended on the cheerless ground,
 An old man lay in golden fillet bound;
 Rough was his beard, and matted was his hair,
 His eyes were fiery red, his shoulders bare;
 Down furrow'd cheeks hot tears had worn their way,
 And his broad scalp was thinly strew'd with grey;
 A weighty ingot in his hand he prest,
 Nor seem'd to feel the viper at his breast.

Around the caitiff, glorious to behold,
 Lay minted coinage, and historic gold; *
 High sculptur'd urns in bright confusion stood,
 And streams of silver form'd a precious flood.

* Medals.

On nails, suspended rows of pearls were seen,
 Not such the pendants of th' Egyptian queen,
 Who (joy luxurious swelling all her soul)
 Quaff'd the vast price of empires in her bowl.

As seas voracious swallow up the land,
 As raging flames eternal food demand,
 So this vile wretch, unblest'd with all his store;
 Repin'd in plenty, and grew sick for more ;
 Nor shall we wonder when his name I tell;
 'Twas Avarice, the eldest born of hell:

But, hark! what noise breaks in upon my tale;
 Be hush'd each sound, and whisper ev'ry gale ;
 Ye croaking rooks your noisy flight suspend;
 Guess'd I not right how all my toil would end ?
 My heavy rhymes have jaded Tucker quite ;
 He yawns — he nods — he snores. Good night, good
 night.





ON

THE WINTER SOLSTICE.

M.D.CC.XL.

BY DR. AKENSIDE.

THE radiant ruler of the year
 At length his wintry goal attains;
 Soon to reverse the long career,
 And northward bend his golden reins;
 Prone on Potosi's haughty brow
 His fiery streams incessant flow,
 Ripening the silver's ductile stores;
 While, in the cavern's horrid shade,
 The panting Indian hides his head,
 And oft th' approach of eve explores.

But lo, on this deserted coast
 How faint the light ! how thick the air !
 Lo, arm'd with whirlwind, hail and frost,
 Fierce winter desolates the year.
 The fields resign their chearful bloom :
 No more the breezes waft perfume ;

No

No more the warbling waters roll :
 Deserts of snow fatigue the eye,
 Black storms involve the louring sky,
 And gloomy damps oppress the soul.

Now thro' the town promiscuous throngs
 Urge the warm bowl and ruddy fire ;
 Harmonious dances, festive songs,
 To charm the midnight hours conspire.
 While mute and shrinking with her fears,
 Each blast the cottage-matron hears,
 As o'er the hearth she sits alone :
 At morn her bridegroom went abroad,
 The night is dark, and deep the road ;
 She sighs, and wishes him at home.

But thou, my lyre, awake, arise,
 And hail the sun's remotest ray ;
 Now, now he climbs the northern skies,
 To-morrow nearer than to-day.
 Then louder howl the stormy waste,
 Be land and ocean worse defac'd,
 Yet brighter hours are on the wing ;
 And fancy thro' the wintry glooms,
 All fresh with dews and opening blooms,
 Already hails th' emerging spring.

O fountain of the golden day !
 Could mortal vows but urge thy speed,
 How soon before thy vernal ray
 Should each unkindly damp recede !

How soon each hovering tempest fly;
That now fermenting loads the sky,
Prompt on our heads to burst amain,
To rend the forest from the steep,
Or thundering o'er the Baltic deep
To whelm the merchant's hopes of gain !

But let not man's unequal views
Presume on nature and her laws ;
'Tis his with grateful joy to use
Th' indulgence of the sovereign cause ;
Secure that health and beauty springs,
Thro' this majestic frame of things,
Beyond what he can reach to know,
And that heav'n's all-subduing will,
With good the progeny of ill,
Attempts every state below.

How pleasing wears the wint'ry night,
Spent with the old illustrious dead !
While, by the taper's trembling light,
I seem those awful courts to tread
Where chiefs and legislators lie,
Whose triumphs move before my eye
With every laurel fresh display'd ;
While charm'd I taste th' Ionian song,
Or bend to Plato's god-like tongue
Resounding thro' the olive shade.

But if the gay, well-natur'd friend
 Bids leave the studious page awhile,
 Then easier joys the soul unbend,
 And teach the brow a softer smile ;
 Then while the genial glass is paid
 By each to her, that fairest maid,
 Whose radiant eyes his hopes obey,
 What lucky vows his bosom warm !
 While absence heightens every charm,
 And love invokes returning May.

May ! thou delight of heav'n and earth,
 When will thy happy morn arise ?
 When the dear place which gave her birth
 Restore Lucinda to my eyes ?
 There while she walks the wonted grove,
 The seat of music and of love,
 Bright as the one primæval fair,
 Thither, ye silver-sounding lyres,
 Thither, gay smiles and young desires,
 Chaste hope and mutual faith, repair.

And if believing love can read
 The wonted softness in her eye,
 Then shall my fears, O charming maid,
 And every pain of absence die :
 Then oftner to thy name attun'd,
 And rising to diviner sound,

I'll wake the free Horatian song :
 Old Tyne shall listen to my tale,
 And echo, down the bordering vale,
 The liquid melody prolong.

~~~~~

T H E

## POET AND HIS PATRON.

BY MR. MOORE.

**W**HY, Celia, is your spreading waist  
 So loose, so negligently lac'd ?  
 Why must the wrapping bed-gown hide  
 Your snowy bosom's swelling pride ?  
 How ill that dress adorns your head,  
 Distain'd, and rumpled, from the bed !  
 Those clouds, that shade your blooming face,  
 A little water might displace,  
 As Nature, ev'ry morn, bestows  
 The crystal dew, to cleanse the rose :  
 Those tresses, as the raven black,  
 That wav'd in ringlets down your back,  
 Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,  
 Destroy the face which once they deckt.  
 Whence this forgetfulness of dress ?  
 Pray, madam, are you married ? Yes,

Nay,

May, then, indeed, the wonder ceases ;  
 No matter, then, how loose your dress is ;  
 The end is won, your fortune's made ;  
 Your sister, now, may take the trade,

Alas ! what pity 'tis, to find  
 This fault in half the female kind !  
 From hence proceed aversion, strife,  
 And all that sours the wedded life.  
 Beauty can only point the dart ;  
 'Tis neatness guides it to the heart ;  
 Let neatness, then, and beauty strive  
 To keep a wav'ring flame alive,

'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)  
 To keep the conquest, than subdue ;  
 Admit us once behind the screen,  
 What is there farther to be seen ?  
 A newer face may raise the flame ;  
 But ev'ry woman is the same.

Then study, chiefly, to improve  
 The charm that fix'd your husband's love ;  
 Weigh well his humour. Was it dress  
 That gave your beauty power to bless ?  
 Pursue it still ; be neater seen ;  
 'Tis always frugal to be clean ;  
 So shall you keep alive desire,  
 And Time's swift wing shall fan the fire,  
 In garret high (as stories say)  
 A Poet sung his tuneful lay ;  
 So soft, so smooth his verse, you'd swear  
 Apollo and the Muses there ;

Thro' all the town his praises rung,  
 His sonnets at the playhouse sung ;  
 High waving o'er his lab'ring head,  
 The goddesses Want her pinions spread,  
 And with poetic fury fir'd  
 What Phœbus faintly had inspir'd.  
 A noble youth, of taste and wit,  
 Approv'd the sprightly things he writ,  
 And sought him in his cobweb dome,  
 Discharg'd his rent, and brought him home.  
 Behold him at the stately board ;  
 Who, but the Poet, and my Lord !  
 Each day, deliciously he dines,  
 And greedy quaffs the gen'rous wines ;  
 His sides were plump, his skin was sleek,  
 And plenty wanton'd on his cheek ;  
 Astonish'd at the change so new,  
 Away th' inspiring goddesses flew.

Now, dropt for politics, and news,  
 Neglected lay the drooping muse ;  
 Unmindful whence his fortune came,  
 He stifled the poetic flame ;  
 Nor tale, nor sonnet, for my lady,  
 Lampoon, nor epigram, was ready.

With just contempt his patron saw,  
 (Resolv'd his bounty to withdraw)  
 And thus, with anger in his look,  
 The late-repenting fool bespoke.  
 Blind to the good that courts thee grown ;  
 Whence has the sun of favour shone ?

Delighted with thy tuneful art,  
 Esteem was growing in my heart ;  
 But idly thou reject'st the charm  
 That gave it birth, and kept it warm.

Unthinking fools alone despise  
 The arts that taught them first to rise.



# T H E W O L F, S H E E P, A N D L A M B.

B Y T H E S A M E.

**D**UTY demands, the parent's voice  
 Should sanctify the daughter's choice ;  
 In that, is due obedience shewn ;  
 To choose, belongs to her alone.

May horror seize his midnight hour,  
 Who builds upon a parent's pow'r,  
 And claims, by purchase vile and base,  
 The loathing maid for his embrace ;  
 Hence virtue sickens, and the breast,  
 Where Peace had built her downy nest,  
 Becomes the troubled seat of Care,  
 And pines with anguish and despair.  
 A Wolf, rapacious, rough, and bold,  
 Whose nightly plunders thinn'd the fold,  
 Contemplating his ill-spent life,  
 And, cloy'd with thefts, would take a wife.

His

His purpose known, the savage race;  
 In num'rous crouds, attend the place;  
 For why, a mighty Wolf he was,  
 And held dominion in his jaws.  
 Her fav'rite whelp each brother brought,  
 And, humbly, his alliance sought;  
 But cold by age, or else too nice,  
 None found acceptance in his eyes.  
 It happen'd, as, at early dawn,  
 He solitary cross'd the lawn,  
 Stray'd from the fold, a sportive lamb  
 Skipp'd wanton, by her fleecy dam;  
 When Cupid, foe to man and beast,  
 Discharg'd an arrow at his breast.

The tim'rous breed the robber knew,  
 And, trembling, o'er the meadow flew;  
 Their nimblest speed the Wolf o'ertook,  
 And, courteous, thus the dam bespoke.

Stay, fairest, and suspend your fear;  
 Trust me, no enemy is near;  
 These jaws, in slaughter oft imbru'd,  
 At length, have known enough of blood;  
 And kinder business brings me now,  
 Vanquish'd, at beauty's foot to bow.  
 You have a daughter——Sweet, forgive  
 A Wolf's address——In her I live;  
 Love from her eyes like lightning came,  
 And set my marrow all on flame;  
 Let your consent confirm my choice,  
 And ratify our nuptial joys.

Me ample wealth and pow'r attend,  
 Wide o'er the plains my realms extend ;  
 What midnight robber dare invade  
 The fold, if I the guard am made ?  
 At home the shepherd's car may sleep,  
 While I secure his master's sheep.  
 Discourse like this attention claim'd ;  
 Grandeur the mother's breast inflam'd ;  
 Now, fearless by his side she walk'd,  
 Of settlements and jointures talk'd ;  
 Propos'd, and doubled her demands,  
 Of flow'ry fields, and turnep-lands,  
 The wolf agrees. Her bosom swells ;  
 To miss her happy fate she tells ;  
 And, of the grand alliance vain,  
 Contemns her kindred of the plain.

The loathing lamb with horror hears,  
 And wearies out her dam with pray'rs ;  
 But all in vain ; mamma best knew  
 What unexperienced girls should do ?  
 So, to the neighbouring meadow carry'd,  
 A formal as the couple marry'd.

Torn from the tyrant mother's side,  
 The trembler goes, a victim-bride,  
 Reluctant meets the rude embrace,  
 And bleats among the howling race.  
 With horror oft her eyes behold  
 Her murder'd kindred of the fold ;  
 Each day a sister lamb is serv'd,  
 And at the glutton's table carv'd ;

The

The crashing bones he grinds for food,  
And slakes his thirst with streaming blood,

Love, who the cruel mind detects,  
And lodges but in gentle breasts,  
Was now no more, Enjoyment past,  
The savage hunger'd for the feast ;  
But (as we find in human race,  
A mask conceals the villain's face)  
Justice must authorize the treat ;  
Till then he long'd, but durst not eat.

As forth he walk'd, in quest of prey,  
The hunters met him on the way ;  
Fear wings his flight ; the marsh he fought !  
The snuffing dogs are set at fault.  
His stomach baulk'd, now hunger gnaws ;  
Howling, he grinds his empty jaws ;  
Food must be had——and lamb is nigh ;  
His maw invokes the fraudulent lye.  
Is this (dissembling rage) he cry'd,  
The gentle virtue of a bride ?  
That, leagu'd with man's destroying race,  
She sets her husband for the chace ?  
By treach'ry prompts the noisy hound  
To scent his footsteps on the ground ?  
Thou trait'refs vile ! for this thy blood  
Shall glut my rage, and dye the wood !  
So saying, on the lamb he flies ;  
Beneath his jaws the victim dies.



THE  
TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXLVI.

I.

**M**OURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn  
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!  
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,  
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;  
Thy hospitable roofs no more  
Invite the stranger to the door;  
In smoaky ruins sunk they lie,  
The monuments of cruelty.

II.

The wretched owner fees, afar;  
His all become the prey of war;  
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,  
Then smites his breast, and curses life.  
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,  
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:  
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;  
Thy infants perish on the plain.

The

III.

What boots it, then, in ev'ry clime;  
Thro' the wide-spreading waste of time,  
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,  
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?  
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,  
Thy neck is bended to the yoke:  
What foreign arms could never quell,  
By civil rage, and rancour fell.

IV.

The rural pipe, and merry lay  
No more shall cheer the happy day:  
No social scenes of gay delight  
Beguile the dreary winter night:  
No strains, but those of sorrow, flow;  
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,  
While the pale phantoms of the slain  
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

V.

Oh baneful cause, oh, fatal morn,  
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!  
The sons against their fathers stood;  
The parent shed his children's blood:  
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,  
The victor's soul was not appeas'd:  
The naked and forlorn must feel  
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel!

## VI:

The pious mother doom'd to death;  
 Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath,  
 The bleak wind whistles round her head;  
 Her helpless orphans cry for bread. .  
 Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,  
 She views the shades of night descend,  
 And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,  
 Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

## VII.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,  
 And unimpair'd remembrance reigns ;  
 Resentment of my country's fate  
 Within my filial breast shall beat ;  
 And, spite of her insulting foe,  
 My sympathizing verse shall flow,  
 " Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn  
 " Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn."



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# CÆSAR'S DREAM;

Before his Invasion of BRITAIN.

BY MR. LANGHORNE.

**W**HEN rough Helvetia's hardy sons obey,  
And vanquish'd Belgia bows to Cæsar's sway;  
When, scarce-beheld, embattled nations fall,  
The fierce Sicambrian, and the faithless Gaul;  
Tir'd Freedom leads her savage sons no more,  
But flies, subdu'd, to Albion's utmost shore.

'Twas then, while stillness grasp'd the sleeping air,  
And dewy slumbers seal'd the eye of care;  
Divine AMBITION to her votary came:  
Her left hand waving, bore the trump of fame;  
Her right a regal sceptre seem'd to hold,  
With gems far-blazing from the burnish'd gold.  
And thus, "My Son," the Queen of Glory said;  
"Immortal Cæsar, raise thy languid head.  
"Shall Night's dull chains the man of counsels bind?  
"Or MORPHEUS rule the monarch of mankind?  
"See worlds unvanquish'd yet await thy sword!  
"Barbaric lands, that scorn a Latian lord!  
"See yon proud idle, whose mountains meet the sky,  
"Thy foes encourage, and thy power defy!

"What

" What, tho' by Nature's firmest bars secur'd,  
 " By seas encircled, and with rocks immur'd,  
 " Shall Cæsar shrink the greatest toils to brave,  
 " Scale the high rock, or beat the maddening wave ?"

She spoke—her words the warrior's breast inflame  
 With rage indignant, and with conscious shame ;  
 Already beat, the swelling floods give way,  
 And the fell genii of the rocks obey.  
 Already shouts of triumph rend the skies,  
 And the thin rear of barbarous nations flies.

Quick round their chief his active legions stand,  
 Dwell on his eye, and wait the waving hand.  
 The Hero rose, majestically flow,  
 And look'd attention to the crowds below.

' ROMANS and Friends ! is there who seeks for rest,  
 ' By labours vanquish'd, and with wounds oppress'd ;  
 ' That respite Cæsar shall with pleasure yield,  
 ' Due to the toils of many a well-fought field.  
 ' Is there who shrinks at thought of dangers past,  
 ' The ragged mountain, or the pathless waste—  
 ' While savage hosts, or savage floods oppose,  
 ' Or shivering fancy pines in Alpine snows ?  
 ' Let him retire to Latium's peaceful shore ;  
 ' He once has toil'd, and Cæsar asks no more.  
 ' Is there a Roman, whose unshaken breast  
 ' No pains have conquer'd, and no fears deprest ?

U

Who,

' Who, doom'd thro' death's dread ministers to go,  
 ' Dares to chastise the insults of a foe ;  
 ' Let him, his country's glory and her stay,  
 ' With reverence hear her, and with pride obey.  
 ' A form divine, in heavenly splendor bright,  
 ' Whose look threw radiance round the pall of night,  
 ' With calm severity approach'd and said,  
 " Wake thy dull ear, and lift thy languid head.  
 " What! shall a Roman sink in soft repose,  
 " And tamely see the Britons aid his foes ?  
 " See them secure the rebel Gaul supply ;  
 " Spurn his vain eagles, and his power defy ?  
 " Go ! burst their barriers, obstinately brave ;  
 " Scale the wild rock, and beat the maddening wave."  
 Here paus'd the chief, but waited no reply,  
 The voice assenting spoke from every eye ;  
 Nor, as the kindness that reproach'd with fear,  
 Were dangers dreadful, or were toils severe.





THE  
EAGLE and ROBIN RED-BREAST;  
A F A B L E. \*

BY MR. ARCHIBALD SCOTT.

**T**HE prince of all the feather'd kind,  
That with spread wings outflies the wind;  
And tow'rs far out of human sight  
To view the shining orb of light :  
This Royal Bird, tho' brave and great,  
And armed strong for stern debate,  
No tyrant is, but condescends  
Oft-times to treat inferior friends.

One day at his command did flock  
To his high palace on a rock,  
The courtiers of ilk various size  
That swiftly swim in chrystal skies ;  
Thither the valiant tarsels doup,  
And here rapacious corbies croup,

\* Written before the year 1600.

With greedy gleads, and fly gormahs,  
 And dimson pyes, and chattering dawes;  
 Proud peacocks, and a hundred mae,  
 Brush'd up their pens that solemn day,  
 Bow'd first submissive to my lord,  
 Then took their places at his board.

Meantime while feasting on a fawn,  
 And drinking blood from lamies drawn,  
 A tuneful robin trig and young,  
 Hard-by upon a burr-tree sung.  
 He sang the eagle's royal line,  
 His piercing eye, and right divine  
 To sway out-owre the feather'd thrang,  
 Who dread his martial bill and sang:  
 His flight sublime, and eild renew'd,  
 His mind with clemency endu'd;  
 In softer notes he sang his love,  
 More high, his bearing bolts for Jove.

The monarch bird with blitheness heard  
 The chaunting little silvan bard,  
 Call'd up a buzzard, who was then  
 His favourite and chamberlain,  
 Swith to my treasury, quoth he,  
 And to yon canty robin gie  
 As muckle of our current gear  
 As may maintain him thro' the year;  
 We can well spar't, and its his due:  
 He bade, and forth the Judas flew,  
 Straight to the branch where robin sung,  
 And with a wicked lying tongue,

Said



Said ah ! ye sing so dull and rough,  
 Ye've deaf'd our lugs more than enough,  
 His Majesty has a nice ear,  
 And no more of your stuff can bear ;  
 Poke up your pipes, be no more seen  
 At court, I warn you as a frien.

He spake, while robin's swelling breast,  
 And drooping wings his grief exprest ;  
 The tears ran hopping down his cheek,  
 Great grew his heart, he could not speak.  
 No for the tinsel of reward,  
 But that his notes met no regard :  
 Strait to the shaw he spread his wing,  
 Resolv'd again no more to sing,  
 Where princely bounty is supprest  
 By such with whom They are opprest ;  
 Who cannot bear (because they want it)  
 That ought should be to merit granted.





## ISIS. An ELEGY.

WRITTEN BY MR. MASON OF CAMBRIDGE, 1748.

**F**AR from her hallow'd grot, where mildly bright,  
 The pointed crystals shot their trembling light,  
 From dripping moss where sparkling dew-drops fell,  
 Where coral glow'd, where twin'd the wreathed shell,  
 Pale ISIS lay ; a willow's lowly shade  
 Spread its thin foliage o'er the sleeping maid ;  
 Clos'd was her eye, and from her heaving breast  
 In careless folds loose flow'd her zoneless vest ;  
 While down her neck her vagrant tresses flow,  
 In all the awful negligence of woe ;  
 Her urn sustain'd her arm, that sculptur'd vase  
 Where Vulcan's art had lavish'd all its grace ;  
 Here, full with life, was heav'n-taught Science seen,  
 Known by the laurel wreath, and musing mein :  
 There cloud-crown'd Fame, here Peace sedate and bland,  
 Swell'd the loud trump, and wav'd the olive wand ;  
 While solemn domes, arch'd shades, and vistas green,  
 At well mark'd distance close the sacred scene.

On this the goddess cast an anxious look,  
 Then dropt a tender tear, and thus she spoke :

Yes,

Yes, I could once with pleas'd attention trace  
 The mimic charms of this prophetic vase ;  
 Then lift my head, and with enraptur'd eyes  
 View on yon plain the real glories rise.  
 Yes, ISIS ! oft hast thou rejoic'd to lead  
 Thy liquid treasures o'er yon fav'rite mead ;  
 Oft hast thou stopt thy pearly car to gaze,  
 While ev'ry Science nurs'd it's growing bays ;  
 While ev'ry Youth with fame's strong impulse fir'd,  
 Preft to the goal, and at the goal untir'd,  
 Snatch'd each celestial wreath, to bind his brow,  
 The Muses, Graces, Virtues could bestow.

E'en now fond Fancy leads th' ideal train,  
 And ranks her troops on Mem'ry's ample plain ;  
 See ! the firm leaders of my patriot line,  
 See ! Sidney, Raleigh, Hamden, Somers shine.  
 See Hough superior to a tyrant's doom  
 Smile at the menace of the slave of Rome :  
 Each soul whom truth could fire, or virtue move,  
 Each breast, strong panting with its country's love,  
 All that to Albion gave the heart or head,  
 That wisely counsel'd, or that bravely bled,  
 All, all appear ; on me they grateful smile,  
 The well-earn'd prize of every virtuous toil  
 To me with filial reverence they bring,  
 And hang fresh trophies o'er my honour'd spring  
 Ah ! I remember well yon beachen spray,  
 There Addison first tun'd his polish'd lay ;  
 'Twas there great Cato's form first met his eye,  
 In all the pomp of free-born majesty ;

" My son, he cry'd, observe this mien with awe,  
 " In solemn lines the strong resemblance draw ;  
 " The piercing notes shall strike each British ear ;  
 " Each British eye shall drop the patriot tear !  
 " And rous'd to glory by the nervous strain,  
 " Each youth shall spurn at slav'ry's abject reign,  
 " Shall guard with Cato's zeal Britannia's laws,  
 " And speak, and act, and bleed, in freedom's cause  
 The hero spoke ; the bard assenting bow'd,  
 The lay to liberty and Cato flow'd ;  
 While Echo, as she ro'v'd the vale along,  
 Join'd the strong cadence of his Roman song.

But ah ! how stillness slept upon the ground,  
 How mute attention check'd each rising sound ;  
 Scarce stole a breeze to wave the leafy spray,  
 Scarce trill'd sweet Philomel her softest lay,  
 When Locke walk'd musing forth ; e'en now I view  
 Majestic wisdom thron'd upon his brow,  
 View Candor smile upon his modest cheek,  
 And from his eye all judgment's radiance break :  
 'Twas here the sage his manly zeal express'd,  
 Here stript vain falsehood of her gaudy vest ;  
 Here truth's collected beams first fill'd his mind,  
 Ere long to burst in blessings on mankind ;  
 Ere long to shew to reason's purged eye,  
 That " Nature's first best gift was liberty."

Proud of this wond'rous son, sublime I stood,  
 (While louder surges swell'd my rapid flood)  
 Then vain as Niobe, exulting cry'd,  
 Ilissus ! roll thy fam'd Athenian tide ;

Tho' Plato's steps oft mark'd thy neighb'ring glade,  
 Tho' fair Lycæum lent its awful shade,  
 Tho' ev'ry academic green impress  
 Its image full on thy reflecting breast,  
 Yet my pure stream shall boast as proud a name,  
 And Britain's Isis flow with Attic fame.

Alas! how chang'd! where now that Attic boast?  
 See! Gothic licence rage o'er all my coast;  
 See! Hydra faction spread it's impious reign,  
 Poison each breast, and madden ev'ry brain:  
 Hence frontless crouds, that not content to fright  
 The blushing Cynthia from her throne of night,  
 Blast the fair face of day; and madly bold,  
 To freedom's foes infernal orgies hold;  
 To freedom's foes, ah! see the goblet crown'd,  
 Hear plausible shouts to freedom's idea resound;  
 The horrid notes my refluent waters daunt,  
 The echoes groan, the Dryads quit their haunt;  
 Learning, that once to all diffus'd her beam,  
 Now sheds, by stealth, a partial private gleam,  
 In some lone cloister's melancholy shade,  
 Where a firm few support her sickly head,  
 Despis'd, insulted by the barb'rous train,  
 Who scour like Thracia's moon-struck rout the plain,  
 Sworn foes like them to all the Muse approves,  
 All Phœbus favours, or Minerva loves.

Are these the sons my fost'ring breast must rear,  
 Grac'd with my name, and nurtur'd by my care?  
 Must these go forth from my maternal hand  
 To deal their insults thro' a peaceful land;

And

And boast while Freedom bleeds, and virtue groans,  
 That " Isis taught rebellion to her sons ?"  
 Forbid it heaven ! and let my rising waves  
 Indignant swell, and whelm the recreant slaves !  
 In England's cause their patriot floods employ,  
 As Xanthus delug'd in the cause of Troy.  
 Is this deny'd ; then point some secret way  
 Where far far hence these guiltless streams may stray ;  
 Some unknown channel lend, where nature spreads  
 Inglorious vales, and unfrequented meads,  
 There, where a hind scarce tunes his rustic strain,  
 Where scarce a pilgrim treads the pathless plain,  
 Content I'll flow ; forget that e'er my tide  
 Saw yon majestic structures crown its side ;  
 Forget, that e'er my rapt attention hung,  
 Or on the sage's or the poet's tongue ;  
 Calm and resign'd my humbler lot embrace,  
 And pleas'd, prefer oblivion to disgrace.





# THE NUN.

## AN ELEGY.

**W**ITH each perfection dawning on her mind,  
 All beauty's treasure opening on her cheek,  
 Each flatt'ring hope subdu'd, each wish resign'd,  
 Does gay Ophelia this lone mansion seek.

Say, gentle maid, what prompts thee to forsake  
 The paths, thy birth and fortune strew with flow'rs ?  
 Through nature's kind endearing ties to break,  
 And waste in cloyster'd walls thy penfive hours ?

Let sober thought restrain thine erring zeal,  
 That guides thy footsteps to the vestal gate,  
 Lest thy soft heart (this friendship bids reveal)  
 Like mine unblest shou'd mourn like mine too late.

Does some angelic lonely-whisp'ring voice,  
 Some sacred impulse, or some dream divine,  
 Approve the dictates of thy early choice ?——  
 Approach with confidence the awful shrine.

There

There kneeling at yon altar's marble base  
 (While streams of rapture from thine eye-lid steal,  
 And smiling heav'n illumines thy soul with grace)  
 Pronounce the vow, thou never can'st repeal.

Yet if misled by false-entitled friends,  
 Who say—"That peace with all her comely train,  
 " From starry regions to this clime descends,  
 " Smooths ev'ry frown, and softens ev'ry pain:

" That vestals tread contentment's flow'ry lawn,  
 " Approv'd of innocence, by health carest :  
 " That rob'd in colours bright, by fancy drawn,  
 " Celestial hope sits smiling at their breast ;"

Suspect their fyren song and artful style,  
 Their pleasing sounds some treach'rous thought conceal !  
 Full oft does pride with fainted voice beguile,  
 And fordid int'rest wear the mask of zeal.

A tyrant abbess here perchance may reign,  
 Who, fond of pow'r, affects the imperial nod,  
 Looks down disdainful on her female train,  
 And rules the cloyster with an iron rod.

Reflection sickens at the life-long tie,  
 Back-glancing mem'ry acts her busy part,  
 Its charms the world unfolds to fancy's eye,  
 And sheds allurements on the wishful heart.

Lo !



Lo ! Discord enters at the sacred porch,  
 Rage in her frown, and terror on her crest :  
 Ev'n at the hallow'd lamps she lights her torch,  
 And holds it flaming to each virgin breast.

But since the legends of monastic bliss  
 By fraud are fabled, and by youth believ'd,  
 Unbought experience learn from my distress,  
 Oh ! mark my lot, and be no more deceiv'd.

Three lustres scarce with hasty wing were fled,  
 When I was torn from ev'ry weeping friend,  
 A thoughtless victim to the temple led,  
 And (blush ye parents) by a father's hand.

Yet then what solemn scenes deceiv'd my choice !  
 The pealing organ's animating sound,  
 The choral virgins' captivating voice,  
 The blazing altar, and the priests around :

The train of youths array'd in purest white,  
 Who scatter'd myrtles as I pass'd along ;  
 The thousand lamps that pour'd a flood of light,  
 The kiss of peace from all the vestal throng :

The golden censers toss'd with graceful hand,  
 Whose fragrant breath Arabian odor shed :  
 Of meek-ey'd novices the circling band,  
 With blooming chaplets wove around their head.

—My willing soul was caught in rapture's flame,  
While sacred ardor glow'd in ev'ry vein :  
Methought applauding angels sung my name,  
And heaven's unfulfilled glories gilt the fane.

This temporary transport soon expir'd,  
My drooping heart confess'd a dreadful void :  
E'er since, alas ! abandon'd, uninspir'd,  
I tread this dome to misery allied.

No wakening joy informs my sullen breast,  
Thro' opening skies no radiant seraph smiles,  
No faint descends to sooth my soul to rest,  
No dream of bliss the dreary night beguiles.

Here haggard discontent still haunts my view,  
The sombre genius reigns in ev'ry place,  
Arrays each virtue in the darkest hue,  
Chills ev'ry prayer, and cancels ev'ry grace.

I meet her ever in the cheerless cell,  
The gloomy grotto and unsocial wood ;  
I hear her ever in the midnight bell,  
The hollow gale, and hoarse resounding flood !

This caus'd a mother's tender tears to flow,  
(The sad remembrance time shall ne'er erase)  
When having seal'd th' irrevocable vow,  
I hasten'd to receive her last embrace.

Full-well she then presag'd my wretched fate,  
 Th' unhappy moments of each future day :  
 When lock'd within this terror-shedding grate,  
 My joy-deferted soul would pine away.

Yet ne'er did her maternal voice unfold  
 This cloyster'd scene in all its horror dress;  
 Nor did she then my trembling steps withhold  
 When here I enter'd a reluctant guest.

Ah ! could she view her only child betray'd,  
 And let submission o'er her love prevail ?  
 Th' unfeeling priest why did she not upbraid ?  
 Forbid the vow, and rend the hov'ring veil ?

Alas ! she might not—her relentless lord  
 Had seal'd her lips, and chid her streaming tear,  
 So anguish in her breast conceal'd its hoard,  
 And all the mother sunk in dumb despair.

But thou who own'st a father's sacred name,  
 What act impell'd thee to this ruthless deed ?  
 What crime had forfeited my filial claim ?  
 And giv'n (oh blasting thought) thy heart to bleed ?

If then thine injur'd child deserve thy care,  
 Oh haste and bear her from this lonesome gloom !  
 In vain—no words can sooth his rigid ear ;  
 And Gallia's laws have riveted my doom.

Ye cloister'd fair—ye censure-breathing saints,  
 Suppress your taunts, and learn at length to spare;  
 Tho' mid these holy walls I vent my plaints,  
 And give to sorrow what is due to pray'r.

I fled not to this mansion's deep recess,  
 To veil the blushes of a guilty shame,  
 The tenor of an ill-spent life redress,  
 And snatch from infamy a sinking name.

Yet let me to my fate submissive bow ;  
 From fatal symptoms if I right conceive;  
 This stream Ophelia has not long to flow,  
 This voice to murmur, and this breast to heave.

Ah ! when extended on th' untimely bier  
 To yonder vault this form shall be convey'd,  
 Thou'lt not refuse to shed one grateful tear,  
 And breathe the requiem to my fleeting shade.

With pious footstep join the sable train,  
 As thro' the lengthening ile they take their way ;  
 A glimmering taper let thy hand sustain,  
 Thy soothing voice attune the funeral lay :

Behold the minister who lately gave  
 The sacred veil, in garb of mournful hue,  
 (More friendly office) bending o'er my grave,  
 And sprinkling my remains with hallow'd dew :

As o'er the corse he strews the rattling dust,  
 The sternest heart will raise compassion's sigh :  
 Ev'n then no longer to his child unjust,  
 The tears may trickle from a father's eye.



## THE GIFT: TO IRIS.

By DR. GOLDSMITH.

**S**AY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,  
 Dear mercenary beauty,  
 What annual offering shall I make,  
 Expressive of my duty?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,  
 Should I at once deliver,  
 Say, would the angry fair one prize  
 The gift, who flights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,  
 My rivals give—and let 'em :  
 If gems, or gold, impart a joy,  
 I'll give them, when I get 'em.

I'll give—but not the full-blown rose,  
 Or rose-bud more in fashion ;  
 Such short-liv'd offerings but disclose  
 A transitory passion :

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,  
 Not less sincere than civil :  
 I'll give thee—Ah ! too charming maid,  
 I'll give thee——to the devil,



## THE ROOKERY.

**O**H thou who dwell'st upon the bough,  
 Whose trees does wave its verdant brow,  
 And spreading shades the distant brook,  
 Accept these lines, dear sister rook !  
 And when thou'st read my mournful lay,  
 Extend thy wing and fly away,  
 Left pinion-maim'd by fiery shot,  
 Thou should'st like me bewail thy lot ;  
 Left in thy rook'ry be renew'd  
 The tragic scene which here I view'd.

The day declin'd, the evening breeze  
 Gently rock'd the silent trees,  
 While spreading o'er my peopled nest,  
 I hush'd my callow young to rest :  
 When suddenly an hostile sound,  
 Explosion dire ! was heard around :  
 And level'd by the hand of fate,  
 The angry bullets pierc'd my mate ;  
 I saw him fall from spray to spray,  
 Till on the distant ground he lay :

With tortur'd wing he beat the plain,  
 And never caw'd to me again,  
 Many a neighbour, many a friend,  
 Deform'd with wounds, invok'd their end :  
 All screaming omen'd notes of woe,  
 'Gainst man our unrelenting foe :  
 These eyes beheld my pretty brood,  
 Fluttering in their guiltless blood :  
 While trembling on the shatter'd tree,  
 At length the gun invaded me ;  
 But wayward fate, severely kind,  
 Refus'd the death I wish'd to find :  
 Oh ! farewell pleasure ; peace, farewell,  
 And with the gory raven dwell.  
 Was it for this I shun'd retreat,  
 And fix'd near man my social seat !  
 For this destroy'd the insect train  
 That eat unseen the infant grain !  
 For this, with many an honest note,  
 Issuing from my artless throat,  
 I cheer'd my lady, list'ning near,  
 Working in her elbow chair !





A

# RECEIPT how to make L'EAU DE VIE.

By the late Mr. CHARLES KING.

WRITTEN AT THE DESIRE OF A LADY.

**G**ROWN old, and grown stupid, you just think me fit,  
 To transcribe from my grandmother's book a receipt;  
 And a comfort it is to a wight in distress,  
 He's of some little use—but he can't be of less.  
 Were greater his talents ;—you might ever command  
 His head,—(" that's worth nought")—then, his heart  
                     and his hand.  
 So your mandate obeying he sends you, d'ye see,  
 The genuine receipt to make L'eau de la vie.

Take seven large lemons, and pare them as thin  
 As a wafer, or, what is yet thinner, your skin ;  
 A quart of French brandy, or rum is still better ;  
 (For you ne'er in receipts should stick close to the letter :)  
 Six ounces of sugar next take, and pray mind  
 The sugar must be the best double-refin'd ;  
 Boil the sugar in near half a pint of spring water,

In



In the neat silver sauce-pan you bought for your daughter ;  
 But be sure that the syrup you carefully skim,  
 While the scum, as 'tis call'd, rises up to the brim ;  
 The fourth part of a pint you next must allow  
 Of new milk, made as warm as it comes from the cow.  
 Put the rinds of the lemons, the milk and the syrup,  
 With the rum in a jar, and give 'em a stir up ;  
 And, if you approve it, you may add some perfume ;  
 Goa-stone, or whatever you like in its room.

Let it stand thus three days,—but remember to shake it ;  
 And the closer you stop it, the richer you make it.  
 Then filter'd thro' paper, 'twill sparkle and rise,  
 Be as soft as your lips, and as bright as your eyes ?  
 Last, bottle it up ; and believe me the vicar  
 Of AE—— himself ne'er drank better liquor :  
 In a word, it excels, by a million of odds,  
 The nectar your sister presents to the Gods.



XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
 DAY: A PASTORAL.

— *Carpe diem.* HOR.

BY MR. CUNNINGHAM.

M O R N I N G,

I.

**I**N the barn the tenant cock,  
 Close to partlet perch'd on high,  
 Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock :)  
 Jocund that the morning's nigh.

II.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,  
 Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire :  
 And the peeping sun-beam, now,  
 Paints with gold the village spire.

III.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,  
 Plaintive where she prates at night ;  
 And the lark, to meet the morn,  
 Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

IV.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,  
 See the chatt'ring swallow spring ;  
 Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,  
 Quick she dips her dappled wing.

V. Now

V.

Now the pine-tree's waving top,  
Gently greets the morning gale :  
Kidlings, now, begin to crop  
Daifies, on the dewy dale.

VI.

From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,  
(Restless till her task be done)  
Now the busy bee's employ'd  
Sipping dew before the sun.

VII.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,  
Where the limpid stream distils,  
Sweet refreshment waits the flock  
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

VIII.

Colin's for the promis'd corn  
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)  
Anxious ;—whilst the huntsman's horn,  
Boldly founding, drowns his pipe.

IX.

Sweet,—O sweet, warbling throng,  
On the white emblossom'd spray !  
Nature's universal song  
Echoes to the rising day.

{\*}{\*}{\*}{\*}{\*}{\*}{\*}{\*}

N O Q N.

X.

**F** E R V I D on the glitt'ring flood,  
Now the noontide radiance glows :  
Drooping o'er its infant bud,  
Not a dew-drop's left the rose.

XI.

By the brook the shepherd dines,  
From the fierce meridian heat  
Shelter'd by the branching pines,  
Pendant o'er his grassy seat.

XII.

Now the flock forsakes the glade,  
Where unchecked the sun-beams fall ;  
Sure to find a pleasing shade  
By the ivy'd abbey wall.

XIII.

Echo in her airy round,  
O'er the river, rock, and hill  
Cannot catch a single sound,  
Save the clack of yonder mill.

XIV. Cat.

XIV.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,  
Where the streamlet wanders cool ;  
Or with languid silence stand  
Midway in the marshy pool.

XV.

But from mountain, dell, or stream,  
Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs :  
Fearful lest the noon-tide beam  
Scorch its soft, its silken wings.

XVI.

Not a leaf has leave to stir,  
Nature's lull'd—serene—and still !  
Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,  
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

XVII.

Languid is the landscape round,  
Till the fresh descending shower,  
Grateful to the thirsty ground,  
Raises ev'ry fainting flower.

XVIII.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,  
Now the warblers' throats in tune ;  
Blithsome is the verdant scene,  
Brighten'd by the beams of Noon !

E V E N.

XXXXXXXXXXXX

# EVENING.

## XIX.

O 'E R the heath the haifer strays  
Free;—(the furrow'd task is done)  
Now the village windows blaze,  
Burnish'd by the setting sun.

## XX.

Now he sets behind the hill;  
Sinking from a golden sky;  
Can the pencil's mimic skill  
Copy the refulgent dye?

## XXI.

Trudging as the plowmen go,  
(To the smoking basket bound);  
Giant-like their shadows grow,  
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground:

## XXII.

Where the rising forest spreads  
Shelter, for the lordly dome!  
To their high-built airy beds,  
See the rooks returning home;

XXIII. As

XXIII.

As the lark with vary'd tune,  
 Carols to the evening loud ;  
 Mark the mild resplendent moon,  
 Breaking through a parted cloud !

XXIV.

Now the hermit howlet peeps  
 From the barn, or twisted brake ;  
 And the blue mist slowly creeps,  
 Curling on the silver lake.

XXV.

As the trout in speckled pride,  
 Playful from its bosom springs ;  
 To the banks, a ruffled tide  
 Verges in successive rings :

XXVI.

Tripping through the silken grass,  
 O'er the path-divided dale,  
 Mark the rose-complexion'd lass  
 With her well-poised milken pail.

XXVII.

Linnets with unnumber'd notes,  
 And the cuckow bird with two,  
 Tuning sweet their mellow throats,  
 Bid the setting sun adieu.



# C O N T E N T :

## A P A S T O R A L .

BY THE SAME.

### I.

**O**'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren,  
and bare,  
As wilder'd and weary'd I roam,  
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,  
And leads me—o'er lawns—to her home.

Yellow sheafs from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,  
Green rushes were strew'd on her floor,  
Her casement, sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,  
And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

### II.

We fate ourselves down to a cooling repast:  
Fresh-fruits ! and she cull'd me the best :  
While thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,  
Love sily stole into my breast !

I told my soft wishes ; she sweetly reply'd,  
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine !)  
I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,  
But take me, fond shepherd—I'm thine.

III. Her



III.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek !  
 So simple, yet sweet, were her charms !  
 I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,  
 And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.  
 Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,  
 And if, by yon prattler, the stream,  
 Reclin'd on her bosom, I sink into sleep,  
 Her image still softens my dream.

IV.

Together we range o'er the slow rising hills,  
 Delighted with pastoral views,  
 Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,  
 And point out new themes for my muse.  
 To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,  
 The damsel's of humble descent ;  
 The cottager, Peace, is well known for her fire,  
 And shepherds have nam'd her CONTENT.

~~CHORUS~~  
 CORYDON: A PASTORAL.

To the Memory of WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq;

BY THE SAME.

I.

COME, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,  
 We'll see our lov'd Corydon laid,  
 Tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,  
 Yet let a sad tribute be paid.

They

They call'd him the pride of the plain ;  
 In sooth he was gentle and kind !  
 He mark'd on his elegant strain  
 The graces that glow'd in his mind.

II.

On purpose he planted yon trees,  
 That birds in the covert might dwell ;  
 He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,  
 But never wou'd rife their cell.

Ye lambkins that play'd at his feet,  
 Go bleat—and your master bemoan ;  
 His music was artless and sweet,  
 His manners as mild as your own.

III.

No verdure shall cover the vale,  
 No bloom on the blossoms appear ;  
 The sweets of the forest shall fail,  
 And winter discolour the year.

No birds in our hedges shall sing,  
 (Our hedges so vocal before)  
 Since he that should welcome the spring,  
 Can greet the gay season no more.

IV.

His Phillis was fond of his praise,  
 And poets came round in a throng ;  
 They listen'd,——they envy'd his lays,  
 But which of them equal'd his song ?

Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,  
 For lost is the pastoral strain;  
 So give me my Corydon's flute,  
 And thus——let me break it in twain.



## M E L O D Y.

BY THE SAME.

### I.

**L**IGHTSOME, as convey'd by sparrows,  
 Love and beauty cross'd the plains,  
 Flights of little pointed arrows  
 Love dispatch'd among the swains.

But so much our shepherds dread him,  
 (Spoiler of their peace profound)  
 Swift as scudding fawns they fled him,  
 Frighted, tho' they felt no wound.

### II.

Now the wanton God grown slier,  
 And for each fond mischief ripe,  
 Comes disguis'd in Pan's attire,  
 Tuning sweet an oaten pipe.

Echo, by the winding river,  
 Doubles his deluding strains;  
 While the boy conceals his quiver  
 From the slow returning swains.

III. As

## III.

As Palemon, unsuspecting,  
Prais'd the fly musician's art ;  
Love, his light disguise rejecting,  
Lodg'd an arrow in his heart.

Cupid will enforce your duty,  
Shepherds, and would have you taught,  
Those that timid fly from beauty  
May by MELODY be caught.





